

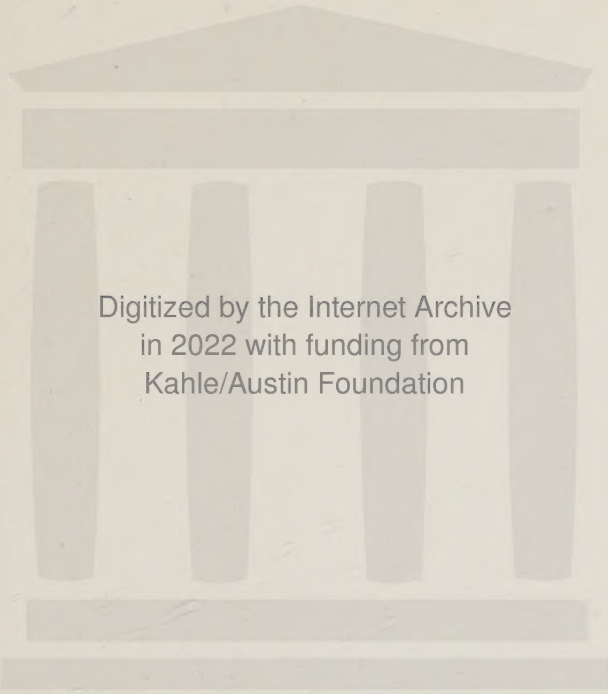
ABIE'S
IRISH
ROSE

ANNE NICHOLS

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ABIE'S IRISH ROSE



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Anne Nichols' Abie's Irish Rose.

A Paramount Picture.

"Rosie—With Such A Name, You Should Change It?"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

A NOVEL

BY
ANNE NICHOLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH SCENES
FROM THE PHOTOPLAY
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



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CHAPTER I

CORPORAL ABRAHAM LEVY adjusted his wounded leg comfortably and leaned against one of the ghost-like trees which fringed the square of the quaint little French village.

He was oblivious to the voices of several hundred uniformed men crowding into the courtyard of the old stone farmhouse across the muddy road. He was thinking again of that day five weeks before, when with the rest of the company he had plunged through the tangled underbrush of the Argonne forest.

Dusk was settling over the little village. No lights were permitted in the town, for the spot was not far from the lines and aërial bombing by the enemy was always possible; but across the square of muddy cobblestones, the half-open door of the building now used as a "Y" hut was a blur of yellow, barred by the shapes of moving men.

The little street in front was alive with movement. Ammunition trucks rattled by, camions rum-

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bled past in the direction of that busy sound in the distance where the Meuse offensive was reaching a climacteric finish. Motorcycles, like so many large mosquitoes, buzzed here and there. Automobiles full of stiff-backed officers came and went along the darkening road. But Corporal Levy, known affectionately to his comrades in arms as "Abie," gave no heed to all this. He was fighting over again those short, grim moments before a German machine-gun bullet had plowed through his leg.

Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat. . . . He heard it again, the sharp, staccato of the gun, deep hidden in brush. . . . "Corporal, take your gang to the right and come up on their flank! . . . Careful now, boys—keep your eye on that clump! . . . Get down there, Mulvihill! . . . Not there, you fool! . . . All right, now, Sergeant—come on! . . . Here we go ——"

And then that sharp knife-like stab in the leg as the platoon crossed the open. He had paid no attention at first. They had made the trees—made the pill box, the machine-gun nest, discovered by the leaves of the cut branches, turning their white sides out. Leaves growing on trees don't do that, except before a storm. And this was a bright, sunshiny day. Bright, at least, until that last fierce rush. Then the whole world had turned to smoke and flame. Reddish yellow flame, bursting out of those

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leaves—a sudden sickening explosion—a heaving up of the whole slope of the front—then blackness. . . .

Afterward, during his convalescence in the hospital, they had spoken of it as a pretty costly business, that day's work. A good half of old B Company wiped out. But it had paid, perhaps. The big push was getting nearer every hour.

“Je ne veux pas a guerir,
Je ne veux pas a guerir!
Car j'adore ma jolie infirmere——”

It rang in his head again, the song the funny little Frenchman in the hospital had sung. The French version of “I Don't Want to Get Well.” And then Abie caught himself as it dawned on him that across the way a hundred lusty voices were singing this song.

The show at the hut was starting—the weekly entertainment for the men.

“C'mon, Abie—let's go over!” Little Patsy Dunn, five feet three and Irish, slid an arm through his. “Those seats they're savin' for us'll be gone.”

“I don't want to get well,
I don't want to get *well*! . . .”

Abie straightened dreamily. The night was peaceful, balmy, the evening air like a caress; in the far distance could be heard the booming of the big

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guns, not loud enough to disturb the tranquillity of the night—like distant thunder.

Dreamily he followed little Dunn across the road.

The hut was filling fast. Figures on the fringe of the crowd turned and spoke: "Hullo, Patsy!" . . . "Hullo, Abie!" A voice from the shadows said, "Bill's gone in, already ——"

The tail of the queue crossed the threshold, Abie last, scuffling dreamily, nursing his stiff leg. Inside, the air was warm, tobacco-laden, blue. "Stay with me!" whispered Patsy Dunn. "Don't lose me, now! Didja hear what Mart said? That Rose-Mary colleen's gointa sing again t'night."

Abie nodded, unimpressed. The singer's name meant nothing to him; he had not attended the show last week. His keen dark eyes turned idly toward the stage, but only for an instant; there was no one to see but Lieutenant Cooper, the "Y" director. Languidly he followed the others up the aisle. There were still some seats—a couple of empty benches just beneath the platform—and presently, sandwiched down between two mates, he was listening to the lieutenant, as that individual addressed the crowd in his brisk, professional manner:

"This evening, men," the lieutenant was saying, "I've got a real surprise for you. I'm delighted to say that our guest for tonight is the young lady

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who registered such a hit last week, Miss Rose-Mary ——”

His sentence went unfinished, the words cut short by a roar from the crowd, as a stage door swung back and a figure in blue walked out upon the platform.

A slender, graceful girl with fair hair and eyes that looked out over the room with a smiling composure. Slim and straight, in a close-fitting uniform severely plain, small tan shoes polished to a wine-dark luster, everything about her seemed trim, sweet, charming. The cheers that welcomed her made the place a bedlam. Hobnailed heels drummed on the floor; leathery hands pounded benches; shrill whistles cut the smoke-filled air; and Lieutenant Cooper, raising one hand for attention, was forced to stand on tiptoe and bellow: “That’s the ticket, men! Show your appreciation—but don’t hold us up too long! Miss Rose-Mary’s got to make another stop tonight. Pipe down, please ——”

The room grew quiet as the blue-clad figure turned to the battered piano nearby, seated herself before it, struck a tentative chord or two, and then, facing her audience and without any further introduction, began the familiar words of the Seventy-Seventh’s song, “Home, Boys, Home”:

“Oh, first we went to Baccarat to learn to fight the Huns,
And all we did was eat and sleep; we never worked the
guns;

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The Germans never fought by night, they never fought by day,
A quiet place to learn to fight was up in Reherrey!"

The room took it up and sang it with her; and then, caught by a quality in her voice, ceased little by little to sing, and listened, humming, waiting for the chorus. The voice wasn't big, but it had a cool, fresh loveliness and a certain whispery lilt in it that caught her hearers. The men sat fascinated, humming softly, now and then breaking out into a line or two, but always intent; and Abie Levy, straightening on the hard bench, felt a thrill run through him.

The chorus, when it came, fairly took the roof off.

"Wow! She's good, eh?"

"What'd I tell ya?"

"Can she sing, now?"

"I'll say she can!"

The second verse began—a duplication of the first—and after that, the third and fourth. As the last verse ended and the final chorus died, the storm of cheers was deafening.

"Oh, you, Rosie!"

"Keep agoin'!"

"Don't stop!"

"Shoot again!"

"Another one, girlie! Give us another!"

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But apparently—to Abie's surprise and bewilderment—she wasn't going to sing another. Not for the moment, at least. For she had swung around on the piano stool, and now was talking to Lieutenant Cooper. The lieutenant listened to her soberly, and then, nodding, faced the audience.

"Just a moment, men! I am asked to make an announcement. Miss Rose-Mary has had a request for two of the songs she sang last week—two songs that call for a special accompaniment. Her regular accompanist is lost somewhere down the road"—a sally of cheers and laughter—"so if we're going to hear these songs, somebody's got to help at the piano. Who is there here who can beat the box? . . . Don't hang back, now! A lot of you are good at it. I know you are—I've heard you. Who'll come up on the platform and play?"

This somewhat unexpected challenge was met by a confused and embarrassed silence. A silence broken gradually by a thin, hesitant trickle of names:

"Sid Harvey!"

"Henry White!"

"McGovern!"

"Levy!"

"Abie Levy! *Abie!*"

Huddled down on his spine and suddenly hot all over, Corporal Levy tried to achieve invisibility.

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"Levy! Abie Levy! Where's Corporal Levy? He's the man we want! Where are you, Abie?"

The broad, flat back of Sergeant Hennessey in the front row offered some protection, but Lieutenant Cooper's eye was quick. He saw the sudden disturbance just below him. "Ah ha—there he is! Come up here, Abie! Dig him out, boys! Toss him up here——"

Struggling, protesting, flushed, Abie was heaved up like a sack of meal. In his ears came the roar of the crowd: "Atsa'baby, Abie!" . . . "You can do it!" . . . "Show her how, kid!" . . . Somebody—Sergeant Hennessey—lifted him high, and suddenly he was on the platform, a roaring in his ears, the heat from the footlights beating up at him, Lieutenant Cooper slapping him on the back, and—warm and friendly, reassuring—a pair of blue eyes smiling at him.

Instinctively, Abie took off his tin hat.

Loud shouts of laughter greeted this. The uproar added to his confusion, and the lieutenant seized the chance to bellow humorously: "That's the spirit, Abie! Miss Rose-Mary, meet Corporal Levy. Sit down there, Abie, and show her how you can play!"

Turning, Abie saw a black leather music-case on the piano.

The noise of the crowd still confused him, but in his ear the cool, quiet voice of the girl was say-

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ing, "You won't find these hard. I know you won't. I've heard about your playing ——"

A fraction of his nervousness left him, at that. She opened the case and spread the music for him. His eyes took in the page, his fingers found the yellowed keys and ran through the opening chords. They were stiff, his fingers, stiff from days in the trenches, but they weren't so stiff that they could forget a lifetime of such playing. All over the room the crowd took up the air and hummed it, to stop as, once more, the slender figure swung around.

"Sure an' I couldn't be better off if Mr. Miller were here to play for me!" he heard her say.

Subconsciously, he noted the brogue and wondered if it was put on. Then—abruptly, without any signal to him, without even glancing toward him, as if quite confident that he would follow her—she was singing again.

Abie, fingers moving automatically, took up the accompaniment. An extraordinary glow warmed him, as if the heat from those tin reflectors were growing stronger; but his head was clear enough. Swiftly and easily he followed her, followed her clear to the end—five verses, each with its elaborate, tricky refrain; and when it was over—when he had played it again, a second time, because the big crowd wouldn't let her stop—he felt strangely alive, exhilarated.

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"Now let's see; the other one's here somewhere ——"

She was standing beside him again, leaning over him. That clear voice, pleasantly near and intimate, said, "Heavens! I'm sure I brought it ——"

"Here it is!" She caught up a sheet and tossed the others back. "I always like this song, and I think you will. Oh dear—I'm sorry!"

The music had slipped from her hand.

Abie, picking it up, tried to part the sheets and found himself in difficulty. The paper was old and dog-eared, soft to the touch and hard to separate.

"Stuck? Here—let me help you!"

"I can do it!"

"It's such old music ——"

"No, it's my hands. I'm all thumbs. Just came out of the lines last night, and ——"

"Out of the lines! Last night?"

Lieutenant Cooper, hovering near, insisted on answering for him:

"Yep—that's right! Abie's outfit came out yesterday. Been in ten days. Game kids, these lads. Game roosters, all of 'em. Game is their middle name—hey, corporal?"

Abie, furious, flushing, gritting his teeth, bent over the music.

Still bent, still leaning forward, he played the opening of the second song. It seemed to him—

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he couldn't be sure—as if the girl beside him stood an instant, staring at him. There was a pause, while he played the introductory bars; then she turned, and that velvety voice with the Irish lilt in it flowed out across the room:

“Whin I was a bit av’ a gurrl in old Killarney ——”

Abruptly, as if a hand were clapped across her mouth, she stopped in mid-verse. . . .

Abie, startled, wheeled round on his chair. He was just in time to see the door across the big room fill with entering figures—in time to recognize Major Belknap, the battalion commander as he came striding up the center aisle.

There was a scraping of feet and benches, a turning of heads; and from the seated company a protesting mutter:

“Hell!”

“Old Belknap!”

“What’s *he* want?”

“Shut up!”

“Look who’s here!”

“At-ten-shun!”

The bark of the sergeant by the door. The room rose *en masse*.

Major Belknap, a straight, grim figure, came swiftly up the steps and onto the platform. He bowed to the girl, and brusquely acknowledged the

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salute of the two men, both now on their feet; then faced the footlights.

"Sorry to break this up, men, but I've got to interrupt. New orders. This outfit's moving to-night. All enlisted men report to your section chiefs at once. Men of companies A and C fall in outside. Snap into it, too, please! You've been waiting for some action—looks as if you were likely to get some now. Dismissed!"

A hundred feet scuffed the floor, and suddenly, as the door in the rear was opened again, there was audible the rattle of anti-aircraft guns and, thin and clear, the distant drone of a plane.

A plane! No enemy plane had been over this section for days. The sound spoke volumes.

Corporal Levy gathered the music on the piano, and slipped it mechanically into its case. The major was speaking to the lieutenant, to that figure in blue. The room was filled with voices; "Good-bye, Rose!" . . . "We're outa luck, Rose!" . . . "See you another time!" . . . "Come again, Rose!"

A sudden weariness spread over Abie. Action! He knew what that could mean. He had been through it often enough. And it is one thing to come out from a week in the line—it's quite another to go back in again, with only twelve hours' rest. Stiffly, wearily, he started toward the stairs.

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Then a voice, quick and friendly and faintly troubled, called to him:

"Corporal Levy! Just a minute!"

He swung around.

She had left the two officers—was crossing the platform, holding out her hand to him. "Aren't you going to say good-bye—after playing so well for me?"

He felt himself color.

"Good-bye. I was only too glad to play. I'm sorry I couldn't do better."

"Do better! Don't be absurd!" And he saw she was in earnest. "I'm just an amateur—you're a musician!"

"Oh, no, I just play for the fun of the thing. Because I like to. I've always liked to, since I was a kid ——"

"Of course! And it shows in your playing!" He saw her expression change, as another chorus of "Good-byes" came from the door. "This is the part I hate," she went on, as she lifted her hand and waved. "Seeing the boys start off like this ——"

Abie nodded soberly.

"It's not much fun. But it'll be over some day."

"Let's hope so! And then we'll all be back again, in the States ——"

"The States!"

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He straightened suddenly. "New York, perhaps?"

"Well—yes, perhaps," laughed Rose-Mary.

He bent forward with sudden earnestness. "I'd like to think that I could hear you sing there some time?"

She heard him in obvious surprise, those blue eyes first amused, then searching. And then her warm lips broke into a tender smile. "I don't live in New York—but I expect to be there again. To go on with my music."

"And if I should look you up?"

Another pause. Then: "*Do* look me up!" And her clear voice thrilled him. "Good-bye! They're calling you ——"

"Good-bye ——"

Her fingers were in his, cool, electric. Then he was clattering down the steps, to the aisle.

But he stopped at the door to look back. A knot of men was already about her; Lieutenant Cooper was bending over her. Yet she had not forgotten him entirely; he saw her wave to him, a gay, unforgettable little gesture, one hand lifted high. He waved back, waiting to make sure that she saw him; then:

"*Abie!*"

"*Hey, you!*"

He was out in the night air, in a sea of men, the

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night sky filled with an ominous humming sound, little Patsy Dunn at his elbow; and somewhere nearby, in the dark, a scornful voice was rebuking someone:

"Aw, forget that stuff! Who are you, to wanta meet her? You, a Yid named Cohen! Why, look at her name, kid—look at her name! She's Irish, y' fool, she's Irish!"

CHAPTER II

THE MASTER DEMON staged his little show that night. And he used the props of Hell itself. It was no mean affair.

After months of effort, months of elaborate concentration, the Boche had broken through at a point ten kilometers south. Twenty divisions strong, he plowed forward, sweeping back the French lines as a flood sweeps away a levee. All night the Frenchmen came back, fighting grimly, but steadily yielding ground, and it was well toward dawn before reinforcements, largely American, got in to their support.

Abie's regiment, rushed south in camions, went into action before daylight, assembling in a wood at the crest of a rise and forming combat packs to the rumble of big shells passing overhead.

The counter-assault began as usual, with a barrage—a wicked bombardment, put down by close-laid batteries firing at top speed—and it proceeded with the usual frenzied dash into the open, under flares, down a bullet-swept slope lit by constant flashes, across a meadow flailed by machine-gun fire and up another more gradual slope into a village

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black with shadows and alive with dodging figures in round pot helmets.

The village was taken in a rush; then the detachment was out in the open again, on the dim floor of the valley—a great flat stretch of poisoned earth fought over for weeks and pitted with shell-holes, craters, hasty trenches, abandoned emplacements.

It was costlier going here, with the air full of singing particles, the platoons thinning fast, the lines leaning forward like men in a heavy rain-storm. They came to wire entanglements, crossed empty rifle-pits, plunged into a sudden storm of cross-fire from a pill-box. There they wavered an instant, halted, mowed down by bullets, men dropping everywhere. And then they went on again, stumbling, falling, staggering to their feet, stubbornly plunging through smoke and darkness.

Up a long level slope to more wire—into another rifle-pit—across a tangle of steel beams and cracked cement; and suddenly—unexpectedly, without any warning, as so often happens—it was over.

The gun-fire ceased; they stood in a trench at the crest of a pockmarked rise above a waste of craters, shell-holes and hasty dugouts; and below, in the first gray light of dawn, hurrying shadows vanished in the gloom.

Day broke as, panting, sweating, caked with mud and blood, dangling the butts of rifles, the survivors

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of Abie's company flung themselves down on the ground and rested.

Through the gritty smoke a reddish ball showed in the east, and the inevitable order came: "Dig in!"

They got up and dug, while the air above them sang with an occasional bullet and the sun climbed slowly above distant trees. Stiff, lame, backs aching, fingers slippery with mud, they filled torn sandbags, built up the rampart, rolled away dead bodies, and—eternally—dug. Daylight showed them huddled in shallow cover, far out on a waste of mud and debris and torn wire.

"Where are we?"

"What's the idea?"

"Who said this was home?"

"What next?"

No one knew. No one hoped to know. The enlisted man is not supposed to know.

"Why don't they breeze up with those replacements?"

"Going to leave us here?"

"What sort of a war is this?"

"Oh, give 'em time! They'll come, all right. Get busy and dig!"

So they dug and rested, rested and dug; sat about in the pale early sunshine, lighting cigarettes with shaky fingers; joked, laughed and grumbled, tried

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to sleep, some of them, and wondered, all of them, what was to follow.

The morning drew on and noon came, with a blistering sun. Under the torture of thirst and stiffening wounds, pitiful voices rose in the distance: "First aid! . . . *Hilfe!* . . . This way!" But no first aid replied. None could. No stretcher-bearer could cross the open. And with dreadful slowness the voices grew thinner, died away, began again, as the hours dragged painfully by.

The group in the trench consumed its rations; canteens, as usual, were empty; and at last dusk came, with a sudden damp chill in the air as the sun went down. Darkness brought no relief. No reinforcements, no word from the rear.

The senior lieutenant in charge sent back a messenger as soon as he dared, but whether the runner reached the lines or was caught by some sniper's bullet, there was no way of telling. Nothing happened to indicate that he had established contact. The evening dragged by, more slowly than the day, for it was turning colder and weariness made the men feel it. The detachment huddled together, shivering, trying vainly to keep warm. A second messenger was despatched, without result.

Abie, kept awake by the ache in his wounded leg, sat back to back with Patsy Dunn, who had a flesh wound in his thigh. Little Dunn had lost some

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blood, but his spirits were high, as usual; he had a scheme for making wine out of the canned peaches sold at the "Y", and he was expounding it, in his cheerful, contagious, boyish manner.

Abie listened dreamily, thinking of last night, of that figure in the dark blue uniform, of that velvety voice singing "Home, Boys, Home," of that clear, thrilling, "*Do* look me up!" . . . He was trying to recall what she had said about New York, when he was interrupted by somebody nudging his leg. The lieutenant wanted him.

"Levy!"

"Yes, sir."

He crawled forward, clambering over a score or more of outstretched legs, and came to the shadows where the officer sat.

"Got a job for you, Levy."

"Yes, sir."

"I want to get word back. You've had some night experience; how about it—think you could get through?"

"I could make a stab at it."

"Good boy! I think you can make it, all right. They can't see in this light. You'll have to keep down low, of course, and ——"

"I can do it."

"Fine! Snap to it, then. Here—slide out this

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end! I don't want to stir up the others. Good luck ——"

Abie saluted and crawled on a yard or two, out of sight in the shadows.

A sudden excitement warmed him; it was a relief to be doing something—anything. He gave little thought to the risk involved; the risk was hardly greater, in a way, than sitting here. He felt for the safety catch of the pistol he had picked up that morning, and took his bearings.

Behind him, at the other end of the trench, he could hear little Patsy Dunn still talking cheerfully. "Emerald" Flynn, Tom Redmond, Sammy Horowitz—in his mind's eye he could see the listening group. Patsy's manner was cheerful, but his voice sounded weak. He had lost a wicked lot of blood since morning. Well, all the more reason to get back, get help. . . . He might even run into a first aid crew—get Dunn a ride out.

Dropping forward on his hands, he wriggled up over the muddy rim of the trench and started crawling toward his own lines.

Behind him, the crowd in the trench discussed his going. The word went round immediately, as it always does.

"What's the odds he makes it?"

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"Sure he'll make it!"

"I'll bet Bill made it."

"Bill didn't make it! Bill stopped something, Bill did. Don't I know?"

"How do you know?"

"Aw, cantcha let me get some sleep, you guys!"

"Cut out that talking!"

They settled down once more, shifting positions, huddling against each other, shivering, grumbling, cold. The lieutenant, hungry for a smoke but unwilling to light a cigarette, sat on an old piece of board and napped. Little by little, the others grew quiet; the outfit dozed, slept, even snored. Twenty minutes passed, a half-hour, an hour. The lieutenant, waking with a start, looked at his watch and heaved a sigh of relief. There had been no firing. Young Levy must be well back, now.

And then it happened—what he had feared all day: some crazy enemy battery, prompted by God knew what, opened on them. . . .

It began with a single shell, exploding outside the trench. The explosion startled and shriveled them all, but it did no damage, merely tossing about a few dead bodies and leaving a trail of poisonous gas. Then, closer and uglier, came another. A terrific explosion, a cloud leaping up, blacker than night and shot with fire—a tornado of sound. They were

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on their feet in an instant, digging for cover. Crouched down in the mud, stretched flat along the bottom of the trough, under fragments of timber and cement, they tried to hide like moles from the rain of flying steel and iron. It was indescribable, the next few moments—inconceivable. Bit by bit they were buried under stone and wood and torn flesh. One or two of them rose—tried like rats to escape. They vanished almost before they had risen. The rest disappeared more slowly—suffocated by gas and smoke, deafened, blinded, senseless. . . .

It didn't take long. It never does, that sort of thing. The bombardment lasted perhaps five minutes—just a couple of batteries, obeying some order never fully understood. No infantry action followed it. Nothing. But when it was over, there was no trench left. Only a plowed and flattened crater, a jumble of smoking, shell-tossed earth and bodies.

* * *

Chaplain Jacob Samuels, cold, footsore, stiff with weariness, very shaky in the knees, crawled over a tangle of cement and steel and twisted timber, and peered anxiously into the gray shadows of the pit ahead.

Dawn was breaking in the east, behind him. He had no idea where he was; he had been lost for

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hours—he hadn't eaten since noon of the preceding day; he was caked with mud, half dazed with weariness, numb with strain; but he was unwounded, and for the moment he was desperately alert.

He pushed aside an upturned knapsack and listened. A cold damp air drew across the crater, acrid and sharp with the smell of high explosive. Nothing moved in the gray half-light. The pit seemed empty. Deserted, apparently. An abandoned rifle-pit, ruined by shell-fire. A mere shallow bowl of uptossed earth, guns, helmets. It had the unearthly look all ground has after heavy fire. He felt like a visitor dropped from Mars.

The light was strangely silent. In the distance somewhere, French 77's were engaged in battery work, and very faint and far away the voices of wounded men came to him, calling. But here in the crater nothing stirred. Or so he thought at first. Then, as he crouched there, panting a little, he became aware of something almost at his feet—a dark shape, darker than the shadows. For an instant he shrank back, taut, expecting anything—then, as he recovered himself, as his vision cleared, he made out the figure of a boy in khaki, propped in a ghastly pose against the broken leg of a machine gun, gray face upturned, eyes closed, a dreadful black hole under his shoulder. . . .

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With his heart still pounding heavily, Chaplain Samuels sank to his knees beside the boy.

Immediately—as if in response—the other began to talk, in a low, rapid stream of indistinguishable sentences, the wandering mutter of delirium.

Chaplain Samuels felt for his first-aid kit—and then remembered. It was gone. He looked about him for a possible canteen, a flask to be found perhaps on some dead man lying in the shadows. But he could see no other figures. And then as he knelt there, peering, he realized that the wounded boy had had, and had used, a first-aid kit of his own. A reek of iodine came up to him.

Twisting round to a sitting position, he tried to slip one arm under the mud-caked shoulders.

A groan and a deadly limpness stopped that instantly.

He looked down and noticed suddenly the angle of the other's limbs. One leg was bent back horribly. The very sight of it made him feel sick.

He was a moment gathering himself. Then in a hoarse, cracked whisper, a voice he hardly knew as his own, he spoke:

“Old man!”

Once again, the boy stirred faintly, as though in response. The fingers of one weak hand rose slightly, and the chaplain saw that they were hold-

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ing something. Something that caught the gray light, like metal.

With a quick movement he bent forward and touched it, saw what it was—the metal identification tag given every enlisted man. . . .

He took the tag from the boy's limp fingers and tried to read it, but the metal chain was too short, the light too dim. And as he sat there, squinting at it, vainly trying to make out the name, he became aware that the other's eyes had opened, were fastened on him. A boyish voice, startlingly clear and loud, said:

"Dunn, sir. Patsy Dunn. B Comp'ny ——" Weakness intervened; the voice trailed off. "Some scrap, eh?"

Chaplain Samuels let the tag fall, a dry lump rising in his throat at the boy's gameness. With an effort he nodded and smiled.

"Wonderful scrap, old man! Great fight . . . But we're going to be out of this soon, you and I. Hang on!"

There was no response to this.

Listening intently, waiting, Chaplain Samuels thought the drawn gray features changed expression. Then—there was no mistaking it—the boy's head shook, a feeble gesture of negation. His right hand lifted—moved up and across his mud-caked tunic—made the sign of the cross.

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Chaplain Samuels straightened sharply.

He understood. He had seen dying men before. Patsy Dunn, B Company, was going out on the long journey and knew it. . . .

Dunn. Patrick Dunn! An Irish-Catholic youngster—and no one with him, at his side, but he, Jacob Samuels, a rabbi of the Jewish Church!

Even as he straightened, the boy, with the uncanny intuition of the dying, spoke:

"It's no use, sir. I can't make it. You just slide along without me. But you'll say the right word for me, first?"

Chaplain Samuel's grip on the khaki tightened, his arm slid closer under the stiff shoulders.

He did not hesitate; this was no moment for religious prejudice. Creeds and doctrines are the toys of a spoiled and idle world—they vanish at such moments. All that was wanted here was help—and Chaplain Samuels was a helper. His whole life through, he had been that.

He bent low over the dying boy and spoke—spoke, not the old Hebrew words he would have used at home; to the Irish boy in his arms they would have had no meaning—but the words of that old Book which has been dear to men of every faith, the familiar, confident, tender words of the old Hebrew psalmist:

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"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations ——"

As he spoke, the taut shoulders seemed to relax. The tired face softened, as if, unable to follow his words, the boy was conscious at least of that voice, of the strong, loving faith behind it.

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world . . ."

A faint shudder ran through the limp form. Chaplain Samuels, tightening his clasp, held the boy closer. Another shudder, and then a complete, an utter limpness. The boy's head slid back and rested like a child's against his arm. And the older man, looking down, saw by the gray light of dawn a new expression on the boy's face—as if, suddenly, in a moment, by some strange, sweet miracle, all the bitterness, all the horror, all the lines of pain and struggle had been sponged away, in a new peace transcending life.

The tired eyes of the chaplain closed too, at that. Far away to the left there was a flare of gun-fire. The daylight was growing stronger; at any moment it might begin again: a chaos of shells from some hidden battery, a rain of bullets from some unseen emplacement. There was no telling what the next hour might bring. He, too, lay in God's hand. So, sitting there with the dead boy's head against his

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shoulder, Jacob Samuels went on with that other prayer of the young shepherd-king:

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. . . .”

CHAPTER III

DARKNESS, and a voice saying over and over, "How do you get that way? Who are you to want to meet her? Why, look at her name, kid—look at her name! She's Irish!"

Flashes of light—clouds of smoke, shot with fire—gray figures charging up a slope—the rise and fall of bayonets—and then that softer voice: "*Do* look me up!"

Other voices . . . His father at home: "I want you for a partner in the pizziness, Abie. I want you should settle down and marry a nize little Jewish goil." . . . Old Sarah, his father's housekeeper: "Abie! *Ab-ie!*" . . . And then again, cool and clear, that "Don't be absurd! I'm just an amateur—you're a musician!"

Abie tried to turn over, on his side. Pain racked him; a cold sweat bathed him. He lay still, panting. Then somebody—two men—seemed to be standing close to him, close to his bed. One of them talked with a Jewish accent suggesting that of Dr. Samuels, rabbi of the synagogue at home. But that couldn't be, of course. Impossible. Or was it?

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Rabbi Samuels was said to be here, at the front, somewhere.

Abie lay motionless, listening.

"I knew he was a boy of your faith. But he was dying. Just a boy, and alone, and dying. I couldn't refuse him ——"

"Why should you refuse him? Shure an' haven't I done what I could for many a young Jewish lad in his last hours, when there wasn't a good rabbi around?"

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Father. And I do think the boy died comforted."

"Of course he did! A lad doesn't think of creeds at such a moment. He's got other things to think about ——"

"Yes."

"More important things. When death is just around the corner . . ."

"Men forget their prejudices."

"They do. And I hold it's the will of God. For after all, 'tis the same God above us."

Both voices were low and earnest.

"We're all of us trying to do the same thing, certainly ——"

"Trying to get to the same place."

"Yes."

"So why split hairs? Why be so touchy? Why criticize, when ——"

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"Bigotry. Intolerance . . . If only they could see that at home!"

"They will, some day. Shure an' the good God has some purpose in the death of boys like these."

"Perhaps that's the lesson we're to learn from war. A little tolerance toward other people."

"Toward other people, and on every subject!"

"This world would be a different place if ——"

Another and more distant voice interrupted: "Chaplain!"

"I must go. It has done me good to talk to you, Father Whalen. Will you shake my hand?" . . .

There was a sound as of chairs pushed back on a wooden floor.

Abie, opening his eyes, caught a glimpse of two figures standing beyond the cot next his.

He tried to lift his head—but a thousand fiery rockets shot up into blackness, and that earlier, taunting voice began again: "How do you get that way? Who are you, to want to meet her? Look at her name, kid—look at her name! She's Irish!" . . .

And then, after an eternity of pain and darkness—an eternity of hours when he charged up a long black slope through endless wire entanglements or lay on his back in a gas-filled shell-hole, or marched through dust under a torturing pack—that vision of

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a girl with shining eyes and a smile like heaven began miraculously to take shape in flesh and blood.

Coming out of a daze in the early hours of a summer morning, he saw her standing at the foot of his bed, looking down at him, those blue eyes smiling at him, her small head tilted on one side. She seemed to be holding something like a tray; a nurse's cap was on her head; she was in white. He couldn't understand that, for this was a dressing station—no, a hospital, behind the lines—and she wasn't a nurse. But the vision came back—came back with disconcerting regularity—strangely, wonderfully.

It seemed to him sometimes as if he had only to reach out his hand to touch her. She would be standing there, always smiling, if sometimes with a curiously tender look, the morning sunlight through her hair like a golden halo. And then one morning she *was* there, in flesh and blood; he was awake this time, and his mind was clear; the sunlight was in her hair and he was drinking egg-nog through a glass tube out of a cup she held for him, and all the men in the nearby cots were staring at him.

It was too good to be true, but it *was* true! . . .

His mind was still jumbled, confused, his body weak and trembly; he wanted to talk to her, ask her a thousand questions, tell her a thousand things. All sorts of things—funny stories, tragic stories, confidential stories—but she merely smiled and went

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away. Once again he drifted out on a current of dreams, but they were pleasant dreams now; and when he wakened this time he was stronger, a great deal stronger—he knew that he had not been dreaming, that she had been there, in the flesh; and he felt safer, wonderfully safe and comforted.

He could recall scattered bits of talk he had had with her. He had talked to her more than once, in those jumbled hours. (Or had he dreamed it?)

“You’re going to California?”

“Of course! I live there.”

But ——”

“I have to go back, to visit dad.”

“But how did you get here? What are you doing here, in nurse’s uniform?”

“They needed nurses. And they didn’t need entertainers. Not for the moment ——”

“And you’ve been here all this time?”

“As long as you have.”

“Why haven’t I seen you before?”

“You have. Many times. You’ve just forgotten.”

“Forgotten?”

“You’ve been out of your head for days.” . . .

Out of his head. Dreams. Nightmares. But this part of it wasn’t a dream. The best part of it!

And then one day, one afternoon, she came and sat beside him. She seemed excited, elated; her

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eyes were bright. She brought him flowers, and he observed that he was not the only one so favored. The ward was being decorated, as if for some special event.

He asked her about it, but she evaded, parrying his questions, making a smiling secret of it. A package of letters had come for him, among them one from his father, and she opened it at his request and read it to him.

"Dear Abie," she read. "It has been such a long time since I have heard from you. I wonder, will this thing never end. Am I never going to get you back here, for a partner in my business?" . . .

How familiar it sounded. Dear old dad! And then the old, oft-repeated admonition: "I want you to settle down and marry a nice Jewish girl ——"

The cool voice paused, at that. Those blue eyes looked up—smiled. And in their glance there was a challenge, something of mischief, banter.

"So he wants you to marry a nice Jewish girl?"

Abie felt himself grow red.

"Well, I'm afraid he does. You see—my father's orthodox." And in sheer loyalty, he went on: "It's only natural, I suppose. When he was a young man ——"

His voice thinned, trailed off, lost its timbre. Just when he wanted to explain, he couldn't. He

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was weaker than he had thought. He tried to begin again—but she wouldn't let him.

She got to her feet, suddenly serious; said hurriedly, "I've tired you. I've stayed too long. And you mustn't be tired. Tonight, of all nights ——"

He would have stopped her, but she moved away. "No—we'll finish tomorrow! You must rest now. You've too much ahead of you tonight ——"

She was gone.

He lay there, wondering, trying to imagine what that could mean.

He watched her as long as he could see her, until she vanished through the door; then he lay back and closed his eyes. Too much ahead of him! Whatever that meant . . .

He turned his head to the other side, and, at once, with the sinking lethargy of extreme exhaustion, slept.

When he awoke it was after dark, but the ward was bright with candles, strangely alive with movement. The long narrow aisle between the beds was full of people—nurses, surgeons, enlisted men in uniform. French and American officers. A voice, a heavy military voice was speaking, slowly, sonorously, with even, modulated rhythm—the formal manner of one who reads a document to an assembled audience.

"Shoulder to shoulder with your comrades"—

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Abie couldn't catch all the words—"rushed to the attack . . . surprised the enemy . . . magnificent courage . . . worthy sons of your great country . . . superiority over the barbarian enemy of all mankind . . ."

And suddenly the meaning of the scene flashed home to Abie. An official citation! . . .

"Young American comrades! . . . grateful to you for the blood so shed . . . and because of your brilliant conduct . . . in all official papers henceforth . . . the wood you so bravely took shall bear the name of your brigade . . ."

Silence for a moment. And then from some distant part of the ward, a woman's timorous clapping. The clapping swelled—respectful voices broke into a murmur of applause—somewhere outside there was a roll of drums and a military band broke smartly into the gay, defiant "Over There."

Abie, thrilling with sudden emotion, turned his head and saw Rose-Mary standing beside him.

She stood with her hand on his pillow; and something in her pose, in her look of pride, in the tender shining glance she gave him as he turned, caught his throat. The knot of officers in the aisle had parted, and now a small trim man in horizon blue moved forward, approached his bed.

Others were moving toward the other beds. Rose-Mary stepped back. The little Frenchman bowed

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to her, bent over Abie, pinned something to the breast of the hospital nightshirt he wore—and kissed him on both cheeks.

More clapping—more applause from the room. Abie felt suddenly weak, as if at any moment he might burst into tears.

Then the clapping died—the crowd broke up—officers and men began to move away—the aisle cleared. Many people came and spoke to him, stood above him, said pleasant things to him, patted him on the arm. And then these people, too, were gone. Rose-Mary was gone—the ward was quiet again, and he was lying very still with his eyes closed, thinking of little Patsy Dunn and a white cross on the slope beyond Belleau.

There came a light step then on the floor beside him; someone bent over him—a cool sweet fragrance came to him.

“Are you asleep?”

He looked up, smiling.

“No, I was just—thinking.”

“So?” She sat down on the bed beside him. “A penny for your thoughts, young man!”

But he couldn't be gay for a moment. His voice came dully:

“I was thinking of a pal of mine. A boy who should have been here tonight—who really deserved this.” And he touched the medal on his breast.

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There was a moment in which she seemed to sit very still beside him. Then she leaned toward him, leaned very close down to him, and her cool lips brushed his cheek.

"How like you to say that!" She spoke in a whisper, very sweet and tender. "Now you know why I said what I did about New York. Or don't you?"

CHAPTER IV

FOUR MONTHS LATER, Abie was standing on the balcony of a hotel in Paris, watching a great throng of laughing, cheering, singing men and women, marching and dancing through on the street below.

Paris was in ecstasy. Poilus and doughboys embraced and sang; the air was electric with excitement; happiness was written in every face. For the morning papers had carried the great news: "*L'Armistice Signé!*" It was noon of the day of November 11.

The long war which had devastated France was over.

Tears . . . tears of joy, now; where before there had been tears of grief and agony. The joy was contagious; for the moment, even those who had lost sons were happy in the thought that the scourge was ended and could not take other loved ones.

The throng of Americans on the hotel balcony was happy because the doughboys had cut through the enemy lines on the Meuse and the American flag had been hoisted on the Sedan front.

Abie was waiting for Rose-Mary. They had been together almost constantly, every day since he had

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been here—since they had met, by appointment, at the beginning of her hospital leave. He waited now, full of eager impatience, scanning the excited throng around him.

The gathering about him was a brilliant one. There were many officers, some with medals on their breasts. Abie himself now wore a lieutenant's uniform—his promotion had come while he was still in the hospital. He found himself thinking of that other young lieutenant he had left in the blackness of that rifle-pit beyond Belleau—and then he forgot the other man as a familiar figure stepped out on the balcony and moved toward him through the crowd.

“And how is my *grand blessé*?”

“How is my *infirmière*?”

Smiling, they stood a moment, hand in hand, like children, oblivious of the crowds about them, Abie conscious only of the fact that Rose-Mary was beside him again.

She wore a dark blue tailored suit; a little fawn-colored hat. Her fair hair, just showing under the brim of the hat, caught the sunlight like gold, as it had in the early morning of those magic days in hospital. She said quickly, softly, “Abie! Have I kept you waiting?” And then while her smile still set his pulses beating, he was seated beside her, at the rail, and they were looking down over the crowded boulevard.

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All around them, on the balcony, were other women, many of them fine-looking, some of them beautiful, all of them smartly groomed; but it seemed to Abie that Rose-Mary's clear, smiling loveliness was something utterly beyond theirs.

Abie himself, with his keen dark eyes, was not bad-looking. He was still a trifle pale from the long days in hospital. Rose-Mary's face was flushed with health and happiness. Together they made a striking picture.

Below them as they sat chatting, a great laughing, singing, cheering torrent of pedestrians streamed by—little seamstresses, tall poilus, bearded peasants from the provinces, slim officers in horizon blue. And everywhere, women—wives, daughters, sweethearts, mothers, grandmothers—all laughing, talking, gesticulating, caught up on a great blissful wave of emotion—relief and thanksgiving.

Spontaneous, wonderful, born of the day's great good news, the scene was unforgettable—destined, they knew, to be historic; and they sat there, chairs drawn close together, watching the thrilled populace go rioting by below. It was a long time before they spoke, except in short, excited syllables:

"Look!"

"Abie—see that girl!"

"That old man, with the car ——"

"See them dancing, at the corner!"

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"Here comes a funny group ——"

"Look at that boy!"

It was still longer before they tired of watching—before a gradual, inevitable lull in the demonstration set them thinking of their own affairs. Then Rose-Mary, turning with a happy sigh, said:

"Abie! Do you think they've had the news yet in California?"

Abie thought they had. And he added:

"I had a letter from New York this morning. Dad's still complaining about the length of the war. He ought to feel better tonight."

Rose-Mary glanced at him mischievously. "Did he put in his usual warning about your marriage? About that nice little Jewish girl you're going to marry?"

Abie laughed.

"He did." And between the two chairs his strong young fingers closed over hers. "I should worry about that!"

But Rose-Mary's face was suddenly sober. "Perhaps you should! You do worry about it, don't you?"

Abie laughed again.

"The only worry bothering me today is that you've got to go back tonight!"

Rose-Mary's hospital leave expired at midnight; she was catching an afternoon train.

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The answer seemed to please her, but she resumed, still serious: "No, you're bothered by your father's letters. I know you are."

It was Abie's turn to grow sober.

"Sometimes I am. Dad's so—old-fashioned."

"Maybe mine isn't!"

"But dad's so—orthodox!"

"Well, mine is just plain."

"What I've got to do," said Abie, smiling, "is to start in and educate dad."

"Well, why not!"

"If you knew dad!"

"I know you."

"I'm not dad. It isn't the same thing, at all. Dad's—dad!"

"Most dads are." (And Rose-Mary laughed a teasing little laugh.) "But they can be cured, if they're given the proper treatment."

"The proper treatment!"

"Oh, it isn't so hopeless! Cheer up—it's been done. In other cases."

"Do you know any such cases?"

"I know a case of education . . . Let me tell you about it. It's a case in point."

And Rose-Mary sat back, thoughtful. "This girl—it's the case of a girl and her mother—this girl came here from New York to study dancing and dramatics. Her parents are of old New Eng-

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land stock. You know—old-fashioned, terribly Puritanical. Well, she had to have experience, this girl, so she took a job in one of these wild French cabarets. She's dancing there now—one of six in a small revue. And how they dress! . . ."

"I can imagine how they don't dress!" murmured Abie, smiling glumly.

"That's it—they don't dress. Not to speak of. Well, the girl's mother turned up here last week. Of course, she had to see her daughter. And she had to see her dance. Now the daughter didn't go on till midnight—and the mother went to bed at nine. So it began by mother's finding that she had to sit up later. Then, in order to break the bad news gently, the daughter arranged to have her taken to several shows. She was given the risqué Paris magazines to look at—lectured on modern things. She was shown how dignified British matrons sit and smoke a cigarette in hotel lobbies. And finally she was taken to the cabaret itself."

Rose-Mary stopped, and dropped her blue eyes mischievously. "When she saw her daughter come out in the 'Sea Foam' number ——"

"The mother fainted?"

"Oh, no!" said Rose-Mary. "Not at all—on the contrary! She merely sipped the highball placed in front of her and exclaimed, 'What a charming setting!' The daughter was the one who fainted."

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Abie smiled.

"Don't you think the mother had been over-educated?"

"Well, perhaps she had," laughed Rose-Mary. "But it just proved what can be done—don't you think?"

Abie was silent, looking off across the street.

"Abie! . . . have I been too flippant?"

He squeezed her hand.

"Of course not! It's just that in the case you've described the original prejudice was not so—serious. Your friend's mother didn't have to forego her religion to forgive her daughter."

"True."

"While in my case"—Abie paused—"I have to combat a prejudice ages old. A prejudice so deeply inculcated that I don't believe dad himself could explain why he feels it."

He was silent an instant longer, and then added soberly, "I suppose it's the war that has made it seem a prejudice to me . . ."

Rose-Mary was silent with him a moment; then she straightened with one of those quick little smiles so characteristic of her.

"But it does seem a prejudice to you now! At least, you're apparently willing to be seen about with—one young Irish person!"

Abie slipped one arm along the back of her chair

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and drew her against him, as if to slake for an instant, by the mere touch of her, the deep thirst welling in him.

But he couldn't dismiss the subject so lightly. He returned to it at once, in the serious tone it always drew from him.

"You can laugh, but you don't see it yet as I do. I can't escape it—not with dad always writing this way. And it's all so wrong, so foolish! Why, one of the best friends I ever had—little Patsy Dunn—was Irish. He saved my life on the field, and I would have given mine to have saved him. I did my best to save him. Do you think we ever thought about his being an Irishman and I a Jew? Not we! Not over here . . . It ought to be that way at home."

"Of course it should!" And Rose-Mary's shoulder moved closer against his.

A strand of her hair brushed his cheek. Abie said suddenly, in a new and different tone: "Look here! Do you know what I think I'll have to do, this minute?"

She drew away from him quickly at that—turned and faced him with mock sternness:

"Lieutenant! Do you realize it's nearly two o'clock, and we haven't had lunch?"

CHAPTER V.

BUT THAT AFTERNOON, as they drove to the station in an old taxi, piloted by a bearded poilu in a tattered uniform, they found themselves returning to the same subject.

The streets were still crowded, jammed; it was only by virtue of a surprising knowledge of back ways that the old poilu got them across the city. The boulevards were filled with marching hosts; every open square they crossed was a sea of faces; and the faces were very different from those which had filled these squares four years before, on that August day when mobilization orders were first posted. Today the crowd laughed and danced and sang; hats awry, arms linked, confetti everywhere, streamers trailing from hats and jackets, the throngs through which the taxi nosed greeted its occupants with shouts of "*Vive les Anglais! Vive les Américains!*"

Abie, glancing at Rose-Mary as she sat with his arm behind her, saw that her eyes were wet.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, and held her closer.

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"Nothing. I'm just so happy, now that it's all over."

"And so you are crying about it?" he teased.

"I just can't help it. It's as if it had all been pent up here so long."

He understood, very well. He was moved himself. And with her head on his shoulder, he murmured: "It's hard to believe that *it's* really over, at last. Think of all the suffering it has meant! Enough, you'd think, to last a lifetime. It makes one hesitate to cause any more."

"Cause any more?"

"I wonder if those who caused this war will ever pay for it. . . . I think they will."

"How can they?"

"I don't know, but I believe they will. Not in the way people usually think. But somehow, sometime, I think they'll have to. It's a theory of mine. I believe it holds alike for individuals and nations. If you make other people unhappy, that unhappiness reacts on you. Sooner or later it brings you an equal amount of unhappiness. I think it will in this case."

"A law of compensation?"

"Yes, I believe we all get about the same amount of happiness. Nations—individuals. The same amount of pain, the same amount of love ——"

"And the same amount of money?"

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"Money's the wrong test. The poor man often gets more pleasure, buying his small home, than the rich man does in buying a mansion. The poor man is almost always healthier. The rich man gets a certain kind of pleasure out of money—the poor man gets more health and less of certain other pleasures. It all totals up about the same in the end. That's why I can't stop thinking about . . ."

Abie broke off suddenly, and was silent.

Rose-Mary glanced up at him, and her eyes were soft again.

"Well?"

"About dad."

"He isn't such an ogre! His letters prove that. Under that gruff way of his he's one of the kindest of men, I'm sure."

"Yes—he is."

"I know, because my dad's like that. He blusters too—goes into tantrums; but underneath it he's the dearest person. And he's easy to handle, if you know how."

Abie straightened suddenly.

"You *do* know how, too—don't you? You'll know how to handle dad . . . Oh, Rose, I don't see how he can fail to come round when he sees you!"

"I don't see how my dad can object to you so very much!"



Anne Nichols' Abie's Irish Rose.

"Because SHE'S Tired, I Hev to Go to Bed Early!"
A Paramount Picture.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

The taxi swung into the great paved space in front of the Gare du Nord.

"Rose! You do love me, don't you?"

"Of course I do!"

"If you only *do* . . ."

"Sure an' what does this look like?"

Her cheek was against his, as the car drew up to the curb.

The crowd on the pavement saw them and cheered.

"Voyez—les Amoureux! Vive les Américains!"

They climbed out, blushing. Abie looked at his watch; they were on time. The old poilu driver, pocketing his money, burst into a smiling flood of argot, the very effusiveness of which seemed to say, "Thanks, for France!"

They left him and together pushed through the throng in the station, found Rose-Mary's train, already crowded like the streets outside.

They found a compartment with one empty seat in it, and Abie himself lifted Rose-Mary's suitcase up to the groaning rack. He tipped the grinning *porteur* who had helped him, and then stepped down again, Rose-Mary with him, to the platform, where they stood by the open door while the compartment was marked "*Complet*."

From the distant square there came the sound of

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music—singing. Arm in arm they stood listening to it, suddenly silent.

"Rose-Mary! I'm going with you!"

"Don't joke."

"I can't let you go like this ——"

"You'll have to, dear."

"But I can't stay and see you ——"

"Abie—please! They're locking the doors!"

A whistle was blowing, somewhere. Compartment doors were slamming. A conductor was waving to them.

"Rose!"

She was in his arms again, her lips on his.

"You'll write every day?"

"Of course I will!"

"And the moment you land ——"

"I'll send you a wireless!"

"Write me tonight! From the hospital ——"

"I will ——"

"Good-bye ——"

"Good-bye!"

He was holding for the last time, her firm young body close against him. Her cheeks were wet.

Then a voice was shouting in his ear—she was up the steps and into the compartment—the door slammed to—the train was moving. . . .

He stood waving, while a row of windows moved

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in a blurred stream past him—windows filled with faces, fluttering hands, white handkerchiefs. . . .

He stood there as long as he could make out her car—till the toylike French train vanished in the distant smoke of the yards. Then he turned and walked dreamily back along the platform, through the noise and movement of the excited crowds.

He walked lightly, treading on air. How foolish he had been, to think of worrying about the future! What did it matter, his father's prejudice! It would come out all right. After all, she was his, and he was hers—they loved each other. What else could matter?

Rose-Mary! The sweetest, loveliest, cleverest girl on earth! The war was over and presently they would be back in New York, together. Surely this was the best of all possible worlds and everything was bound to turn out perfectly. . . .

CHAPTER VI

THEY CAME ABOARD the hospital ship at Brest in baskets, men without arms and legs, like babies in bassinets, wrecks to be taken back home, men who still smiled. But now and then as they cast a glance back towards France's shore, a strange, sad look came into their eyes. They were the "basket patients."

They came aboard on crutches with a leg gone or a foot gone, or both feet gone—cut off during those mad swift moments when an amputation was safer than a slow attempt to cure—or shattered by pieces of high-explosive shell.

They came aboard with parts of their face gone, with queer bits of flesh hanging to their countenances—the first processes of the wonderful art of plastic surgery which restores lost noses, cheeks or even whole faces.

They came aboard with queer little hacking coughs—men whose lungs had been burnt away by poisonous gases.

They came aboard, men outwardly normal but mentally deranged. Outside whole—inside addled.

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These were the shell-shocked victims of heavy artillery in warfare.

Abie, watching all this from the rail, was saddened by it. He himself had very nearly lost one leg, and he knew how quickly America would forget her wounded after the shouting and the acclaim once died.

He couldn't help being glad that he was going back home whole.

He turned away from the sight of the gang-plank and scanned the dock in a faint hope that he might see Rose-Mary.

He had been ordered by telegraph to depart direct from Paris without reporting back to the hospital or to his outfit. He had telegraphed Rose-Mary at once, but she had written him that she would not be able to see him off.

They had corresponded every day, as they had agreed, and in her letters Rose-Mary had poured out her heart to him as he had to her.

"Oh, Abie," she had written him. "Now that this war is over, we two are confronted by a struggle of our own. But it's going to come out all right, as the war did—I'm sure it is!"

Each of her letters he carried in his inner pocket, and he reread them again and again.

How he cherished the latest snapshot she had sent of herself! It showed her dressed in her white

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nurse's uniform, and she was smiling—smiling for him!

He had thought once when he received his orders that he would emulate the thousands of others who were bolting their regiments, absent without leave. He would go to her, and afterwards take the consequences.

It was being done by officers and enlisted men alike. When the Armistice was signed, there seemed to be a let-down in the iron discipline of war. Devil-may-care men walked away from their outfits and made for Paris. The French capital was filled with them.

But Abie had a clean record. He didn't want to besmirch it. And he knew that although Rose-Mary would not chide him for what he had done, she would not approve it, because she had a high sense of honor and duty.

So he gave up all hope of seeing her. He was reconciled to the fact that she would not be there when the ship sailed. Nevertheless, he closely scanned the faces of the women who were lined on the dock, looking up at the soldiers.

One man was leaning far over the rail.

"Chérie!" he was calling, "I'll be back for you. Don't worry! I'll be back as soon as I'm out of the army. Don't forget me, now ——"

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As the man talked on, Abie saw the girl he was addressing. She stood on the dock, a slim young thing, pathetically frail, lifting a tear-stained face. A damp little handkerchief showed in one hand; tears stood in her eyes; she was too moved to answer. The trusting look on her face was tragic. Plainly she believed every word the man said.

A pretty little thing, about seventeen, Abie thought. Blonde, with large blue eyes, and a look of panic about her which betrayed the fact that she had given the soldier everything.

"—And then we'll go back over to America and have a nice little home, see?"

There was a stir aboard the vessel. The dock quivered under Abie's feet. He realized that the ship was moving gently. Instinctively he threw a last glance over the crowd below—a quick, searching glance in a foolish hope that he might yet see Rose-Mary. But he saw no one that looked like her—only French women and a few British nurses who waved their handkerchiefs when they weren't pressing them to their eyes.

The soldier who had been talking to the French girl was waving to her now:

"Au revoir, chérie!"

"Adieu, mon ami!" Her voice had a sob in it, and a sudden dark despair spread over her face

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as she turned away. But instantly she wheeled and cried:

"I shall wait!"

"Don't worry! I'll be back!" called the man. "I swear I will!"

But Abie knew he would not.

Many broken hearts were being left behind. And when this ship with its cargo of destroyed humanity reached America, there would be many others.

The boat was drawing farther from the drab buildings which lined the dock.

The figures at the water's edge grew smaller—upturned faces merged together—became a mere indistinguishable mass of waving handkerchiefs. The soldier at Abie's elbow turned and walked away.

Abie watched him go with mingled emotions. His heart had gone out to that girl on the dock—there had been a certain tell-tale hopelessness in her final gestures as she saw the boat actually moving. She had doubted, even though she didn't want to doubt.

How different—how infinitely removed from such a relationship, his love for Rose-Mary!

He felt he was almost fortunate in not having to see her to say a last good-bye. She too would be leaving France soon, and would be with him in America. They would be reunited there. He was safe in her love, and she in his.

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Their first meeting—the way in which love had come to them—the whole experience—there had never been a breath of the sordid in it. He had not sworn to love and cherish her always; it was a thing they had taken for granted. He had never asked her to marry him—that, also, was something understood between them. He could hardly remember when they had first kissed. They had both been filled with the same desire and their lips had met. He loved her and expected to make her his wife—she loved him, and expected to be his wife. That was all, and it was enough. Their souls and hearts and minds had been in perfect accord.

Had Abie been a student of history he might have known there is no greater love on earth than that which is born sometimes when two people meet each other, look into each other's eyes and without a word know at once the longing each has for the other.

Early writers used to think that once upon a time man and woman were one. That they were separated. And that since that time, each half has been trying to find the other. So there is nothing so strange, perhaps, when through some good fortune these two halves meet and instinctively realize it.

Abie might have dug into many philosophies, without being able to learn just what love is. Why he loved Rose-Mary, why she loved him.

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Of course she was the most beautiful, the most desirable girl in the world. She had sympathy and understanding; she was intelligent and had a quick wit. She was his ideal. Not that he had ever tried to define his ideal, to decide whether she would be blonde or brunette, tall or short, slender or plump. He had merely realized when he met Rose-Mary that she *was* his ideal.

And now, walking slowly aft to the officers' quarters, he found himself thinking again what a wonderful thing it all was.

Lying on a berth in his stateroom was a letter just left there by an orderly. A letter postmarked Amiens—a good-bye letter from Rose-Mary.

He opened it with fingers suddenly unsteady from emotion—read the hurried tender lines with a great lift of his heart.

“Cheer up!” she wrote. “Everything’s going to turn out all right—I know it is! A few more weeks and we’ll be together again and your dad and mine will say yes—I’m sure they will. Don’t let it prey upon you, dear, we’ll find a way. We can’t fail.

Your own Rose-Mary.”

Only a few more weeks! . . .

Abie turned to the porthole and looked out at the fast fading shores of France. Of course they’d

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find a way! With such a girl to fight for, and to fight for him. She was right—they couldn't fail! And with a heart suddenly lighter than it had been for days, he folded the letter and slipped it tenderly into his wallet.

CHAPTER VII

WHEN ROSE-MARY was finally relieved from her post at the hospital a few weeks after Abie had sailed for America, she hurried to Paris in hope of getting a quick passage back home.

But she found this a bit more difficult than she had imagined. It would be impossible for *mademoiselle* to sail for several weeks. The official she talked to shrugged his shoulders and twisted his short waxed mustache as his beady eyes appraised her beauty. She was forced to depart without having accomplished anything more than the filing of her request for passage.

Paris was still in a state of blissful chaos. Half the army seemed to be A.W.O.L. and soldiers as well as civilians were shrugging off all restraint, while they gave themselves over to a long-dreamed-of freedom.

At her hotel on her return Rose-Mary found a letter from her father, with the usual enclosure in the shape of a travelers' check.

"I hope this war will be over some day," he wrote. "But before you can get back to your lonesome father, I'll bet some Irish mick will have come by

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to take you away from me again. All I ask is, be sure it's not one of them A.P.A.'s. I want you to be happy, anyway."

Rose-Mary smiled as the letter went on with details of life at home—the new building contracts he had received, the work he had done.

She glanced at the check. It was for five hundred dollars.

"Buy yourself a few of those Paris things I read about, but save some for a Liberty bond," read the postscript.

"Dear father!" she murmured to herself.

She realized how she loved her father, a rough, blunt man, but pure gold beneath. He had reared her from babyhood, for her mother had died when she was a few months old. In this respect, as in so many others, there was a bond of sympathy between herself and Abie. His mother had died at his birth.

How often she had thought of him since that last parting at the railroad station! She could see him now—his slender figure in the tight-fitting uniform, his shiny boots, from which bristled the spurs he was so proud to have won. Tall, dark and handsome. She had only to shut her eyes to hear again that soft, evenly modulated voice, which seemed to throb with an inner emotion as he talked.

"I must write him that I will see him in a few

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weeks," she said to herself, and sat down at her writing-desk without even taking off her hat.

"I'm going to cable you at your office just what boat I am coming on," she wrote him. "I imagine that you will have applied for your discharge by now ——"

But she got no further, for there was a knock at the door and a boy appeared with a silver tray on which lay three cards.

"Miss Alice McCarthy," she read, "Miss Cecilia Roberts . . ." The third name was one she didn't recognize.

"Good heavens—Cecilia and Alice! Bring them straight up, please!" she cried, and sprang up to make herself presentable.

The first two of her visitors had been classmates of hers at college. They came in presently, two smartly groomed young women, with a girl she didn't know—all of them dressed in excellent taste.

"Rose!" her old friends exclaimed, and flung themselves upon her in true schoolgirl fashion. "We didn't know you were over here!"

They introduced the third girl as "Mrs. Wentworth."

"I hardly expected to see you two in Paris," said Rose-Mary. "Sit down and tell me all about it. Can you find places?"

They could and did, and Cecilia Roberts, a viva-

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cious black-haired girl, undertook to explain, as she settled herself on the bed.

"We only met this morning, and purely by chance, at that. We saw your name downstairs on the hotel register. We never overlook a chance to consult the register."

"You see," cut in Alice McCarthy, "we've gone and done it, both of us. All three of us, in fact. Cecilia, here, is now Mrs. Chatterson—wife of Major Chatterson; and Jonancy, as you know, is Mrs. Wentworth, wife of Captain Wentworth. And I"—she giggled—"well, I'm just plain Mrs. Herbert Smith. A sort of come-down, isn't it, for one who has had such wild ideas of romance, even in names? However, there was Captain John Smith. That's some consolation."

"Why, I'm quite overcome!" said Rose-Mary. "I hadn't heard a word."

"Of course you hadn't! It's just happened!" Alice giggled again.

"And how about you?" asked Mrs. Chatterson, a pretty blonde. "Are you married too?"

"Not I—at least not yet," said Rose-Mary, laughing, a little confused.

"Ah, engaged?" chorused all three brides.

"Well, I guess so—yes, engaged," said Rose-Mary and blushed. "I'm sorry he isn't in Paris to present

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to you. He has sailed. But you must tell me all about your husbands. Alice, you begin first."

She smiled as, at once, Cecilia and Mrs. Wentworth each drew a cigarette from a tiny enameled case. But Alice was not to be drawn into any long recital.

"My dear—it would take me forever! Don't get me started! It runs into volumes. Besides, we can't stay—we just came up to find you, and to ask you to join us tonight. For dinner—and a cabaret, perhaps. Now don't disappoint us! You'll meet all three husbands, and I'll promise to have at least one officer along for you!"

Alice rose. "Which nationality do you prefer—French, English or American?"

"Oh, I'll leave that to you," laughed Rose-Mary. "I can come without an escort, for that matter."

"*Without* an escort! In these times! What nonsense! Why, of course you'll have an escort! Even if you were married and alone over here, you should have somebody! Besides, you may find a new lover, you know. Come, girls—we've got to run ——"

And the former Miss Alice McCarthy threw her arms affectionately around her old classmate.

The other two arose at once, and there was the usual hurried discussion of the evening's meeting-place and program. Then more kisses—more hasty good-byes—and they were gone. Rose-Mary was

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alone again, amused and entertained by the whole manner of their hasty visit, their abrupt arrival and their even more abrupt departure.

Dear old Alice! A lovable, harum-scarum girl, if there ever was one. . . .

She was fond of Alice, and of Cecilia, too, and she looked forward to the evening to come; but as the afternoon went by she found herself—oddly—less and less stirred by anticipation. She had always been fond of meeting people, fond of dining and dancing, fond of indulging in the “good times” most young people enjoy; but suddenly—to her own surprise—she realized that the thought of the evening ahead of her left her unstirred. Something had changed her recently—as if in her love for Abie she had become a bit more serious, a bit more settled.

She looked in the glass as she dressed, and wondered if she had aged. No—she could see that, herself. The very joy of her love gave her a younger, clearer beauty. It was some sort of a transformation within. Things to which she had never before given a thought now confronted her as serious problems.

Back in her mind lurked that eternal and troublesome problem—how would she and Abie overcome their parents' prejudices? A love such as theirs, she was sure, would find a way; but what the way was to be she couldn't yet decide. Before her friends

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called for her, she took out the little picture of Abie which she carried in a small gold case in her pocket-book, and looked at it a long time.

One moment with Abie, she realized now, was worth a year with other people. . . .

She was hurriedly wiping her eyes and looking into the mirror when Alice and the others were announced.

Downstairs there was a great deal of laughter and gaiety as the three husbands were introduced. Then:

"Rose-Mary, I want you to meet Captain Stuart St. Clair."

A tall, slender man said in a rasping voice,

"I've heard so very much about your work, Miss Murphy."

She found herself smiling, unimpressed.

"My work was only fun," she murmured. "None of our so-called entertainers—suffered. We deserve no credit."

"Ah, but there you're surely wrong, Miss Murphy! You're quite too modest," said the captain.

"Listen! They're going to get on well!" chirped Alice Smith. "They're starting an argument almost before they've met!"

The circle laughed, but Rose-Mary found herself oddly annoyed. Captain St. Clair didn't attract her—there was something insipid about him.

The group went in to dinner, but throughout the

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long meal, which the young officers, in true honeymoon style, insisted on making as elaborate as possible, she found herself with little to say.

Captain St. Clair talked well, told some excellent stories—he had been through several important actions and he recounted his experiences with charm and vividness—but through it all Rose-Mary was conscious of the fatuity of this conversation with people about whom she cared so little.

Even later, dancing at a cabaret to which they had driven, she failed to enjoy herself, though the men danced beautifully.

Her hostess was quick to notice her mood, for Rose-Mary had always been the liveliest and most vivacious of them all.

“Thinking of someone far away?” teased Alice, when the two had a moment together.

Rose-Mary glanced up quickly.

“Well, perhaps,” she admitted, and she didn’t bother this time to smile. It was true—she was thinking of Abie; she wanted to leave, to get away from these folk, to be alone with her own thoughts. And it was only as she caught the disappointment written in Alice’s friendly face that she decided she must stick it out as best she could.

In all her life she had never been so thankful as she was when, long after midnight, the party finally broke up.

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She felt very guilty toward Alice, who had done everything she could to make the evening a success, but she knew that none of them would hold it against her—they showed they understood.

The short drive back to the hotel seemed like an eternity. Then she was alone at last, in the quiet of her own room—alone with a small square picture in a gold frame, and a pair of keen dark eyes that looked up at her with a grave tenderness which set her heart beating a hymn of joy.

"I'm afraid you're pretty badly smitten, miss!" she said to her image in the mirror. And very slowly, dreamily, happy at last, she began to undress for bed.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN A LETTER with Rose-Mary's writing on the envelope was handed to him, Abie, who had been standing in the aisle of his father's department store in the Bronx, excused himself to the customer with whom he had been talking, and, brushing past his father in the same aisle, hurried to his office.

Old Solomon Levy, noting his haste, turned and glanced after him, frowning. Solomon had been following him about ever since his return, three weeks before. He had stuck to the boy like a shadow and when he couldn't talk to him had stood away and admired him—his son, who had returned a hero, and so fine-looking too.

"Just like his mudder!" Solomon had murmured again and again, and a look of tender pride had come into his eyes.

So now, when he saw his son hurrying by with a letter, he said to himself: "Oi, oi—a letter! Maybe dot's what's de matter vid him is! De boy is in luf?"

The idea didn't displease him, and he promised himself that he would get his son aside and question

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him. He was eager for Abie to marry and settle down, but Abie seemed to care nothing for girls.

Alone, Abie opened the letter and began to read.

"Oh, Abie, it's been so hard to be away from you! I am trying every way to get passage, and I think I have it arranged so I can sail in two weeks. You must be sure to meet me at the boat. I don't want to get lost in that big city."

Meet her! Abie smiled.

He could see her as she wrote that, with a wistful little toss of her head and a mischievous look in her eye.

The letter went on to suggest that he might as well begin his campaign—his attempt to win his father over.

Why not, as a starter, bring home and introduce to Solomon several Christian girls? "Nice girls, who will show him that, after all, we aren't such terrible barbarians!"

"I shall not be jealous, Abie," she wrote. "I know that you love me as I love you. Oh, my dear, I seem to be happy now only when I am thinking of you!"

He had read no further than this when his father, hands behind him under long black coat-tails, ambled into the office.

Solomon was whistling softly, and he halted and looked at the ceiling as though unconscious of the

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presence of his son. But his first words gave him away:

"Vell, Abie, a letter! Maybe from a goil, eh?"

"No, no, dad—just a letter from a friend of mine in Paris."

Abie tried to conceal the letter, but the hawklike eye of his father had already caught the writing.

"Abie, my son!" he questioned anxiously. "It isn't maybe vun of dose French brides, eh?"

"No, no, dad, of course not!" Abie patted him on the shoulder. "Just a dear, dear friend I knew over there——"

"You wouldn't fool your papa, would you, Abie?"

Solomon put the question with pathetic urgency.

"Of course I wouldn't!"

But his father began again in a troubled voice.

"I know—I know you wouldn't. But I've been tinkin', Abie—I vant you as a partner in de pizziness." And he hesitated. "Don't you tink it's time you married und settled down? Time *you married a nize Jewish goil?*"

He tried to emphasize this oft-repeated sentiment by the inflection of his voice, smiling and rubbing his hands together as though he had thought out a brand-new business proposition.

Abie slid one arm around his father's shoulders and said in a soothing voice:

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"Don't you worry, dad. Everything is going to work out all right. When the right girl comes along, I'll know it. That's the important part, don't you think?"

"Yes, dot is de important part, Abie. Yes. She must be purdy, like your mudder was. Und she must be kind und smart und—und, of course, she must be Jewish."

"But, dad!" said Abie. "Remember one thing. I must find someone that I love with all my heart. I could not be happy with anyone merely because her faith happened to be the same as mine."

"Abie!" exclaimed his father.

"Yes?"

"You have not gone und married vun of dem French goils, have you?"

"No—cross my heart!"

Old Solomon heaved a great sigh of relief and went out to speak to one of his department managers, who had beckoned to him from the door.

Abie was touched by this talk with his father, as he always was by his father's devoutness. He knew with what faithful simplicity Solomon took his religion, and how for this reason it would be hard to convince him that a marriage with Rose-Mary would be the proper thing.

He knew every detail of his father's life. He

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knew the bitterness and tragedy that had entered into it when Solomon was a boy. He knew how this bitterness, which would have been intensified in most men, had turned in him to sweetness and mellowness after his long, hard struggle upward. As he himself had put it to Rose-Mary, weeks before, in Paris, "beneath his crabbed exterior, dad is the dearest man in the world."

Solomon Levy had been born in Russia. He had been the youngest of six children. A poor family, confronted by many hardships.

They had lived under the tyranny of a despot, who knew how to be nothing else. The despot's minions knew nothing else, but to oppress the down-trodden and unfortunate. Abie's grandmother had been a soft-eyed Jewess whose tears had ceased, dried from much weeping. His grandfather had been a tall, bent scholar who had wrested a remarkable education from long, secret and forbidden study. The pair, with their children and grandchildren, had lived in a little house in a small Russian town—a family happy only when locked behind its own doors and away from danger.

Solomon was ten years old at the time it happened. His mind was still young enough for the impression to sink deep into his brain and stay there, to influence many later actions in his life. He was

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old enough to grasp its full horror—a tragedy seared into his memory by a picture which never ceased to make him shudder.

The blow fell one sunny day. His mother and four of the children had walked out to meet his father. The latter was almost home when a dozen drunken Cossack soldiers, riding their wild horses, bore down on him. The mother screamed, but before the father could turn, one of the horses trampled him. And the Cossacks did not stop there. As the mother huddled her flock about her, they rode straight over her. As they rode, they struck out with their riding whips. But there was no need for that—the horses had done their work. . . .

Why not? What difference did it make? A few less Jews, more or less . . .

Solomon and his brother had watched this from the corner of the house. Stunned, frozen, they were too young, too horrified to know what to do. They hid until night, and then fled.

Nor was the horror ended with this. Solomon had yet to see his brother shot and killed before his eyes, as they were about to cross the border.

He reached Berlin eventually, ragged, half starved. He became the apprentice of a junk dealer, who beat him and tormented him unmercifully throughout his period there—a period of two years or more.

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One night he ran away with the earnings he had scraped together and boarded a ship for America. America, the Land of Promise. America, where money could be found in the streets. America, where there was religious freedom. America, where one could be happy!

He expected an easy time here, but he was to be disappointed. Once again, he found that one must fight for happiness, here as anywhere else. He found among his new fellow countrymen the same cruel and predatory creatures he had known in Europe. Superficially different, of course, but obeying the same deep instincts,

So, instead of a life of ease and comfort, this youth who had been beaten by soldiers, by his employers in Germany, now found himself harassed and beaten in America.

His perseverance was not of the sensational kind. He simply struggled on and on. It was as if he knew nothing but to work and save. Until he met Rebecca Schwartz . . .

Then a new interest came into his life. He was already something of a success, in a small way. Now came a time for relaxation and a little pleasure. He began to woo Rebecca, in his calm, determined fashion.

He wooed and won her, But just a year after

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their marriage Solomon Levy found himself alone again with a little baby boy, a day old. His wife had died when little Abie was born. It was another blow, and this time he thought that his heart would break.

The only interest left to him in life was little Abie, whom he now undertook to care for and educate. He set about the task with a characteristic devotion, And the years went on. . . .

His business was such that it increased almost without his noticing it.

He sent his son through college, and upon his graduation—as soon as the boy acquired a reasonable amount of experience—he intended to make him a partner in the business. Then came the war.

And once more the light of his heart was taken from him.

On the day Abie sailed, Solomon clasped his son in his arms and kissed him, too overcome to say good-bye.

He took it for granted that the boy would never return. He had seen so much to tear his heart that he went straight to his home and sat and stared at the wall. He did not move that whole day long, and his housekeeper could not make him eat or drink.

But as the weeks passed and Abie's cheery letters

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came in, he began to take hope, once more; and when he was notified that Abie had been wounded in the Argonne Forest, he decided that he might yet be one of those fortunate parents who would see their sons alive again. Abie wrote him that he was in no danger, and for a while—until he heard the boy was returning to the front—he was himself. Then his heart sank once more. It was during the period just before and after Abie was wounded a second time that he suffered the greatest mental torture he had ever known. In the other tragic instances of his life events had followed each other with a swiftness and finality which left nothing but the cold, dead pain of grief. But now it was worry—fear—anticipation, a harrowing dread which racked him, body and soul.

And this worry was only partially relieved when one day he opened a letter signed "Abie's nurse."

"Your son is out of danger, though he is still too ill to sit up," the letter ran. "He will soon be able to write you himself, and he has asked me to send to you his most devoted love."

Months later, on the boy's return, he showed Abie that letter, and his son understood that Rose-Mary had written him on her own initiative.

Now, as he thought back over his father's life, Abie knew that, to the older man, Rose-Mary's happiness and his meant simply another tragic blow.

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And yet when he remembered that letter—how Rose-Mary must have written it while he was still too ill, almost, to speak, Abie's longing grew more and more intense for this sweet woman whom he wanted for his wife.

CHAPTER IX

THE CUNARD DOCKS. A crush of people—frowning officials, Customs inspectors, porters, stewards, newspaper men, impatient relatives; a stir of uniforms—dark blue and khaki and olive-drab; mountains of baggage—gleaming black trunks, gray-green army trunks with red stripes, wicker hampers, suitcases plastered with bright-colored labels; a confusion of greetings—laughter, waving handkerchiefs, tearful embraces; and, like a painted backdrop, the great black side of the ship, with the long steep gang-plank and a river of excited humanity moving slowly down the incline.

Abie, squeezed in the press at the foot of the gang-plank, caught sight of a slender figure in blue at the top of the slope—and thought his heart would burst with joy and longing. He worked one hand up, wriggled forward and waved wildly—called.

“Rose!”

He saw her straighten, look up; saw the radiant, tender smile that lit her face; saw her lift one small gloved hand in the familiar gesture, as she murmured something that he knew was his own name. And then, after an eternity of waiting, with that

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slim form so near and yet just out of reach, she was in his arms at last, and he was holding her against him, while a great wave of relief and exaltation, pride and tenderness swept over him.

"Rose-Mary!"

"Abie, darling!"

"I thought you'd never get here!"

"So did I."

"I've missed you so!"

She seemed more beautiful than ever. He could hardly keep his eyes from her as, admiringly, he watched the quiet and efficient manner with which she went about her task of passing the customs officials.

"I can't let you go straight on to California," he told her as they settled themselves in the taxicab to drive to her hotel. "I simply *can't* let you go a second time!"

"Ah, but Abie, darling"—she caught his hand and leaned closed, her head on his shoulder—"I've got to go. I told dad I would be there as soon as possible after I arrived. You've simply got to understand. I love you, but I love him, too, of course. Oh, Abie, I can't tell you what I owe my father—what he has gone through for me. To disappoint him now!"

"Yes, I know," murmured Abie, soberly. "I have a father, too, who has gone through much for me."



Anne Nichols' Abie's Irish Rose.

"Take Off That Dress And Veil. You're Going Home."

A Paramount Picture.

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"I could never forgive myself if I hurt him now, after all the suffering he's gone through while I was in France."

"Of course you couldn't," said Abie in a sympathetic voice.

"But I shall be back soon, Abie. Very soon."

"When do you plan to leave?"

"Tomorrow night."

Abie's countenance fell.

But he remembered that when he had landed he had wanted at once to see his father, and he knew how Rose-Mary must feel.

"Golly—I'll miss you more than ever, now that our happiness seems so near!" he sighed. And then he asked himself:

"*Does it seem near? . . . How near is it?*" And he went on, half bitterly, half teasingly, "I suppose when you once get out there, your father won't want you to leave. You'll prob'ly forget me—fall in love with somebody out there, and I'll never see you again!"

"Don't be a silly boy!" she chided. "Remember that I was away from you in France for a long time. There were a lot of handsome officers there, too!"

Abie laughed and squeezed her as he helped her out at the hotel.

They lunched together, and her first question

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when they were seated was, "What have you done towards the education of your father?"

Abie looked worried.

"Well, I have started it," he said, slowly and seriously, "but the plan I'm following doesn't seem to be such a good one. Dad hasn't fallen for a thing yet."

"No?"

"No. I took a German girl to the house one night—that is, an American girl but of German descent, a refined sort of girl, and very clever. I told my father I was bringing a young lady, and he was tickled. He thought, of course, I had a Jewish girl with me ——"

"A nize Jewish girl?"

"Yes. It had occurred to me to take a German girl, because of the similarity of the tastes and languages of Jew and German."

"And what did your father do?"

"Well, I introduced her, explaining that she was a German girl from a fine family, and dad asked her at once if her father was a home-brewer."

"A *what?*"

"He meant a brewer. She was somewhat put out by that. And during the evening, dad sank into one of his silent spells and nothing could be done with him, although the girl could sing 'Eli Eli' and knew the proper way to spell *gefilterfisch!*"

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Rose-Mary laughed. But she grew quickly serious.

"It is going to be hard, I'm afraid," she said at length.

"Yes, very hard—as far as my father is concerned," said Abie.

"But you don't know *my* father!"

"I'd like to."

"Well, you shall."

"I wonder if I've told you one reason why my dad is so prejudiced. You see, he was fleeced once by an Irishman. An Irish contractor. He has held a particular grudge against the Irish ever since. Among the Jews, you know, to be bested in a business deal is the same as among the Irish to be bested in a fist fight. Merely a matter of honor."

"Abie, you are a dear, but you will joke too much!"

"No, I'm serious, Rose-Mary. My father has never forgotten the time when that Irish contractor got the better of him. And the funny part of it is, your father is a contractor and . . ."

"Irish!"

"Yes."

"The matter at least has a humorous side," mused Rose-Mary.

"Even the war had its humorous side," said Abie, smiling.

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"This has its ludicrous side," said Rose-Mary.

"It's ludicrous after all that you and I have been through—all we have seen. I know your father must love you as dearly as mine loves me. Yet, we two love each other, and want to be happy. We were over there for them, for other fathers, and I have tried to pound this thought into my father's mind; but he merely shrugs and remarks when I bring up the question of war, "Oi, dun't spik to me of var!" He wants to forget it."

"I know he suffered, of course. One can't forget that those back home suffered, too ——"

"They suffered for an individual, though, while most of the suffering overseas was done for the sake of a nation."

"Yes, that's true." And Abie sighed. "Oh, hang it all, why can't these things be driven into people's heads?"

As Abie paid the check at the end of the meal, Rose-Mary leaned forward and said seriously: "Abie, we must give them every chance, and if they don't capitulate . . ."

"Then there is nothing else to do but ——"

"Marry."

"Rose-Mary!"

"I mean it, Abie!"

"You darling!"

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"I love you and you love me. We must find our own happiness, and ——"

"And take our chance!"

"Yes. The chance of our fathers loving us enough to forgive us."

"Well, I'm certainly not the one to balk at such a proposition!" And Abie gripped her hand again as if he meant never to let it go.

Then he added:

"But when?"

"When I come back to you. After every effort has been exhausted to convince our fathers. Then we will merely have to show them that there are modern ideas about things and modern people to execute them."

Impulsively, Abie exclaimed: "Why not today, Rose-Mary? We can keep it secret until we see what happens. Let's marry first, and try to work out the problem later. Then when everything's all right we can step forward and say 'Well, we knew it would meet with your approval, so we went right ahead!'"

"No, Abie," Rose-Mary responded. "It isn't that I don't feel I'm my own master, or that I feel I've got to do what my father says, but it's just as you told me it was with *your* father. Our two dads have isolated themselves from the world, more or less, for our sakes. I haven't the heart to do anything

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that would cause my father pain. And certainly not without trying earnestly to obtain his consent in some way. Our marriage will come inevitably. We must be patient."

They debated it at length, as befitted so important a subject, but in the end Rose-Mary carried the day and Abie capitulated, with a "Well, they say a woman's judgment is best, and I'm ready to bank on yours as better than that of any other woman!"

So they left the hotel, and strolled over to Fifth Avenue, where they turned north to the shopping district and Abie grew first amused and then jealous of the wax figures in the windows as Rose-Mary paused to look at them, or dragged him towards some display of things that seemed to him absurd.

"Women are all wrong," he asserted once, humorously. "Men don't admire their clothes. Why, the average man, unless he is a ladies' tailor, couldn't tell you what a beautiful woman wore ten minutes after he saw her. It's what's *in* the clothes that counts."

"But women don't dress for men!" Rose-Mary told him. "Nor do they dress so much for other women, as men like to think. They dress for themselves. When I feel depressed I go out and buy a new hat and I feel grand again—if it looks right."

"I hope that when you're my wife," said Abie,

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with a long face, "you won't feel depressed too often!"

Rose-Mary made a little *moue*. "A woman dresses to satisfy her soul."

"So that's what a woman means by saying she would sell her soul?" asked Abie, edging away.

"You're horrid!" pouted Rose-Mary.

Abie drew her arm through his.

"Rose-Mary!" he whispered softly.

"Yes."

"Would you mind if I kissed you right here on Fifth Avenue?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't seem quite proper—to others!" she said lightly.

"But I'm serious!" Abie declared. "I claim that daring things, done in the broadest daylight on the busiest corner, are the least conspicuous, because they are the least expected."

"Don't tease!" said Rose-Mary.

"I'm not!" said Abie, with all seriousness. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll walk across to Broadway, to the subway entrance. Then I'll kiss you good-bye as though you were going to the Pennsylvania Station. But you merely walk through, instead, and I'll meet you across the street."

"But I'll get lost in the subway station!" said Rose-Mary, parrying for time.

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"No, you won't—it's simple!" insisted Abie, and he guided her off Fifth Avenue.

At the Broadway uptown entrance he carried out his innocent ruse, kissing her a fervent good-bye, and a moment later, as they met again across the street, repeating this bit of lover's strategy, with another embrace of greeting. He was quite right in thinking that no one noticed them, but both he and Rose-Mary blushed as if a thousand eyes were watching them. They were in the first glow of that blissful period when the whole world seems radiant, rose-hued, bathed in enchantment.

CHAPTER X

THREE TIMES A DAY all the way across the continent, Rose-Mary received a telegram aboard the train.

No one of these was anything more than the sort of message loving hearts have despatched and cherished from time immemorial. Sentiments quite unoriginal, but tenderly important to the two people most concerned.

Whenever it was possible for her, during a stop of the train, Rose-Mary answered the telegram.

Telegraph operators in New York and at way stations smiled as they read Abie's eloquent expressions of devotion; and Rose-Mary, after despatching two wires by the same grinning Pullman porter, decided to stop that practice, as a bit embarrassing.

The trip across was uneventful, save for the telegrams, which filled her day. Once, only two wires reached her, and from then until she reached Los Angeles she was busy trying to trace the third. She discovered later that Abie had failed to send three wires that day, and he received a lover's scolding in her next letter.

The morning of her arrival was superb—one of

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those fine clear days that are the pride and boast of Southern California. The sun shone brightly without being hot, and the costumes of automobilists and pedestrians offered by very contrast a reminder of that snowy and blustery morning of her arrival in New York.

Rose-Mary had planned to surprise her father, so there was no one waiting to meet her. She ordered a taxicab and drove straight to the house, leaning back in the car and luxuriating in the fact that once more she was home.

How she longed to see her father!

She knew that as it was the middle of the forenoon he would be downtown—busy on one of his “jobs.” He arose methodically every morning at six. Long after it had ceased to be necessary, he had kept up this practice. He still supervised every contract himself, mingling with his men, directing them in person, never content to depend on his numerous foremen.

Gruff, stern, plain-spoken, he talked the language of the workingman, rarely offending them because he understood them, and always commanding their respect.

Rose-Mary's taxicab drew up in front of a large, white house with columns. She jumped out and paid the taxicab driver, then followed him up the cobblestone walk as he carried her three suitcases.

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"Put them down there, please." She indicated the front step.

She herself rang the front door-bell.

In a moment the door opened slightly and a round, cheerful Irish countenance appeared.

"Is Mr. Murphy in?" asked Rose-Mary.

"No, ma'am. He's about his wurrk," the woman replied, showing more of her buxom self, and wiping her hands on her apron. Then, blinking, she uttered a cry and threw herself at Rose-Mary.

"Rose—yes, it is, begorra! God bless ye, me child! God bless ye—'tis home ye are at last!"

Rose-Mary found herself held tight in the other's embrace.

"Bridget!" she murmured softly.

Then: "How is father?"

"He's as fit an' sassy as iver. But me darlin', he misses ye somethin' turrible. Here—give me them things!" And Bridget forgot to dry her eyes with her apron, as she reached for the bags set down by the chauffeur.

Rose-Mary stopped in the middle of the hall, to breathe once more the familiar atmosphere of her home. Then, with the old servant climbing at her heels, she hurried upstairs to her own room.

She paused a moment on the threshold. The room was just as it had been when she left it. Not a thing was out of place. She remembered

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how in the excitement of leaving she had meant to change one picture on the wall and had forgotten to do so. There it was, just as she remembered it, two years ago.

"Dear father!" she thought. "I wonder how many times he has walked to this room and looked in! I can't understand it—how he had the heart. If I had been in his place, I would have locked the door."

She felt a curious reverence for her own things, as if she had no right to disturb them—these things which had become so sacred to her father.

"But he has me, now!" she said to herself.

Bridget brought in the bags, and as she unpacked, Rose-Mary's thoughts went back to Abie, and the problem of their love.

It was all the more evident to her now, how hard it would be to get her father to forego his religious scruples.

In the living-room downstairs were such Catholic symbols as the china image of the Virgin Mary on the table, a painting of Christ, with a crown of thorns and a bleeding heart, on the wall; upstairs on her father's dresser was the Virgin Mary holding the Christ-child, and beside it a bowl of holy water; and here in her own room, rosary beads on the bedpost and a small altar in the corner. The whole house breathed an atmosphere of Catholicism.

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Her father was a religious man, but she knew that on occasion he forgot the teachings of his church. In the heat of the moment he did things which weren't sanctioned by his religion.

Patrick Murphy had been born in County Kerry. His parents had been poor, though proud, and the family large. He was the eldest of eight boys. They were taught that they were descended from the Kings of Ireland, and when this was disputed by any of the other boys of their village it meant a fight.

Patrick had been brought up as a fighter. He knew nothing else, had been taught nothing else and did nothing else. It was his creed.

He fought not only in Ireland but in England, running away from home at sixteen, and later going to America as a stowaway.

He had emigrated with the same idea that had spurred Solomon Levy—the belief that America was a place of easy money and luxurious living.

He had not had to meet the discouragement the Jew had met. He had not been through what Solomon Levy had been through. And he had been blessed with a more carefree temperament; always his belligerent instincts came to the fore when he was confronted by some difficulty.

Just as Solomon Levy had gone to the Lower East Side, where nearly a million people were

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jammed into a space the size of a large baseball field, so Patrick Murphy had drifted to Hell's Kitchen, the stamping-ground of the sons of Erin.

And it was fight there all the time.

Many were the street scraps the gangs had during Patrick Murphy's youth. Many were the times these gangs invaded each other's territories. The Irish were particularly keen against the Jews. They cherished the same hatred for the Jews as the Jews seemed to cherish for them; and neither side ever stopped to consider why.

In after years Patrick Murphy's favorite story was the one of how the Jews got their names.

"Begorra," he would begin in a derisive way, "it was like this. Ye see, whin the Jews fled acrost the Rid Sea they couldn't take anything with thim but their jewelry an' their gold."

He was fond of propounding this version of how, when they reached the country which is now Germany, the Jews were anxious to change their names, to forestall any chance of apprehension by their pursuers.

The old-time burgomasters were a grasping sort, he explained. They sensed the situation the Jews were in—their desire to change their names, and their love of showy, odoriferous things. So they made up a list of names like Rosenbaum, Goldstein, Tannenbaum, meaning Rose Tree, Gold Stone,

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Christmas Tree, and offered them to those Jews who could produce the greatest sums in gold or jewelry. Other Jews, less fortunate, were forced to be content with such names as Levy, Cohen, etc.

Patrick Murphy would laugh loud and long over this idea, which he advanced on every possible occasion where it would embarrass some Jew. And the story, for all its humorous twist and essential insignificance, was an expression of a deep and genuine hatred, which he could not have explained if he had wished to do so.

Patrick Murphy had married an Irish girl brought up in the same faith as he, Rose-Mary Hogan. The very suggestion of his marrying "out of his faith" would have provoked a fight; and to have asked him why he did not marry a Jewess! The idea was simply inconceivable.

When he married Rose-Mary he had some money saved, and he took his bride to California, where he entered the building-contracting business. There was much new building going on in this new country, and he was successful from the start.

Then came little Rose-Mary, the joy of his home. But—coincidentally enough—as in the case of Abie's mother, Rose-Mary's died several months later.

And as so often happens, the only daughter was now the one person who could influence her father. Once he had made up his mind, only she could

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sway him. She had only to clasp her arms about his neck and he would melt—always, of course, with some lame excuse for giving in, whereat Rose-Mary would make him feel a little better by assuring him that she knew this was the reason he had acceded.

All this she now relived in her mind as, downstairs again, she watched Bridget set the table. She knew her father would be home for luncheon. That was another of his inevitable rules—this one made after he could afford to take time off for lunch instead of carrying a dinner-pail.

She watched Bridget set the plate for her father, set that other one for herself, in the accustomed place so long unused. She herself put the flowers on the table as she used to do, and she laid a napkin beside his plate—a thing that always worried him.

Then, as she heard his footsteps coming through the hall—could she mistake them!—she hid behind the portières. He came in, called to Bridget and was about to leave the room again when he noticed the extra plate, the flowers and lastly the napkin.

He turned and in a mighty and tremulous voice, cried:

“Rose-Mary!”

CHAPTER XI

EVERY SUNDAY Father John Whalen, pastor of the church to which Patrick Murphy belonged and was one of the largest contributors, dined at the Murphy home.

He was a gray-haired, gentle-voiced man with expressive blue eyes—one of the few besides Rose-Mary who could give Patrick Murphy any advice. The contractor would listen to him, argue with him, and many times come round to the priest's way of thinking.

The priest, on the other hand, was a tool in the hands of Rose-Mary. He did not understand her ultimate aim; he felt merely that she shared his opinions on most matters, agreeing with him that the war had been a boon in wiping out religious and class prejudice, and thoroughly approving of his determination to preach this gospel to Patrick Murphy.

Rose-Mary had been home some time—a month, though it seemed like an age to herself and Abie, whose letters came with careful regularity every day. Back in New York, Abie begged her to return. He talked of coming to the coast and taking

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her away. She wrote him cheerfully, in many of her letters speaking of the campaign she and Father Whalen were waging in the hope of reforming her father to a spirit of tolerance.

Father Whalen came this Sunday, after the services.

Rose-Mary greeted him at the door.

"I think we can make great headway with father today," she confided as she took his hat. "He is in a better humor today."

The good priest chuckled and patted her arm.

"Let us hope so!" he whispered.

Dinner was ready, and Patrick Murphy made his appearance as they stood together in the hall. He hurried forward, and caught the priest's hand in his two huge calloused ones.

"Begorra, 'tis a sight fer sore eyes, t' see ye!" he cried.

"And you, too, Patrick," returned the priest, pressing the hard, thick hands with his softer fingers.

The trio walked to the dinner-table arm in arm.

"'Tis a fine day, eh?" said Patrick Murphy.

"It is that, Patrick," said the priest.

"And I'm thinkin' I smell corned beef and cabbage," added Patrick.

The priest smacked his lips.

Rose-Mary smiled at him, and he smiled back.

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But as they were about to sit down, Bridget, timidly holding one corner of her apron in both hands, appeared on the dining-room threshold.

"Will, will, phwat is it—phwat kin we do fer ye?" Patrick asked her.

"Excuse me, sir—the naygar, Rastus, is outside an' wantin' t' see ye," said Bridget, in a guilty voice.

Patrick seated himself with a snort.

"He is, is he? Back agin! Thin till him fer me 'tis tin gold dollars he's now overdrawn, and not one more red copper does he git here! Lit his wife and family starve! An' lit him work and pay back what he owes me!"

"Father!" admonished Rose-Mary, who saw Patrick's good humor vanishing for the afternoon.

Her father sat down, grumbling, while the priest and Rose-Mary exchanged glances.

But as not infrequently happened, Patrick began to recover his good humor as the dinner progressed and presently, expanding under the influence of the Irish cooking, he straightened and cried:

"Bridget!"

Bridget appeared at once.

"'Tis waiting yit, he is?"

"Yissir, he's waitin' with all the patience of a painted saint."

"An' fer what does he want this money this time?"

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What excuse has he, to be askin' money fer moonshine?"

"He says he was jist arrested yisterday fer takin' a small ham home to his wife on approval, but failin' to ask the butcher. He says an' the judge lit him go on a promise that he git the tin dollar fine ——"

Patrick Murphy frowned at the cook as he reached in his pocket and drew out a roll of bills. He extracted a ten-dollar bill and handed it to her.

"Till him that's a lie!" he said. "An' if he values his naygar hide, 'tis him'll be on the job tomorrow."

"Yissir," curtsied Bridget.

Rastus had worked ten years for Patrick Murphy. He was always penniless, but he knew his employer and how to humor him. In the end he always got what he wanted, simply by waiting for it, since he never asked for more than he knew he could get.

"'Tis that kind that will mortgage their very souls," reflected Patrick Murphy, as Bridget left.

"But negroes are human beings, like ourselves—except perhaps that they have had fewer advantages," Father Whalen pointed out.

Patrick straightened instantly.

"Advantages! Phwat advantages did *I* have whin I landed on these shores?"

"Your forefathers had advantages which you inherited," the priest reminded him.

That never failed, for had not Patrick been taught

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that his forebears were kings of Ireland—strong, big, fighting men?

“And let me tell you something!” continued Father Whalen. “I saw those negroes fight in France. Several regiments were attached to the French and British divisions, and they covered themselves with glory. They came back with medals, those fellows. But now that they have taken off their uniforms, at home, do most people show a different attitude toward these heroes? They do not! That is one thing I can’t understand. They fought for you and me, yet we still place them in the same old category. Negroes they were, and negroes they must remain.”

Patrick studied the pattern on the table-cloth.

“What would you say,” the good priest went on, “if I told you that on the battlefield I, as a chaplain, administered the last rites to Catholics, Jews and Gentile Protestants?”

Patrick was on his feet in a moment. Then, without a word, he sat down.

“And what if I told you that one night in a shell-hole I came across a chaplain who was a rabbi at home and who had just given the last rites to a Catholic boy?”

“Phwat!” Patrick Murphy asked in a fierce and surprised tone.

“Just that.”

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"Impossible!"

"Impossible maybe, but it happened. The poor fellow died with somebody pointing the way to heaven, at least. And why not? It's all the same heaven, isn't it?"

But Patrick Murphy had risen again, and was pacing the floor.

"Fer one who wears your frock, you're not a bit too liberal, are ye?" he asked.

"No, Patrick. You wouldn't think so if you had seen what I have seen."

Father Whalen was silent a moment; then he added soberly, "I used to think as you do, though perhaps with a bit more compassionate and liberal outlook, but the war has broadened me, I hope, still more."

Patrick Murphy went back to his chair.

"Well, 'tis not this Murphy can teach any man the way he should think," he said.

Rose-Mary sat without speaking. She understood her father's mood, and now she shook her head at Father Whalen. He caught the cue.

"You know," he remarked, and chuckled, "only about two per cent of the Irish understand what is meant by St. Patrick's running the snakes out of Ireland."

"Don't it mean just that?" asked Patrick, light-

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ing a fresh cigar. "He chased thim out with a stick?"

"No, no!" Father Whalen smiled. "What is really meant is that he brought an end to serpent or snake worship in Ireland."

"They had snake gods?"

"They did—they worshiped the serpents. St. Patrick put an end to the practice."

"Can you bait that!" And Patrick shook his head. "So that's why so many Irishmen see snakes when they dhrink?"

He banged the table and laughed loudly. . . .

Later, when the priest had gone, Rose-Mary found her father in a reverie in the living-room.

She went to him and put her arms around him.

"I trust you haven't lost faith in Father Whalen for his views," she said in a soothing voice, as she pressed her cheek to his.

"Not me. But 'tis sad he got shell-shocked over there."

"Well, he makes one think, at least?" she suggested quietly.

"Yis—think that he is crazy!" said Patrick, between quick puffs.

"But, father! He saw so many things that would cause a man to change his views."

"Did he so?" And her father snorted.

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Rose-Mary saw there was no hope of reaching him. But she couldn't help holding him closer.

"Father, darling," she said, "I want to go to New York and finish studying my music."

"Now, Rose," said her father gently, "ye mustn't talk the likes of that. I want you to stay right here. I want you to marry a nice Irish boy and sittle down nearby. 'Tis yer father who will build yese a nice little bungalow and threw in the lot, eh?"

"But, father, I don't want to marry," insisted Rose-Mary.

"Not want to marry?" cried Patrick Murphy in surprise.

"Not yet," said Rose-Mary, and blushed.

"Not yit! Lit me see now—ye're twenty-two this day, colleen. 'Tis the war that set ye back two years. Ye should have been married long ago."

"But I want to study music, father!"

"Thin I'll buy ye a piano and put it in the bungalow," he said.

Rose-Mary gently withdrew her arms from around his neck. "Well, we'll see," she said and kissed him. "Maybe I'll change my mind and get married after all!"

Patrick turned and smiled at her, as she patted his cheek and left him.

Upstairs, in her bedroom, however, she sat down at her desk and wrote to Abie.

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"I've tried and tried and tried—in vain. There is nothing to be done with father. He won't even consent to my coming to New York. I am going to draw all my allowance out of the bank tomorrow and by the time this letter reaches you I'll be there . . ."

CHAPTER XII

THE NEXT MORNING Rose-Mary arose early and after breakfast began to arrange her things. She had a time eliminating the various articles she could not take. As she laid aside each garment she felt a pang of remorse.

She could only take so much—just a suitcase full of things.

After breakfast she casually remarked to Bridget:

“I guess today is as good a time as any to take that suitcase of mine downtown and have it repaired.”

“Shure, nivr put off to tomorrow what ye can do today!” philosophized Bridget.

Rose-Mary smiled.

Dear old Bridget! She would be Patrick's only companion from now on, as she had been during the war. There was every likelihood that, once his daughter was gone, he would never mention her name again; he was that type, sensitive and proud. But Bridget would understand him and would know what he was thinking. She knew Patrick through and through.

Bridget had been almost like a mother to Rose-

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Mary. Her heart was big, her soul rose-hued, her philosophy wholesome.

When Rose-Mary had felt in need of sympathy as a child she had run to Bridget, there to sit on her lap, lay her head on her ample bosom and weep. Always she had found consolation there. Bridget would kiss her cheeks, stroke her hair, pat her hand and make her worries seem quite trivial.

All too well Rose-Mary knew how much Bridget would be affected when she left. It would be a long time before the tune of "Mother Machree" would come from the kitchen, or any of those old Irish melodies, with their sad, minor refrains.

The thought troubled her, but her decision had been made. The road lay open to her; the signpost pointed East. East to Abie and happiness. So she tossed her head and, throwing off these thoughts, went on with her packing.

It occurred to her that it would be cold in New York when she arrived. She would have to take her fur coat. But how to smuggle this out proved another problem.

"I think I'll take this coat down to the furrier's and have it stored for the season," she told Bridget, as she started downstairs, carrying the suitcase and with the coat over her arm.

"Shure an' it looks just like ye're startin' off for Europe again," said Bridget.

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"Haven't I been away enough?" asked Rose-Mary, hating to deceive her.

"'Tis me that was a-tellin' yer poor father that very thing. I told 'im ye were ready t' settle down and marry a nice Irishman."

"But I'm not ready—just yet!" laughed Rose-Mary, opening the door. The conversation saddened her.

She stepped outside, closed the door and hurried down the walk, hailing a passing taxicab. At the railroad station she checked her suitcase and coat; then she drove to the bank.

It occurred to her as she approached the teller's window that the cashier, a friend of her father, might speak of it later if Patrick happened in there that day.

"Why, your daughter drew all her money out today!" he might say, "What's the matter, doesn't she like our bank?"

So she withdrew only two hundred dollars from her account.

Then she went back to the station, where she bought her tickets and made her reservations, a trifle nervous there lest someone recognize her.

She was decidedly nervous when she went home to lunch. But she had planned on doing so—she was waiting for a certain telegram. Her father had

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already come in and was busy at his desk, sorting over some papers.

"I've got a surprise for ye, darlin'," was his absent-minded greeting.

"What's that, father?" she asked him apprehensively.

"Do you remember Michael Doheny?"

Rose-Mary puckered her brows.

"I don't believe I do," she said.

"Why, Mike, ye know—the lad whose red hair ye nearly pulled out whin he tied a can to yer dog's tail."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Rose-Mary, "of course I remember! Michael with the red hair!"

"Red hair he has, and thin some!" chuckled her father.

And he added: "That red hair is one shure guarantee that he's not puttin' anything over on ye whin he says he's Irish."

"What do I care whether he's Irish or not?" smiled Rose-Mary. "I could never like that fellow."

"Ye couldn't?"

"I never liked him in the first place."

"Ye mean whin he tied that can to Bruno's tail?"

"No, no, not that. I never did like him—then or before!"

"But ye haven't seen him fer some time, me dear!"

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He has changed—changed greatly. He don't comb his hair in the middle any more. He's one of my foremen now, and—well, he'll be a good fellow to take my place whin I retire."

"Father!"

"Yes, me dear?"

"Do you mean that you are thinking I might marry him?"

Patrick Murphy fumbled with his pen. Then he glanced up and looked directly at her, his blue eyes sparkling beneath the tawny eyebrows.

"He'd make ye a nice husband, Rose darlint," he said.

Rose-Mary turned and walked away.

She went slowly upstairs to her bedroom, there to throw herself on the bed and weep. Of course she knew that she would never marry this man, but the very thoughtlessness of her father in trying to choose her husband for her, disregarding love, or even the beginning of an acquaintance! It hearkened back to the times when parents always made their children's marriages. What did the word love mean in such a case! Just to meet, to look at each other and blush, to marry, have children, and go on living a miserable, humdrum existence like millions and millions of others! . . .

She knew quite well that her father had married for love. But to try to convince him that *she* should

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choose a man because she loved him, disregarding religion or creed . . . It seemed to be impossible.

Her tears dried, she lay for a long time in thought. Then gradually, she began to be almost glad that this had happened. It justified her to some extent in this flight to Abie.

Their love was a thing of such warmth and beauty. A sort of sanctuary from all the cares and troubles of life.

She arose at length and went down to lunch. Her eyes showed a trace of her tears, but she simulated a cheerful attitude and her father was still pre-occupied.

"When will Mike be here?" she inquired once during the meal.

"Oh, he said he'd be around fer supper." Her father was deep in some business problem, even while he ate.

"It's a big contract I have," he murmured once, as he laid down his pencil.

Afterwards, when he rose to leave, Rose-Mary ran to him and kissed him, with an ardor which caused him to look at her curiously.

"Forgive me!" she whispered, hiding her head.

"Ah, shure, colleen," he said and gave her a bear hug which nearly crushed her ribs. "If ye ain't yer mother through an' through!"

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If he had only known what she was asking him to forgive her for!

Rose-Mary kissed him again and let him go. It would be the last time—until . . . Well, until she received forgiveness from him.

Her train was not to leave till six, so to occupy herself she spent the afternoon with Bridget in the kitchen. She was so nervous that she had to be at something.

She herself placed the flowers on the table for supper.

But she did not expect to be there.

Around five o'clock she put on her hat and coat and went to tell Bridget that she was going out for a short walk.

She couldn't resist throwing her arms around the old servant's neck. And she began to sob.

"There, there—what's all this about?" demanded Bridget, in the gentlest of tones.

"Oh, nothing, nothing—I'm just so happy to be back."

"Shure, an' that's a fine reason fer crying!" scolded Bridget.

For the second time that day Rose-Mary hid her face. But she knew that Bridget, whole-souled, open-hearted Bridget, would understand when she heard the truth.

As she hurried down the front steps a moment



Anne Nichols' Abie's Irish Rose.

Murphy, Murpheski, Levy.

A Paramount Picture.

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later, she paused and turned to look up at the house, which somehow didn't seem so like home. Something was missing there, she felt. A vague something which she couldn't quite define.

She had hardly turned the corner before a car drew to the curb beside her and a cheerful voice called:

"Hello there, Rose!"

Above the wheel of the roadster she saw a shock of brick-red hair; then a smiling, freckled face and a pug nose.

"It's Mike—" the voice continued, "Michael Doheny. Have you forgotten me?"

"Why, no—of course not! Hello, Mike!"

She tried to assume a welcoming manner. Mike, of course! But her heart sank.

"I was just on my way to your house," said Michael, who was already half out of the car.

"I'll be back shortly," she put in hurriedly, trying to stop him. "I'm just out for a walk."

But he was already out on the pavement. He caught her arm. "Let's take a little ride, then!" he insisted.

She tried to think fast.

"Take me down to the station," she said with a smile. "I have some friends who are leaving at six for New York. I'd like to see them for a second, to say good-bye."

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"Sure thing!" said Mike, and he helped her into the roadster with a flourish.

On the way to the station Rose-Mary stole a glance or two at her companion. He wasn't bad-looking, she thought. He had a hearty, cheerful manner, too. He would make a good husband—for some girl. Not Rose-Mary.

As they drove along they chatted and laughed over childhood memories. But at the station Rose-Mary asked:

"You don't mind waiting just a minute, do you?"

"Certainly not," said Mike, and helped her out.

She glanced at her wrist-watch. Just two minutes to catch her train.

"Well, good-bye then—for a jiffy," she said, and hurried into the station. As she passed through the big glass doors she looked back and saw him getting into the car. Her last impression of him was of his pausing to settle himself at the wheel before he lit a cigarette.

CHAPTER XIII

DR. JACOB SAMUELS, rabbi of the synagogue where Solomon Levy worshiped, leaned back in his chair and shook one finger in good-natured rebuke.

"My dear Solomon, you should stop being a fifth-century Jew and a twentieth-century American!"

"Vhy?" inquired Solomon Levy, who was sitting a few feet away from the rabbi. Dr. Samuels had called to learn why he had not been present at the synagogue on the last Jewish Sabbath.

"You can ask why?" said the good rabbi. "Because you simply don't fit—that's why!"

"How don't I fit?" shrugged Solomon, throwing out his hands, palms up. "I'm a success. I hev efrying I vant. I hev money. I hev a home. I hev a pizziness. I hev a son. I vant noddings. For vhy should I change?" He looked around his comfortable living-room, as though it alone would justify his attitude.

"Well," began the rabbi slowly, "for the sake of your son, if for nothing else."

But Solomon Levy was not impressed. He shrugged his shoulders.

"My son is happy."

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"He may appear so, but he must feel it sometimes when he thinks that in these progressive times his father is still living in another age." And the rabbi leaned forward suddenly. "Why weren't you at the synagogue? It's the first time I have ever known you to miss."

Solomon fidgeted in his chair.

"I don't know—it doesn't seem like de same place," he said at length.

"Well, I must admit that I spoke a bit frankly perhaps the week before," said Dr. Samuels. "No doubt, that offended you. But you must remember, Solomon, that times have changed. Or rather they haven't changed so much—we are simply more conscious of the change. It has been brought home to us forcibly by the war."

"But vhy should ve change?" argued Solomon complacently, toying with the glasses which, dangling from the end of a long black ribbon, hung around his neck.

"I will tell you why we should change," said the rabbi. "The Jews above all need it. It is a fact that the Jews from time immemorial have always liked to live among other people. It has always been so. We like to live with other races. In a sense we are part and parcel of them. But for this very reason we should be the ones to show a spirit of true tolerance."

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"Vell, I am tolerant," asserted Solomon. "I lif a peaceful life. I don't interfere vid odders. I believe in Gott. I *am* tolerant!"

The rabbi leaned back in his chair.

"Do you believe in the Talmud?"

"De Tal-mut!" Solomon's voice rose on the last syllable. "Of course I do!"

"The Talmud," said Rabbi Samuels, "is as you know, the book of laws and ethics of the Jewish people. But did you ever realize that in the entire book the word God is not mentioned? Instead we find the word 'Mockem.' Now 'Mockem,' as you know, means space. God in the Talmud is space. I call that to your attention. There is the greatest example of tolerance I can point out to you, in your own book. Because the Jews only have one God!"

"Huh!" ejaculated Solomon, and looked down.

"Yet you silently criticize me by staying away from the synagogue when I speak of tolerance towards other people and their religion from my pulpit," said Dr. Samuels earnestly. "I wish I could tell you how the true meaning of tolerance was brought home to me during the war in France. Over there we saw clearly enough how the followers of the various faiths have no right to hate each other. They are all striving toward the same goal—the same heaven."

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"Vell, our vay is de best—vhy don't they become Jews?" grumbled his host.

"Perhaps because they wonder why we don't go over to their faith," said Rabbi Samuels. "We mustn't be narrow-minded. We should respect their way of thinking and their way of approaching the same end."

"But I am satisfied with things as they are," insisted Solomon Levy.

"So I see, so I see," smiled the good rabbi. "Remain so. But don't be narrow-minded about others. The faith of your fathers teaches love. It would be a much more pleasant world if the old differences between Jew and Gentile could be beaten down, and in their place love transplanted. You are not a fighting man in the sense of belligerency. Nor are any of the Jews such fighting people. We are a gentle race, sometimes almost naïvely so. We love peace and happiness. Why, then, shan't we be the ones to bring this about?"

Solomon Levy was silent. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked with a rhythmic monotony. After a short pause the rabbi continued.

"I must admit that the Great War opened my eyes to many things," he said. "Not that I didn't always believe as I do now. But it made me more anxious to have my people believe as I believe. Gentile, Jew and heathen fought over there for the

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same cause—life, love and liberty. A hallowed trinity. And the glorious part of it was that during that time all religious pettiness, all mean class-prejudice was dismissed. It wasn't even given consideration."

Still Solomon Levy did not speak.

"I heard a story the other day, a true story, of a Jewish rabbi on the lower East side. A man they call down there 'Josel der Chochem'—Joseph the Sage. He's a scholar of a sort. He has read the Talmud a hundred times, and as soon as he finishes the Talmud he rereads the Bible and then back he goes to the Talmud. A strictly Talmudic Jew. He dwells in a miserable room, from which he rarely pokes his head outdoors. He lives almost wholly in himself, the Talmud, the Bible and the fifth century. So far as he is concerned, the last known war was fought during Alexander the Great's time.

"Well"—the Rabbi chuckled—"during the World War Josel der Chochem went ahead in the same old narrow way, preaching the orthodox religion, officiating at the killing of animals and fowls and settling arguments among his people. He never listened to what others were saying, except when he had to, and then he rendered his decisions quickly and sank within himself again.

"One day he heard a terrible commotion outside his door. He laid down his dog-eared Talmud and

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took off his spectacles and opened the door. People were throwing their hats in the air and shouting. The street outside was in an uproar. He stroked his rabbinical beard in wonder. He had never seen anything like this. He thought for a moment that the Jews were recognizing the coming of some new Messiah. For it was his own folk he saw, his people, carrying on so.

"Finally, he could keep back his curiosity no longer. He signaled to a Jewish boy nearby and asked him what all the rejoicing was about.

" 'Why,' exclaimed the little fellow, 'don't you know—the Armistice has been signed. They have stopped fighting. The war is over, at last!' But old Joseph the Sage merely stared. 'Oi, oi!' he muttered sadly, 'so those Gentiles have been fighting again!' And with that he went back to his Talmud. And there he is yet, no doubt."

Dr. Samuels chuckled, and Solomon smiled a faint smile—then grew serious as the rabbi went on:

"That, of course, is an exaggerated instance. A fifth-century—a possible fourth-century—Jew, still living in this modern age. But it's a true tale. And there are many other cases like it. I leave it to the preachers of other religions to try to instill in *their* people the spirit of tolerance; I feel it my duty to try to make my people understand."

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"Dot is right, dot is right," said Solomon Levy, slowly. "Dere is a great deal of trut' in vhat you say. But ve old fellows—you can't teach us!"

"If you would only try to understand, that would be sufficient," said Rabbi Samuels.

From the hall came the sound of the front door closing, and Abie Levy walked into the room. He didn't stop to remove his coat, but, pausing respectfully to greet the rabbi, flung an arm about his father's shoulders and patted him affectionately.

"Well, dad, how are you feeling tonight?" he cried, pressing his cheek against his father's.

"Vy, Abie, vhat's all dis mean?"

Solomon looked up in surprise, considerably startled by this sudden display of affection. Abie had been so quiet of late, so strangely preoccupied since he had come back from the war.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Abie hastened to say, smiling broadly and adjusting his father's black skullcap, which he had disarranged. "It's such great weather outside—it makes me feel so good. You should take a walk, dad! A walk would do you a lot of good. You don't get enough exercise."

The boy seemed bubbling over with exuberance. His cheeks were red, his eyes shone.

"Well, well, well!" said Rabbi Samuels. "You seem uncommonly happy this evening!"

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"Yes, indeed!" said Abie, "I *am* happy. Who wouldn't be—on a day like this?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the rabbi, turning to glance out the window. "When I came in it was rather blustery—extremely disagreeable, in fact. Looked like a storm."

"It did?" said Abie, as though awakening from a dream.

His father walked to the window and looked out.

"And you call dis fine wed-der?" he asked scathingly.

It was almost dark outside, the lowering of the skies before a storm.

"Er—well—well—you see," Abie stammered. "There's something exhilarating in the air tonight. Yes, it braces one up. If you know what I mean —"

"Perhaps I do," said Solomon, in a slow, analytical voice. "Abie, tell me, boy—you are not eggcited perhaps, Abie?"

He got out his glasses and fixed them on his nose. He had always feared his son might have suffered some form of shell-shock, and he still watched at all times for some tell-tale symptom.

"Not at all, dad! Not a bit!" and Abie caught him again around the shoulders. "You simply don't understand. I just feel good, that's all; and

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to me the weather is great. Everything's great when one feels right—isn't that so, Dr. Samuels?"

He turned to the rabbi.

"Yes, that's true," replied the rabbi, smiling. "That's true, and you are fortunate to know when you feel happy and take advantage of it. Some people never realize it—until they find themselves unhappy or sick."

"Well, I'm happy and I know it!" repeated Abie, taking off his coat.

CHAPTER XIV

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

"But, mamakins, vhy do I hev to mek de *gefilter-fisch*?" asked a pathetic little voice from one corner of the kitchen.

"Vhy? You esk vhy?" came a derisive voice from the dining-room. "Vho iss going to mek it, if you dun't?"

Chop! Chop! Chop!

"Vhy did you let de cook go, den?" The voice from the kitchen again.

"Esk me! Esk me!"

But the voice in the kitchen didn't ask.

Isaac Cohen, successful Eighth Avenue jeweler, continued his task of chopping, chopping, chopping. Fish, meat. Meat, fish.

Chop! Chop! Chop!

It seemed an endless task, this chopping of the stuffing for Friday's dish.

Now and then Isaac Cohen would look through his thick, horn-rimmed spectacles towards the dining-room door, as he pounded away on the smooth white board.

He was a little fellow. One had to look twice

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to realize just how little he was. He wore close-cropped whiskers, cut in a fancy style, on his chin. His eyes were large and brown and twinkled with good humor.

He was in his shirt-sleeves and around his neck were swathed several yards of bandage, covered over with a turkish towel. His chest smarted from the goose-grease preparation his wife had applied early that morning.

He was sleepy, and now and then he had to catch himself as his eyelids drooped. He had gotten to bed at a late hour and with a terrific cold in his chest.

Isaac Cohen was very much in love with his wife. He had married her ten years ago. She had been pretty then, and not so fat. She was still pretty, after a fashion—a remarkable Oriental type, buxom and comfortable-looking.

Isaac Cohen, unlike Solomon Levy, his best friend, had never known the bitterness of adversity. Always he had been lucky—carefree and happy. America to him had been the real Land of Promise. Fortune had come his way, and with slight effort on his part.

His Russian parents were safe in Germany and he supported them. They had managed to flee from Russia during the days of persecution.

During the ten years of their married life the

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Cohens had had no children. Each secretly blamed the other. But this fact had in a way drawn them closer to each other, while on the surface they expressed their disappointment by continual quarreling. Even in public they kept up their fighting, but their friends paid little attention to this, for they knew how dear they were to each other.

It had been many years since Isaac Cohen had been forced to chop the stuffing for the *gefilterfisch*. He had long since passed the stage where it is made on the seat of the old kitchen chair.

They were well-to-do now, and had servants. But yesterday Mrs. Cohen had had an argument with the cook and had peremptorily dismissed her. Now Thursday was here and the usual Friday dish unmade. It was up to Isaac.

The last few hours had not treated Isaac kindly. The thermometer had registered ten degrees below zero at two o'clock that morning, and Isaac had stayed late at his store, supervising the taking of inventory. He had left at midnight and on the way home he had caught a cold. It had happened as such things are apt to happen. Leaving the store, he had run into his friend Sol Stern, who owned a clothing store a few doors distant. Sol, too, had stayed late, working.

Sol Stern was a heavy-set, aggressive man. His nose was broad and his lips thick. He was much

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given to argument, a trait by no means lacking in Isaac Cohen.

Isaac, in fact, was apt to be talkative and cocky when away from home, where he scarcely ever had a chance to speak his mind.

So, after the usual greeting, the two friends had started down the street together. A bitter wind whipped up Eighth Avenue. The men spoke from upturned coat-collars. Finally they came to the parting of the ways. But they stopped to talk. A great problem had been propounded.

In the newspapers that day there had been some discussion about the salary of the President of the United States.

"Oi, oi, oi!" ejaculated Isaac Cohen. "He gets seventy-five tousand dollars a year!"

"He does," said the other. "And vhat can he did vid so much money?"

"Vhat can he?"

"Vell, he has to educate his children."

"Tsch, vhat's dot amount to?"

"He has to pay his rent."

"Rent!" shouted Isaac Cohen. "De President pay rent?"

"He must hev big rent."

"No President pays rent. He lifs in de White House. De government gifs him his rent free."

"Yeah?"

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"Vell, what can he do vid so much money? Seventy-fi' tousand dollars a year! *Ach!*"

"Maybe he safes it."

"No, no President safes. Dun't you read efry day vhere some President's vidow iss broke?"

"True."

So the argument continued, the two men standing close together, hands flying, breath making white streaks in the wintry air, the chill wind whipping up the street. For fifteen minutes they stood so. For half an hour. An hour. The night was growing colder and colder, but on they talked, trying to reach a forlorn, futile point as to what the President did with his salary.

Finally Isaac Cohen announced with an air of conviction:

"Say, dun't ve pay de rabbi fifty dollars a vik?"

"Ve do," answered Sol Stern.

"Und sometimes dere iss not fifty dollars a vik in de treasury? Vell, vhat den? De money iss not dere. The rabbi dun't get his salary."

"No."

"Und did you tink dot de seventy-fi' tousand dollars is always in de treasury at Vashington for de President?"

"Mm . . ."

"Ah, now you see vhat? Ven de money it iss

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not dere, de President dun't get his salary. Just like de rabbi, vhat! Just a figure." —

"Ah."

"Yes, sir!"

The question was settled at last, to the satisfaction of both. They turned their collars up higher, stuffed their hands deeper in their pockets and hurried on home, each finally at ease about this momentous problem.

But it did not end there.

Isaac Cohen arrived home at two o'clock, with a terrible chill. His wife was sympathetic at first, but after she had wheedled out of him just how he had obtained the chill—and it was not hard to learn, because he could not refrain from telling her boastfully how he had settled the matter about the President's salary—she said:

"It serfs you right! I hope you die—always talkin' on strit corners!"

She was no more sympathetic the next morning, when she made him rise and start chopping the fish and meat for the *gefilterfisch*.

So Isaac sat there now, uttering a pathetic little cough now and then, and chopping steadily at his monotonous task.

Mrs. Cohen entered the kitchen, a gaudy apron over her house dress.

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"Vhat, still coughin'?" she asked, in an accusing voice.

"But, mamakins!" protested Isaac meekly, "I hev a bad cold—it hoits right here."

He laid a hand on his chest.

"Always complainin'," chided his wife. "Now you knew very vell dot vhen I had my oberation ——"

"Oi, mama, dun't spik uf it, pliz!"

Tears sprang instantly to Mrs. Cohen's eyes, and her countenance twisted, as she began to cry. Isaac hurriedly threw down his chopper and rushed to her side. He tried to encompass her ample waist with his short arms.

"Dere, dere," he said in soothing tones, "I didn't mean to hoit you. Go ahead, mama, spik uf your oberation, spik uf it!"

"You are like all men—dey only tink it is dey can hev pains und aches!"

Isaac tried to find the most advantageous angle from which to embrace her. But he finally contented himself with holding her hand and patting it, murmuring soft words.

Then a thought came to him.

"Mama, dun't cry! It meks de eyes red aroun'. Remember ve mus' go to Solomon's dis afternoon."

"*Ach*, yes—Solomon's!" answered Mrs. Cohen.

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A little spasm passed through her rotund figure; she sniffled and stopped weeping.

At Solomon Levy's she knew, she could always talk freely of her operation. In public her husband could not chide her. And Solomon always seemed interested. She had never yet been able to give the full details of this outstanding event in her life. Always some peculiar and untimely interruption would intervene to bring the story to an end. This made her all the more determined to tell it some day in full. This, and the fact that Solomon always showed such interest.

Mrs. Cohen dated everything as before and after her operation.

She was grateful to Isaac for reminding her of the visit to Solomon's; and she showed it by giving him a chaste little kiss on his lips. Then she hurried from the kitchen, like some little girl who has suddenly relented and kissed her sweetheart, only to be overcome by a guilty feeling immediately afterward.

Isaac shook his head and settled down again to his task.

CHAPTER XV

LIKE LEANDER AND HERO, Romeo and Juliet, Cupid and Psyche, the culmination of whose loves was frustrated by the bigotry and narrow-mindedness of others, Abie and Rose-Mary faced a tremendous problem. But being modern young people, they did not allow this to stand in their way. They had weighed the difficulties carefully, considered the results of their proposed step, and then made up their minds. They felt justified in their course, since they had sincerely tried to bring their parents around to their way of thinking.

Abie believed that once his father had seen Rose-Mary he, too, would love her; that he would forgive them, and that they could live happily under parental sanction. Rose-Mary was a bit more skeptical about *her* father, but she was convinced that he couldn't help admiring Abie. So, as her train pulled into the Pennsylvania Station, both of them were certain they were doing the right thing. Abie, pacing the foyer of the station, waiting, had no doubts. He was following the dictates of his heart, it was true; and he knew that when one does as the heart ordains one sometimes does a rash thing; but he was

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a level-headed sort, and had there been any doubt in the mind of either, it would have been swept away when they finally embraced in the station.

"I shall never leave you again!" whispered Rose-Mary, as Abie held her in his arms.

"You won't if I can help it!" answered Abie, kissing her tenderly.

He felt as if the world were right again for the first time since he had left France.

Love! If a physician could only prescribe it! How many of the ills of the world would be cured!

Some people—married people—go through life never experiencing love. They are the deluded. They imagine that they are in love—they marry—but they are never truly mated. They spend a forlorn existence, never quite knowing just what the trouble is. But to Abie and Rose-Mary, love was everything. Happiness—peace. The love they felt for each other diffused itself through their beings, brightening their eyes and coloring their cheeks and putting renewed life into their every action. In their minds there could be no doubt; they knew—they had known from the first—that their two paths were fated to join. It was ordained by some strange and inexplicable Power.

Abie, a Jew. And Rose-Mary, a Gentile! But what matter, where such a love pointed the way?

. . .

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And never had the depth of this feeling been more clearly shown than now, when, almost without discussing it, they decided to be married at once.

"I can't see any reason for delaying," said Abie, as he turned to look about him for a red-cap. "I'm for marrying today—and then walking into father's house and telling him!"

"Perhaps that's best," said Rose-Mary, with hardly a thought of objection. "If you don't think he'll be too angry?"

"He'll be angry for a moment," said Abie, "but it'll be over quickly and he's certain to love you after the first surprise. He simply can't help loving you, dear!" And he caught her hand. "No one could help it."

"You say that because you love me," whispered Rose-Mary.

"Well, my judgment is worth something, isn't it?" said Abie lightly. And then he went on, more seriously, "It will be best for us to marry in Jersey. I don't want the news to leak out before we get home."

"Do you know a priest in Jersey?"

"A priest! Must we be married by a priest?"

"Well—I suppose it doesn't matter, really." Rose-Mary hesitated. And then, impulsively: "*Make* it a rabbi—just so we're married!"

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Abie squeezed her arm.

"If we can find a priest, we will be married by a priest."

"But we'll have to have witnesses!" reminded Rose-Mary, in a practical voice. "And a ring—we must have a ring."

Abie smiled. With a grand gesture he drew a small box from his pocket.

A diamond winked at Rose-Mary, who exclaimed: "You darling!"

She kissed him again.

"Now the first thing for us to do," said Abie, suddenly all business, "is to engage a room at the Pennsylvania." And he added facetiously, "We'll then be prepared if we're kicked out by dad."

Followed by a red-cap carrying Rose-Mary's baggage, they went at once to the Pennsylvania. Abie blushed as he signed the register, "Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Levy."

"We'll have to get married now!" he told Rose-Mary. "The evidence is against us—on this hotel register."

She laughed as he turned to check her bags.

They had luncheon together and in the early afternoon started out on the great adventure, taking a taxicab from the hotel.

"Jersey City—municipal building," Abie told

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the driver. The chauffeur glanced at them and smiled.

During the trip across the ferry, Abie and Rose-Mary were too much engrossed to notice anything. They were on the eve of the most important event of their lives, and they were experiencing all the excitement, ecstasy and tender apprehension two young people can experience at such a moment. They sat close together in a corner of the cab, Abie's arm about Rose-Mary's waist, her head on his shoulder, his lips against her hair; and they both said all the foolish, tender, unforgettable things young lovers usually say under such conditions.

"Oh dear, we're going to be so happy!" sighed Rose-Mary.

"Yes," murmured Abie, equally blissful in his confidence, "I can't figure out when I'm going to have time to work and make a living. I'll want to be with you every minute."

"You'll probably see too much of me, and grow tired of me!"

"Rose-Mary! How could I?"

Fellow passengers smiled and looked away as he drew her still closer. "In a little while you'll be my wife. Think of it! I can't realize it's true."

"No, it seems like a dream."

But presently the dream began to assume the aspects of reality. The Jersey shore drew near, the

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ferry floated gently into the old, warped slip, struck the dock with a faint, soft thud and a musical clinking of chains; the water churned about them, and with a clash of starting-gears the taxicab moved forward, in a stream of cars. They climbed a short steep, wooden incline and found themselves in Jersey City.

A moment later—before they had fully collected themselves—they were at the marriage license bureau.

The bureau presented the usual scene. Two other couples were ahead of them—an elderly pair, very grim and serious, engaged in answering the questions of a clerk; a second couple, visibly embarrassed, signing printed blanks presented to them by a young man with horn-rimmed spectacles. The official who received them, when their turn came, was disconcertingly direct, embarrassing Rose-Mary by his questions:—her name, age, nationality, previous marriages, children. But Abie preserved the poise of one who is accustomed to dealing with practical matters and he betrayed no trace of his inexperience until, on his stating that he wished to be married “at once,” the official shrugged and wrote out a name and address on a slip of paper.

“This is a Methodist minister,” the man informed them. “He’ll be glad to marry you.”

Abie, taken aback, glanced then at Rose-Mary.

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His bride-to-be was equally nonplussed. They were both in such a state of excitement that they accepted the clerk's suggestion without a question. It never occurred to them to ask about a civil marriage. With another attempt at poise Abie turned and led the way out to the taxicab again.

"A Methodist minister!" he repeated, laughing ruefully as they settled themselves against the cushions.

"Well, that's a compromise, at least!" said Rose-Mary, giggling with him. And they started for the Methodist's house.

On the way they joked about it, trying to make light of it. "I hope you consider Methodism a compromise between your religion and mine?" said Abie, teasingly.

"Never you mind about any religious arguments, now!" retorted Rose-Mary, and laid her head against his shoulder.

After that, they let the subject drop, content to make the best of it.

They found the minister at home. He was in his shirt-sleeves, painting a kitchen chair—a tall man with a thin, tired face. He asked them only a few questions, and after looking at the marriage license, donned his collar and coat and took up his Bible.

For witnesses, he called in his wife and the cook.

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Both Abie and Rose-Mary grew nervous again during these preliminaries. Abie found his knees trembling more violently than they had when he made his report to his colonel in France. But the actual ceremony seemed surprisingly short. In almost no time, the tall minister was asking,

"Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

Abie answered in a voice strangely husky and unlike his own.

Rose-Mary's words came more clearly. They sounded to Abie like a clear bell, destined to ring in his heart forever.

It was over. They were man and wife. And forgetful of the older trio, who were not so astonished as they may have seemed, Abie drew his young bride to him, in a long embrace.

They were leaving the house before he suggested, "I must stop somewhere and telephone to dad—tell him that we're on our way."

"Don't tell him that we're married, though!" begged Rose-Mary.

"No—I'll just say I'm bringing a guest for supper. We'll spring the marriage on him later."

They stopped at a corner drugstore, and he got his father's office easily enough, but he was told his father had "gone home." He tried the house, but the telephone was answered by old Sarah, the

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housekeeper, who was notoriously hard of hearing. He couldn't make her understand.

He decided to try again when he reached the ferry-house. But the simple experience of telephoning—the mere sound of Sarah's voice—changed his mood. In fancy he could see his father's face as it was bound to look when, with Rose-Mary on his arm, he walked into the living-room. The picture sobered him. For the first time, the full realization of what he had done came home to him. And his young face was troubled as once more he settled himself in the taxicab beside his wife.

CHAPTER XVI

THE COHENS, arriving a little after four o'clock for their call on their old friend Solomon, were puzzled by the look on his face as he received them. He seemed preoccupied.

He volunteered a few perfunctory, formal words of greeting, and saw them seated in the living-room. Then he said: "Pliz, to excuse me for a few minutes. I vant to find Sarah. Somebody just called, and she couldn't get de message. I tink it was Abie. He vasn't at voik all day."

The Cohens, exchanging glances, were silent.

"Vat's happened, I vunder. He looks all upset," said Mrs. Cohen, as their host disappeared down the hall.

Isaac Cohen sighed and leaned back, surveying the spacious living-room.

It was well furnished, not extravagantly, but comfortably. No particular period had been followed in the furnishings. There were Japanese hangings on the walls, an overstuffed couch and chairs, a wicker table, orange-colored curtains on brass rods over the windows. The living-room gave into the entrance hall.

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"Vhy dun't you answer me?" demanded Mrs. Cohen, who sat stiff and straight in a chair near the wicker table.

"Vhat iss dere to say?" asked Isaac Cohen, with a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders and a spreading of his palms.

"Vhat iss dere vhat *you* could say, anyway?" repeated his wife, contemptuously.

"Noddings, I suppose," said Isaac Cohen, philosophically, and he reached for a copy of the evening newspaper which lay at hand.

They were sitting so when, from the library adjoining, Rabbi Samuels walked in.

"Hello, there!" said the good rabbi, for he knew them well. "How are the Cohens today?" And he walked over to Mrs. Cohen and took her hand, nodding pleasantly to Isaac, who responded without troubling to get up.

"Vhat manners!" hissed Mrs. Cohen, becoming at once more animated as the rabbi drew up a chair. She loved to talk; her idea of a "call" was a long monologue delivered by herself, and she had been annoyed by Solomon's abrupt departure. Rabbi Samuels could be counted upon to be more tactful; he was always a polite and generous listener and she plunged at once into a flood of gossip.

She observed, it is true, that as she worked from one congenial theme to another, gravitating uncon-

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sciously and from habit to the topic of her recent operation, the good rabbi's responses betrayed a perfunctory note; but she wasn't easily discouraged and she went forward briskly, while her husband, reopening his evening paper, turned to the comic section and his favorite cartoon strip.

Mrs. Cohen's recital proceeded along its customary lines:

"Yes sir, I said to Isaac, I said, you call de doctor! I know it vhen I got a differend pain. Vhen my indegistive tablets don't voik, I know how I feel ——"

Her husband, slipping lower on the couch and now well into his cartoon, burst tactlessly into a loud guffaw—an interruption highly unwelcome. Mrs. Cohen glanced sharply at him; then she went on:

"So Isaac he calls de doctor, und de doctor, vhen he comes ——"

Behind his paper, Isaac indulged in another guffaw. Mrs. Cohen stopped in mid-sentence and gazed witheringly upon him.

"Soch a foolishness!" She stamped her foot on the floor. Then, turning back to the rabbi, "Where vas I?"

The rabbi smiled.

"Your husband had just called the doctor."

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"Oh, yes!" She collected herself. "He called de doctor, und de doctor come, und ——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Isaac Cohen.

The silence which ensued this time was positively electric. Mrs. Cohen grew purple.

"Vill you stop dot *laughing* at noddings?" she demanded. "Soch a foolishness—always laughing at noddings!"

Isaac lowered the paper in surprise. "Huh? You spik to me, mama?"

"Of coise—I spik to you for soch interrupdings!" And his wife tossed her head.

"But, mama," protested Isaac plaintively, "I vas laughing at Aloysises B. McGinnis und Clarice!" And he sighed. "Soch a vife!"

Mrs. Cohen caught him up on this.

"Oh—so you vas laughing at de vife, eh?"

"No, mama," he hastened to say. "I vas just kiping up vid the Joneses. It's funny, mama. Listen to vhat it says, 'You big walrus, vhy dun't you go into some pizziness, instead of loafing all day. Ged out of my sight!' Dot's Clarice, vhat she says. Und Aloysises, he says, vid de cigar in his mout und his hands on his hips, 'Vell,' says Aloysises, 'Clarice,'—dot's de vife from Aloysises—'you certainly kin tink uf disagreeable tings!' "

Mrs. Cohen made a terrible grimace.

"Iss dot funny? I esk you—iss dot funny?"



Anne Nichols' Abie's Irish Rose.

Newlyweds, Twice Blessed.

A Paramount Picture.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"But here's de funny part," continued Isaac quickly. "Und Aloysises goes out for a pizziness!"

The rabbi showed a gleam of interest.

"Is that the one," he put in, smiling, "where he goes into business with Mr. Duem?"

"Yes, und meets all de pretty girls," laughed Isaac, bowing towards his wife, and holding the newspaper towards her.

She answered by a toss of her head.

"Und—look—Clarice catches him meking luf to de stenographer!" continued Isaac, his eyes now filled with tears from laughing.

"Huh!" ejaculated Mrs. Cohen. "I'm dying vid laughing." And she turned to the rabbi. "Vhat was I talkin' about?"

"Your operation," said Rabbi Samuels, with a slight sigh.

"Oh, yes! Und I vas—in de hospidal?"

"No, your husband had just called the doctor."

Mrs. Cohen settled down to business.

"So—ve call de doctor, und de doctor he come, und I said, 'Good efening, doctor!' und he said, 'Good efening, Mrs. Cohen' und ——"

"And did he diagnose the case as one of appendicitis?"

"Yes—just like dot!" said Mrs. Cohen, snapping her fingers. Her tone hardened. "Didn't he, Isaac?"

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Isaac Cohen glanced up hurriedly.

"Yes, mama."

"And did he operate immediately?"

"No . . . no, he didn't vant to," Mrs. Cohen murmured dreamily.

"He didn't *want* to?"

"No—he didn't vant to. Did he, Isaac?"

But Isaac was immersed in his paper.

"DID HE, ISAAC!"

"No—no, of coise not!"

Isaac Cohen hastened to gather his scattered wits. And after a pause, he asked in a small voice, "Didn't vant to do vhat, mama?"

"Didn't vant to oberate!" she snapped, with such vehemence that Isaac ducked, as if in anticipation of some missile.

"Oh, de doctor," he muttered weakly. "No—no, of coise not!" And he turned back to his newspaper.

Rabbi Samuels smiled, and then said gently, "I sympathize with you, Mrs. Cohen."

Mrs. Cohen brightened at once, and made as if to brush away a tear. It was the emotional climax towards which she had been striving.

"I tell you, Dr. Samuels," she went on dramatically, "it is de voman vhat silently suffers."

"Bah!" Her husband crushed his newspaper.

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"You vere silent under de ether, but you haven't been silent efer since!"

Mrs. Cohen burst into tears.

"Oh, I dun't talk so much," she wept.

"Yes, you do, mama!" argued Cohen, who seemed to gain fresh courage from her tears. "Always you talk about de ether!"

"But I didn't say a void about ether!"

"Mama ——"

"But ——"

"Sssh!"

"Now, Isaac ——"

"All right—all right."

The rabbi had arisen during this, and now attempted to change the subject.

"Our host seems very much preoccupied," he said. "I wonder what's on his mind so, today?"

"Somebody telephoned," said Mrs. Cohen. "He tinks it vas Abie, but dot Sarah can't hear any more, and she didn't get de message. Abie vasn't at de store today, and poor Solomon ——"

"For vhy do you say, poor Solomon?" asked Isaac, seeking an opening for further argument. "He ain't poor!"

"Papa, papa—always you argue!"

"But, mama, poor iss *arem* and *arem* iss poor! If he ain't *arem*, how can he be poor?"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"But vhy should you always argue?" Mrs. Cohen's ire rose again. "*Shweig shtill, du!*"

Rabbi Samuels sought anew to avert hostilities.

"Do you know, we three might help our good friend, Solomon," he said.

"How?" chorused Mr. and Mrs. Cohen.

"Have you ever tried concentration?"

"Concentration?"

"I mean—ah—keep quiet; not talk," said Rabbi Samuels, smiling.

Isaac glanced at his wife.

"Mama did vunce, but it didn't agree vid her."

"Oh, I mean concentrate—to *think!*" the rabbi hastened to add.

"All I can tink uf vas dot oberation," sighed Mrs. Cohen.

"Suppose we try it," said the rabbi. "The idea is that if we all three concentrate on that telephone, wanting it to ring, it *will* ring, and Solomon's mind will be relieved about Abie."

Isaac sat up.

"If diss should voik, I'm goin' to concentrate on a million dollars!" he announced.

"Let's try—it von't cost noddin'," said Mrs. Cohen.

"Put your minds on the phone, then," said the rabbi.

And obediently the other two endeavored to do

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so, Isaac assuming a pose suggesting Rodin's "Thinker." But almost at once the clock struck and they started.

"How early it iss uf late!" whispered Mrs. Cohen.

"Ssh—concentrate!" warned Rabbi Samuels.

The telephone rang then, and they all jumped. Solomon Levy entered the room.

"Vas dot de phone," he asked, distractedly, and crossed to the instrument. The others were silent as he lifted it.

"Hello!" he cried excitedly. "Hello, hello!"

The instrument clicked to the answering voice, and he went on: "Who iss it? Yes. . . . Vat? Me? . . . Yes, me—it's me! Who am me? Say, who am you? Vhat number? I don't know the number! I didn't ring dis phone to call myself!" Then his face lit up. "Vhat? Abie? It's Abie, wanting to speak vid his fadder?" His manner changed. His tone grew angry. "Vell! It's you, iss it? You—you loafer! . . . Where have you been all tay? I've a notion to—vhat? Huh? A vhat vid you? . . . A lady? . . . You vant to bring a lady home for dinner?"

He straightened, frowning, and then, glancing towards the Cohens, slowly smiled. A dawning satisfaction appeared in his face, and he laid one hand over the mouthpiece.

"He vants to bring a lady home to dinner," he

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whispered and winked. "He says she's a very sveet goil." Then, speaking again into the phone: "A sveet goil? . . . Jewish? . . . A nize Jewish Hebrew lady, vhat?"

His voice softened audibly. "You little *goniff*—I smell mices! . . . All right—bring her on!"

CHAPTER XVII

THERE WAS A PAUSE as Solomon Levy, rubbing his hands in ill-concealed delight, turned to the rabbi.

"Maybe the good rabbi will officiate soon at a vedding, eh? *Ach*, Dr. Samuels, *lieber Freund*, ve vill all be happy."

Isaac Cohen grew instantly serious.

"Solomon!" he protested in a melancholy tone. "What are you trying to do—get Abie married? He's happy now."

His wife glared until he shrank beneath her gaze.

"You mean he wouldn't be happy if he vas married?" she asked him slowly, coloring each word with a meaning too well understood by Isaac.

"Mama, can't I talk at all?" he protested timidly.

The rabbi came to his rescue.

"Oh, Isaac doesn't mean he isn't happy! You are happy, aren't you, Isaac?"

"Poifectly!" said Isaac, brushing his coat lapel but not daring to look at his wife.

She continued to gaze at him a moment, somewhat skeptically, and then returned to her subject.

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"Ve all vant to see Abie married—und happy, don't ve?"

Solomon glanced at her quizzically.

"It isn't dot I vant him married eggsactly. Vat I vant iss grandchildren."

Isaac perked up again.

"Oh, you dun't vant Abie married, but you vant him to hev children. Ah-ha! Mama, listen to dot!"

"Isaac—be still!" thundered Mrs. Cohen. "You dun't know what Solomon means."

"Sure I do, he ——"

"You dun't understand a word he says."

"Yes I do, he ——"

"You dun't know nodding ——"

"Concentrate, mama, concentrate!" Isaac held up his hand in mock rebuke.

Disregarding all this levity, Solomon murmured, "I do vant grandchildren—dozens of 'em."

"Ah, you see, right away he talks wholesale!" triumphed Isaac.

Solomon didn't smile. His face had grown thoughtful, his expression reminiscent.

"Before my Abie vas born," he said soberly, "Rebecca und I used to plan for him. I wanted him to be a politician, but Rebecca, she said, 'No, Solomon, he must always be close to his fadder.'"

"Und he coitainly has been dot," murmured Isaac Cohen.

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"Yes."

"I don't know what your business would have done without him," said Rabbi Samuels.

"Neither do I," mused Solomon. And then he added in a practical voice, "But don't you tell him I said so!"

The rabbi laughed.

"Vhy dun't you take him into the foim?" asked Mrs. Cohen.

"Dot's just vat I intend to do," said Solomon. "Solomon Levy and Son. Dot vould sound nize. But"—he paused—"not now; not until he is married."

"Why must you wait until he's married?" queried the rabbi.

"Vell, did you efer see any of Abie's girls?"

"No."

"Not vun Jewish goil among them!" And Solomon ruefully shook his head. "My Abie iss not goin' to marry anyone but a Jewish goil if *I* can help it!"

"Maybe you vun't be able to help it?" suggested Isaac.

"Who said I couldn't help it! Let him try, and you'll see how I can help it!"

"Are you sure dis goil iss de right one?" asked Mrs. Cohen sweetly, showing a set of pearly teeth. Solomon beamed.

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"Didn't he say to me, 'Vait until you see her!'" He spread his hands, and then, as if remembering something, added quickly, "I must go tell Sarah to hev supper for three."

Mrs. Cohen arose and adjusted her wrap.

"Vell, ve must be going, too," she said.

"But pliz, you come back later and take a look at her?" urged Solomon, betraying by his manner that this was not intended as an invitation to dinner.

"If ve can, ve vill," smiled Mrs. Cohen.

"Vhy can't ve, mama?" piped Isaac.

She turned on him.

"Because I'm tired, and you should go to bed early."

Isaac gritted his teeth.

"Because *she's* tired, I hev to go to bed early!" And his sigh was the sigh of a martyr.

Solomon, chuckling, followed them to the door, Isaac, crestfallen, trailing out behind the ample figure of his wife, and the rabbi bringing up the rear. Rabbi Samuels took his departure with them, and Solomon saw them all off, going to the top of the front steps with them, and repeating his invitation to the Cohens.

Afterwards he stood a moment in the hall, humming "Masseltof," softly in an off key, and rolling himself a cigarette—a habit born of his years of enforced economy and characteristically retained.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

Then he started for the kitchen.

"*Abele, boyele meiner*—soon ve vill hev bouncin' grandchildren, *ach!*"

In the kitchen Sarah, his housekeeper, a thin little woman with soft brown hair parted and drawn down over a wide forehead under which shone soft and gentle eyes, uttered a little shriek when she found herself seized by the waist and whirled about by her employer.

"Mr. *Levy!*"

Sarah had been with Solomon since Abie's babyhood. She was a fixture in his home, as familiar a sight about the house as the black skull-cap which Solomon always wore. She was a quiet little person with the uncomplaining eyes of a woman born to be a mother but denied that joy and condemned, instead, to the hardest and most barren sort of drudgery. Her childhood had been spent on the lower East Side, with a drunken father and a mother broken by toil and poverty. Before she was fifteen her mother had died, and there had fallen on Sarah's thin young shoulders the full burden of the miserable household—the shiftless father, an equally shiftless brother, and an invalid sister. There was no more school for Sarah—only long, long days of nursing, cooking, washing dishes, mending clothes and—eternally—"sobering up" or "bailing out" the two men of the family. And gradually that changed.

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The father died, killed in a drunken row; the brother "disappeared," and Rachel, the gaunt, broken, tragic Rachel, remained to be cared for, a dreadful living burden, ever more and more helpless, ever more of a problem as poor Sarah toiled on, "sewing" now for their bare means of livelihood.

The bleak little tenement flat off Mulberry Bend gave way to a tinier and still bleaker room in an old fire-trap off Third Avenue. The years went on, and the Sarah in her teens became a Sarah in her twenties. When she was twenty-four a lover appeared, but she sent him away. "I can't leave Rachel. There's nobody else to see to her, and it wouldn't be right for you to have to live with her." She said it wistfully, and the lover protested, but she caught the indecision, the weak note behind the affectionate protestations; and after that she was very firm. No, it couldn't be. And he went away, though after he went she crept upstairs to the deserted pent-house on the roof of the old building and crouched there a long time, shaken with sobs.

Then had followed a period still more bitter—an endless procession of weeks and months that lengthened into years with nothing in life but work and the sound of the invalid Rachel's feeble complaints. And then one day Rachel had died. In an hour, in a moment, the great burden of her life was lifted. She was free—and by one of those quick transitions

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which are even more frequent in life than on the stage she stepped, within one short week, into a new and different world. Recommended as a house-keeper by the undertaker she had called in, she was hired, on the strength of that recommendation, by Solomon Levy, then just widowed and left with Abie on his hands.

How natural—and how fortunate, how providential—it had been, this chance alliance made so many years ago! The change had been wonderful to Sarah, the contrast almost miraculous between that dreadful tenement room, like a prison cell, and the cosy, comfortable, almost luxurious little bedroom in Solomon's house. The bright clean newness of his kitchen with its glittering stove and its shining pots and pans delighted her; the friendly warmth and comparative opulence of the whole house kindled her, and the sight of the tiny baby boy, left motherless, sent a strange glow through her. The shriveled petals of her starved nature took new life again; she began to unfold like a flower long deprived of sunlight, and the broken-hearted Solomon, stunned by the loss of his wife and desperately anxious about the child, found Sarah a godsend and a treasure.

He had never regretted her coming. What matter, that as the years went on her strength had failed somewhat; that she had gradually lost her hearing;

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that as his son grew up there was less and less need for her watchful care, and more and more need for one whose strength would be equal to the demands of the big house? For several years now she had been walled in by deafness, and the inconvenience this occasioned Solomon was great; but, characteristically, he had never thought of letting her go. He would as soon have let his son go; and Abie, similarly, though he suffered more than his father did from her helplessness, would not have dreamed of parting with her, his occasional criticisms going only to the point of suggesting that Solomon ease her task by getting someone in to help her.

She was as shy as any schoolgirl. She had never felt the arms of a man about her. So now when Solomon, in the excitement of the moment, grasped her about the waist and whirled her around, she blushed like a girl and shrank away from him with a shy bashfulness touching in one of her age and appearance.

"Sarah," cried Solomon, fairly shouting in his eagerness to make her hear, "Abie is going to be married! . . . Mein Abie is going to be married!"

He grew serious suddenly and released his hold. "Ve hev a guest for dinner, vhat? Let me see now ——" And he felt for his glasses—turned to peer towards ice-box, cupboard and oven. "Vhat

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shall ve gif 'em, Sarah—vhat do you say?" And he began to enumerate such delicacies that Sarah, who had almost regained her composure, was again left open-mouthed.

She tried to question him, but she was unable to catch his muttered explanations.

"Hevn't I told you vhat it is?" he shouted, once. "It's Abie—Abie is going to be married!"

She understood him then, and betrayed the excitement this intelligence aroused by losing the color she had just gained.

"Not—not tonight?" she stammered, bewildered.

He broke into laughter at that—a boyish, happy, delighted laughter.

No, not tonight, but soon enough, he hoped. And he got out a pencil and a scrap of paper—busied himself in a long and impressive list of dishes. Sarah's hesitant and timid questions he hardly heard. He was bursting with satisfaction, with joyful anticipation—and he was thinking of those bouncing grandchildren.

CHAPTER XVIII

FILLED with a sudden sense of guilt, Rose-Mary and Abie hesitated on the threshold of the Levy home after leaving their taxicab that had brought them across the city.

"Oh, Abie!" Rose-Mary whispered in a trembling voice, "I am so afraid to go in. Goodness knows what your father will do to us when we tell him! I—I think I had better stay outside and let you go in alone."

Although Abie was himself aquiver, he said stoutly,

"No! We will go in together. The very sight of you will be a much greater argument than any I could use. He will melt at once when he sees you."

Rose-Mary clung to his arm as they went up the steps. His fingers were unsteady as he inserted the latch-key in the lock. But the door opened quietly enough, and together they tiptoed through the hall. Rose-Mary shrank back as Abie stole a cautious look into the living-room. The room was empty. And he drew her forward, though her eyes were wide with apprehension.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Is he—is he there?" she asked in a whisper.

"No. Come on in," urged Abie. "The coast is clear."

"Oh, I'm so frightened!" Rose-Mary shivered.

Abie straightened and threw back his shoulders; said in a big voice:

"What! With a perfectly good husband to protect you?"

"Oh—I forgot."

Abie's arms went around her.

"You haven't been married long enough to be used to it."

He drew out his watch.

"Let's see. We have been married just one hour and thirty-three minutes. Do you realize, young lady, that you are no longer Rose-Mary Murphy? For all that time you have been Mrs. Abraham Levy!"

Rose-Mary cast her eyes heavenward.

"Mrs. Levy!" Then, suddenly remembering her father and his antagonism to any religion not his own, she added, "Glory be to God!"

"Isn't it wonderful?"

Her husband's enthusiasm was momentarily infectious, but Rose-Mary was serious.

"Abie! We'll both be disowned!"

"Well, that's better than living apart for the rest of our lives?"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Yes."

There was something about the way she uttered this, however, that made Abie experience a momentary sense of fear. He surveyed her closely.

"Why do you say it that way, dear?"

"Because I am not so sure that they won't try to separate us."

Abie bristled at once.

"Yes—try! But we're not going to let them, are we? Just let them try, and they'll see the kind of people they have to deal with! People who know their own minds!" And then his tone changed, softened. "Don't you worry about that!"

"Well, we're not going to let them separate us, certainly."

"Not we. . . . We were married good and tight by a nice Methodist minister."

"'Till death do us part.'"

Abie laughed and squeezed her tenderly—then held her away for an instant, in teasing accusation.

"Oh, that reminds me," he said, "why didn't you say 'I do,' when he asked you if you would obey me?"

"You noticed that?" queried Rose-Mary, with a twinkle in her eye. And with a trace of the Irish brogue he always liked in her: "Shure, I'm that Irish!"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"I didn't balk at the line, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow!' You know its fifty-fifty!"

"To be sure it is. But faith, an' you *haven't* any worldly goods! And your father's likely to disown you when he finds out that you haven't married a nice little Jewish girl!"

"Well, your father may disown you, when he finds out you haven't married a nice little Irish boy!"

"There you are—that would be fifty-fifty!"

"Believe me," chuckled Abie, hugging her close again, "you can say all you want to about the Jews, but when it comes to foresight the Irish have it all over us!"

He took off his coat, and carried it into the hall to hang it up. When he returned, he found Rose-Mary seated on the davenport, smoothing her dress.

"I was just thinking, dear," he said.

Rose-Mary looked up in mock seriousness.

"Good for you! Get into training," she teased. "You'll have to do a lot of thinking before we're through with this."

He sat down beside her.

"No, in all seriousness, dear, the more I think of it, the more I realize that father will be crazy about you when he sees you."

Rose-Mary found this anything but serious.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"He might be crazy about me," she laughed, "but when he hears about my religion he'll be crazier!"

That sobered her husband somewhat.

"Silly, isn't it, to be so narrow-minded?" he remarked. "However, he can't do anything worse than to tell us to go."

Rose-Mary was practical.

"But, Abie! You work for your father!" she reminded him.

"Yes," sighed Abie, "and if you don't make a hit with him, I'm likely to lose that job. But I should worry. I'll find another one, all right. You know I can play the piano."

"Or you might sell shoestrings!" murmured Rose-Mary, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"If I were Irish, I could be a policeman."

"Then I'd have to do all my own housework and learn to cook."

"You can fry eggs, can't you?"

"Yes—but I can't turn them over!"

Abie slid his arms around her waist and drew her to him.

"I'll turn them over for you. How will that do?"

They were silent a moment, again, both of them forgetting the meeting so soon to come. Then Rose-Mary straightened—said earnestly:

"Oh, Abie, will you always be ready to do so much for me?"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Of course I will!"

"Abie!"

"Yes, dear?"

"I think there's a bit of the Irish tucked away in you somewhere. You're so kind. Faith, I believe you're half Irish!"

"To be shure, mavourneen, my better half is Irish," said Abie, mocking her slight brogue.

"And *my* better half is Jewish!" whispered Rose-Mary.

"That's fifty-fifty—what could be more ideal?" said Abie happily. And then he leaped up suddenly, as from the other room he heard his father's voice.

"That's father, now!"

The color left Rose-Mary's face, and she looked swiftly about her, as though for some avenue of escape.

"Oh, Abie!" she whispered, rising.

"Now, don't be frightened, dear," said Abie in soothing tones. "Don't weaken now, just when you must be strongest. And remember what I told you about dad. He's all right under the skin!"

"Oh dear, I hope it isn't a long way under!"

She had an inspiration and, dropping into the shelter of the big chair beside the table, she crouched there, out of sight behind its tall wing back.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Oi, oi, oi!" sang Solomon Levy, and in the doorway of the dining-room appeared the familiar figure.

The singing stopped as, halting abruptly, Solomon spied his son.

"Why, hello, dad!" said Abie in a voice which tried to express a casual indifference.

Rose-Mary, looking out, saw a tall, kindly-looking man with graying hair and strong Jewish features. A prosperous business man, apparently, whom hard work had aged, but whom hard luck had only softened. The type of man who betrays the vicissitudes of earlier and grimmer years by nothing more than a fondness for comfortable old clothes and simple habits. Not an ogre at all—and yet the consciousness of the situation under which she was now meeting him caused her to huddle down again instinctively.

Solomon had thrust his hands beneath his coat-tails and was now looking steadily at his son, his chin thrust forward.

"Vell!" he said sternly. "You—you loafer! Where hev you been all afternoon?"

He moved toward Abie. And Abie moved a step forward to meet him, while Rose-Mary making herself as small as possible in the chair, huddled lower, out of sight.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"I was away ——" began Abie.

"Avay! Iss dot an eggscuse—avay?"

"Certainly not, but ——"

"But ——"

"Und de pizziness—vhat about de pizziness! Oi, oi, oi! Such a tay! Vid everybody esking for you ——"

"They missed me, did they?"

"Missed you?" Solomon Levy eyed him haughtily. "You—you loafer!" And he turned his back.

"Such a life!" he complained. "Nobody vants me to vait on dem any more. It's, 'Vhere iss Abraham, Mr. Levy?' . . . 'I'll wait for your son, Mr. Levy.' . . . 'He knows eggscactly vhat I vant, Mr. Levy.' All soch tings as dot." His voice was hurt. "All tay long! *Tsch!* I'm not goin' to stand for dis nonsensical ——"

Abie approached him, his arms extended and with his tenderest smile.

"Dad ——" he said.

The overture was too much for his father. Solomon turned and threw his arms around his son.

"Abele—my son!" he sighed.

Rose-Mary, knowing that her chance had come at last, left her momentary hiding-place and came forward, smiling.

Solomon saw her, over Abie's shoulder. He

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

straightened instantly, drawing back and glancing intently, first at Abie and then at Rose-Mary.

"Ah ha!" he exclaimed, and his tone was not precisely cordial, "you brought somethink in vid you, yes?"

CHAPTER XIX

UNDER THE CRITICAL GAZE of the older man, Rose-Mary felt much as she thought a criminal must feel before detectives in a line-up.

Solomon had reached for his spectacles, and now, adjusting them on his nose, he scrutinized her closely. She felt that her Gaelic features must betray her, and behind her back she clasped and unclasped her hands; but she continued to smile, afraid to speak.

There was a moment of total silence, while her lips grew dry and parched. Then Abie, trying in vain to read the expression on his father's face, said hurriedly, "Dad, this is—this is the lady I phoned you I was bringing." And then as he saw Rose-Mary's smile fade, caught the look of bewilderment which spread across her face, he added quickly, "Dad, I want you to meet a—a very dear friend of mine."

He seized Rose-Mary's hand and led her toward his father.

But Solomon still gazed at the vision before him with an intentness hard to diagnose.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Who's de name, pliz?" he asked, with a reluctant smile.

Abie ignored this question, trying to bury it under a quick avalanche of talk.

"I met her just before the Armistice was signed," he explained. "In France, you know. When I was ill in the hospital, and she took care of me."

"Iss dot so?"

His beginning seemed to cause his father more anxiety.

"Yes, in France." Rose-Mary spoke this time.

"A trained noize, perhaps. Dot's a pizziness!"

"Well, I wasn't exactly a trained nurse."

This answer, too, seemed only partly satisfactory. Solomon stared at her skeptically.

"I had a trained noize vunce," he said, "und she vasn't eggsactly vun, either."

Abie laid his hand on his father's shoulder. He wanted to break the tenseness of the situation.

"You don't understand, dad," he began. "I thought I told you she was an entertainer. A volunteer whose work it was to keep the boy's minds off the war."

"Tsch—I can believe dot!" And Solomon smiled, appraising her beauty.

"No, no—she tried to make things easier for the boys ——"

"I used to sing for the boys behind the lines."

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"An ectress! Oi ——" And Solomon Levy nodded, none too pleased.

"An actress? Mercy, no!" cried Rose-Mary.

"Dad!" ejaculated Abie.

But Solomon was not so easily to be distracted.

"Vell, you introduced me *vunce* to an ectress. Und believe me, *dot* girl could ect ——"

"Dad, please!"

"Oi, vhat a name she had!"

His father ignored the interruption. "Vhat a name!" He paused to make his utterance more impressive. "O'Brien—Oi!"

Rose-Mary lost color again. She turned and moved towards the couch. And Abie moved after her, as Solomon followed up this outburst with: "I tought *you* vas an ectress, too, by de dress!"

Rose-Mary halted and glanced hastily down at her dress. She laughed a forced little laugh.

"You think this—this dress loud?" she asked him, hesitatingly.

Solomon cocked his head first on one side and then on the other.

"Vell, it ain't so quiet. Und"—he hesitated—"und there ain't much of it."

He made a gesture of bringing his two hands together, one from the top and one from the bottom.

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose-Mary, grasping at the front of her dress.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Maybe it shrunk," continued Solomon.

But Abie had regained his fortitude. He came forward.

"Of course it didn't shrink, dad!" he said sharply. "All the girls are wearing their dresses short this year, you know. It's the style."

"Iss dot so? Vell, boy, your mudder always wore long dresses."

"I'll bet if mother were alive today she would be wearing short dresses, too!"

Rose-Mary tried again:

"It's much more sanitary, Mr. Levy. Long skirts, trailing the ground, get full of microbes."

Solomon shook his head.

"De microbes vould hev some high jump to make dot hem!" he answered gloomily.

Abie, all too familiar with this mood, could not conceal his uneasiness.

"Never mind, Rose," he said gently.

His father jumped at this name.

"Rose! . . . Rose vhat?" he queried.

His son's wife answered him a bit defiantly: "Rose-Mary."

"Dot's vhat I tought!" he muttered slowly, and turned his back on the young couple.

Abie, furious at his father's attitude, came near losing his temper.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"You thought what?" he inquired belligerently.

Solomon at first refused to answer, but as the two young people waited, Rose-Mary biting her lip, he slowly wheeled.

"When my son goes vid a goil," he said, and looked his son directly in the eye, "dot goil must spik de English language like a Jewess!"

And his manner was impressively solemn.

Abie saw everything slipping away from him. He felt the utter hopelessness of any attempt to move his father, and he hung his head for a moment, almost on the verge of going up to Solomon and, grasping his shoulders, telling him everything. Only the look on Rose-Mary's face persuaded him to reconsider this. He saw that she was smiling at him, a smile of wonderful encouragement.

It was the kind of smile that spurs a man on in the face of every obstacle—the smile of the woman he loves, the woman for whom he would lay down his life. So he gathered himself for another attempt.

"Father, please!"

"*Shtill!*" said Solomon Levy, sternly.

Abie was silent, while his father crossed the room towards Rose-Mary.

"I hev noddings against you," said the older man, gazing sternly into the clear blue eyes. "I like de name of Rose. But"—he grew suddenly indig-

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

nant—"Mary might be a 'grand old name' too, only I don't like it!"

Rose-Mary stiffened at his tone. And the Irish in her made her retort.

"If my name was good enough for my mother, sure an' it's good enough for me!"

"Of course it is!" said Abie. "And anyway, what's a mere name got to do with it? Does it matter whether there is a Mary tacked on to Rose?"

Solomon looked puzzled at that.

"Vell, tell me vhere did you learn dose Irish expressions," he said.

"Expressions?"

"Soch woids as 'sure,' und ——"

Rose-Mary drew herself up proudly.

"From my father!" she announced.

"Ha—is dot so?" And Solomon squinted his eyes at her suspiciously.

Abie tried to think fast.

"Why, yes, dad—her father was an actor. He used to play Irish rôles." This, of course, was untrue but the boy was frantic, and he said the first thing that came into his head. "He used a great many Irish expressions. I've heard her say so."

"Indeed?" said Solomon. "Und vhat is *his* name? Is it Mary, too?"

"Is my father's name Mary?" repeated Rose in blank astonishment.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"You just said your name vas Rose Mary," argued Solomon.

"His name is Solomon!" shouted Abie, highly exasperated now, and getting in deeper by the minute. For how could he explain these little white fibs to Rose-Mary?

"Oh! So your name is Rose-Mary Solomon?"

Rose-Mary grew indignant.

"Certainly not!"

"Oh, your fadder's *foist* name iss Solomon?"

"Yes!" put in Abie, quickly.

Rose-Mary turned, in amazement. His mind was moving too fast for her. And she was growing slightly angry under this—as it seemed to her—unnecessary cross-examination. She had always been taught that it was impolite to question people at first meeting on such matters—and in such a blunt way, too.

But Solomon Levy was not yet through.

"Vell, Solomon vhat?" he asked impatiently.

Rose-Mary, tossing her head, began, "Murphy——"

But Abie cut in desperately, completing the word before she had time to finish it. "*Murpheski!* . . . Miss Murpheski!"

He did it so quickly that she was left in open-mouthed amazement.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

A momentary doubt showed in Solomon's face. Then a great smile of relief succeeded it, a smile of dawning understanding and content. He rubbed his hands together and rocked back and forth on his heels and toes.



Anne Nichols' Abie's Irish Rose.

A Paramount Picture.

New Thoughts For Old Ones.

CHAPTER XX

ROSE-MARY TURNED to her husband, utterly bewildered by this latest twist. Murpheski! She just managed to keep from crossing herself. All her Irish pride—and she had been encouraged in that pride since she was a baby—rose within her. But there was no time to reason matters out. And Solomon, miraculously, was rubbing his hands and beaming at her.

“Murpheski!” he repeated, emphasizing every syllable. “Murpheski! Dot’s a fine nize name for you. At foist I tought you wouldn’t hev a name like dot. You don’t look it.”

“No, she doesn’t, does she, dad?” grinned Abie, who avoided Rose-Mary’s furious glance.

“Faces is very deceiving,” beamed his father, smiling benignly now on Rose-Mary. “Hev a seat, Miss Murpheski!”

As he uttered the name he laid a special stress on it. Rose-Mary gritted her teeth.

“Miss Murpheski has been standing all dis time,” went on Solomon rebukingly. “Vhy don’t you offer her a seat? See dot Miss Murpheski is comfortable!”

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

Then:

"Take off your coad, Miss Murpheski! Vhy, Abie, I'm surprised at your inhospitality!"

He himself helped her off with her coat. He could not resist examining the material closely, putting on his spectacles and testing the cloth between his fingers.

"You buy fine materials, Miss Murpheski," he told her in a professional voice.

"Thank you," said Rose-Mary, biting her lip. She was so bewildered by this turn of events that she scarcely heard him discussing her clothes. Her love for Abie was battling with the Irish within her. Never in her life had she been so hurt. Yet she understood Solomon's feelings, for wasn't her own dear father just as bigoted in his faith?

Solomon had turned to Abie.

"*Noo, Abie, voss shtaistie vie a Laimener goilem,*" he said in Yiddish. "Hang it up." He gave Abie the coat, but not before he allowed his hands to test the material again. Then he turned to Rose-Mary.

"Sit down, Miss Murpheski—pliz!" he begged her.

Rose-Mary seated herself on the couch and Solomon sat down beside her. Abie, who had laid the coat across a chair, returned and stood behind them.

Solomon looked Rose-Mary over carefully, a smile of interest and satisfaction on his lips; and,

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

characteristically, he noticed the diamond ring on her finger—the engagement ring Abie had given her.

“Dot’s some ring you are varing, dere,” he said, taking her hand.

He leaned over and breathed on the stone, then rubbed it with his coat-sleeve.

Over his shoulder Abie made frantic signals to Rose-Mary, warning her not to tell his father that he’d given it to her. And, determined to help him as best she could, Rose-Mary answered, “Yes, my father gave it to me.”

“Ah ha—your papa gave it to you!” Solomon Levy’s voice revealed his interest.

“Yes, my father,” answered Rose-Mary.

“Your papa, Mr. Murpheski!” mused Solomon, still holding her hand. “So you und Abie hev known each odder a long time, eh?”

“Oh, yes! We met in France. Your son is a wonderful hero, Mr. Levy, do you realize that?”

She was glad of a chance to change the subject. And Solomon threw out his chest with pride.

“Ain’t he my son?” he boasted, smiling. “How could he be anything else?”

“With such a father! Eh, dad?” said Abie, acquiescing in his father’s little joke.

“Dot’s vhat I say!” smiled Solomon, with still drier humor.

He turned again to Rose-Mary.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"You know, efry time dot boy . . ." He paused and, looking into her clear, blue eyes, forgot what he was about to say. "Oh, I'm so plizzed to meet you, Miss Murpheski!" he said instead, and squeezed her hand.

Rose-Mary's color deepened a little, but she returned his pressure. And Solomon looked at his son.

"*Nu*, Abie, ve must esk Miss Murpheski to stay to supper, eh?"

"I phoned you that she would stay to dinner," remarked Abie.

"Oh, yes, dot's so," acknowledged Solomon.

Rose-Mary interposed:

"I don't want to be any trouble."

"Not at all, Miss Murpheski! Not at all! Egg-cuse, while I spik to Sarah." And he started toward the door. "Murpheski! Oh, *Abele*, *boyele meiner* ——"

He was hardly out of sight before Rose-Mary leaped to her feet.

"*Murpheski!*" she echoed furiously. "*Murpheski?*"

Abie held out his hands in supplication.

"Rose-Mary, please!" he began in a faltering voice. "I just had to do it. I saw that he wasn't going to give himself a chance to like you."

Rose-Mary wrung her hands.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"I—I don't want him to like me! *Murpheski!*" She hid her face and stamped the floor. "Oh, shades of St. Patrick!"

Poor Abie did his best to calm her.

"Rose-Mary, dear ——" He slid his arm around her, threw an anxious glance towards the dining-room door—"Sssh! He'll hear you!"

"I *want* him to hear me!" stormed Rose-Mary, weeping now. "I never was so insulted in my life. Sure an' Murphy's a grand name—I don't know why you had to tack a 'ski' on it!"

Her tears increased.

"I know, dear," Abie told her. "But there was nothing else to do. If I told him your name was Murphy, there wouldn't have been a chance. It's our happiness I'm fighting for! A name shouldn't matter so much."

"But he'll have to know some day that I'm Irish!" Rose-Mary insisted.

Abie thought a moment.

"Listen—I've a grand idea!" he said, then.

Rose-Mary glanced at him doubtfully.

"If it's anything like the last few you've sprung on me, please don't tell me!" she warned.

Abie drew her to the davenport and made her sit down. He sat beside her and took her hands in his.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Sweetheart," he argued earnestly. "You love me, don't you?"

Rose-Mary softened a trifle.

"Oh, Abie, darling!" she whispered. "That's the trouble. I do love you!"

His arms went round her.

"And you want our married life to be a happy one?"

"It's going to be," and she glanced at the door through which his father had just left. "I can see that much from here."

"Then listen, dear." And Abie spoke in a practical voice. "Let dad think your name is Murpheski. Let him learn to like Miss Murpheski, as he's bound to—then maybe Miss Murpheski can persuade him to open his heart a little bit to my Miss Murphy. See what I mean?"

"You mean, I'm to let him think I'm Jewish until he likes me?"

"That's it!" and Abie slapped his knee in his enthusiasm.

"I suppose if he really learned to like me," Rose-Mary reflected in a small, hopeful voice, gazing tenderly the while at Abie, "he might even sanction our marriage. He might even get to like Mrs. Rose-Mary Murphy Levy—a little bit!"

"He's certain to!"

"I wish I thought so!"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

There was a pause. Then: "Oh, Abie, this is awful."

"I know—but when you married me this morning you took me for better or worse, dear."

"But this is the worst I ever heard of."

"That's unkind," said Abie, grinning. Then he grew sober again and his voice softened. "I'd do as much for you, you know. *Your* father isn't going to be easy, either."

Rose-Mary sat up at that.

"Don't remind me of my father at this minute!" she begged. "One father at a time, please! Yours is enough for one day."

"That's what I say, dear, so let's win my father over first. Then when your father comes from California, we'll have my father to help us win your father over ——"

"Abie!"

There was terror in Rose-Mary's voice.

"What, dearest!" He held her tighter.

"*Your* father would help win *my* father over?"

"Why, yes, dear," answered Abie, showing his surprise.

"But Abie, darling!" Rose-Mary shook her head.

"You don't know *my* father!"

Abie threw up his hands.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, and shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "There it is, all over again."

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

As he spoke, his father, whistling gaily, emerged from the kitchen. They could hear him plainly as he crossed the dining-room. With a sigh of desperation, Abie turned once more to face him, while Rose-Mary, touched by the appeal in her husband's look, dropped gamely back upon the couch again.

CHAPTER XXI

IT IS ALL VERY WELL to make plans—for oneself or another—but it is not so easy to make one's dream an actuality; and it is doubly difficult when life-long prejudices bar the way. Abie and Rose-Mary, both convinced of the wisdom of the course they were pursuing, were temperamentally unfitted for deception; straightforward by nature, they now found themselves committed to a campaign of deception calling for the deepest strategy; and the strain was beginning to tell. Abie was conscious of a dryness in his throat, and Rose-Mary, hastily smoothing her skirts on the couch, was aware that her fingers trembled; but there was nothing to do but face the music, and with a gameness both had shown at the front they tried to collect themselves to carry on.

The first important step was taken; now for the infinitely greater task of playing the rôles they had chosen!

Solomon Levy, all unsuspecting and fairly exuding the warm satisfaction he now felt, walked in with a flourish. He crossed straight to the couch, and, seating himself as close to Rose-Mary as he could get, repeated the expressions of welcome he

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

had been so slow in proffering before. He fairly beamed on Rose-Mary, and before she could gather herself to direct the conversation, he said, "Miss Murpheski, I'm so glad of vun ting you say."

"What is that?" she asked him innocently.

"Dot you ain't an ectress!" he answered, smiling. She had to smile back at him.

"Then I'm glad I'm not an actress, too."

"But vhat *do* you do for a lifing?" Solomon asked her, as he settled himself against the couch.

"Why ——" stammered Rose-Mary, "why—nothing."

Solomon looked at her suspiciously.

"Dot's a great vay to lif," he said. "I don't believe in it."

Rose-Mary hesitated. Then she summoned up all her fortitude and smiled.

"You see, my father never would let me work," she declared. "I have to study."

"Oh, dot's a horse of a differend stable." And Solomon Levy beamed again.

He leaned toward her and asked: "Your fadder, he has money?"

Abie fidgeted. Solomon didn't ask this from miserly motives, as it sounded, but Abie was afraid Rose-Mary might not understand. So he interrupted quickly.

"Her father is in business on the Coast."

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Vhat pizziness, Abie—cloding?"

"No, contracting!" said Rose-Mary, without thinking.

"Murpheski—*contracting?*" repeated Solomon, in the voice of a detective who has suddenly found a clew.

"Contracting for clothes!" cried Abie, desperately. "Don't you understand—contracting for clothes!"

"Vhat?" queried Solomon, still showing a lingering note of suspicion.

"That's it—contracting for clothes," echoed Rose-Mary, exchanging glances with Abie, and then looking at his father, hoping he would believe this fib.

Solomon was greatly relieved.

"Oh, yes. Yes—I know: contracting for ——"

He reached into his pocket and drew out a small notebook and pencil. "I must take dot down. His name, Murpheski—cloding broker; dot's it—broker."

He nudged Abie, and asked in a voice suddenly laden with meaning,

"You know a lot about her fadder's pizziness, Abie—vhat?" And he laughed at his own joke.

Abie reddened.

"Only what Miss Murpheski has told me," he managed to say.

"Vell, de cloding is a mighty good pizziness," mused Solomon. And then, as if the thought had

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

just occurred to him: "Abie, vhy didn't you spik before of Miss Murpheski to me?"

Abie looked embarrassed. And his father didn't wait for an answer, but said to Rose-Mary:

"I hate to tell you, Miss Murpheski, but nefer before has Abie had such a nize little Jewish goil!"

"Is that so?"

Rose-Mary, meeting his steady eyes, made an unsuccessful effort at a laugh.

"You tell 'em!" said Solomon, in jocular vein. Then, quickly serious again: "Rose-Mary!" he repeated slowly. "Dot's a fine name for a nize little Yiddisher goil. Rose-Mary!"

Abie spoke up:

"Why don't you tell dad how you got the Mary part of it?" They were so deep in the mire now that he thought a few more untruths, more or less, wouldn't matter.

"Yes, why don't I?"

Rose-Mary's tone was bitterly ironical.

"Vhat does he mean, got the Mary part?" Solomon asked, puzzled.

Abie suddenly foresaw the pitfall into which this might lead them, and his face betrayed his alarm.

Rose-Mary tried to come to his rescue.

"Well, you see, Mr. Levy, it was like this. It's rather a long story, and ——" Her brain refused

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

to function. Desperately she turned to Abie. "*You tell him for me!*"

"Well, you see, dad, her name is really Rosie."

"Rosie! Ah—dot's vhat I tought."

"Yes, Rosie Murpheski. A lovely name."

"But de Mary—de Mary part?" persisted Solomon.

"Oh, yes, the Mary part. Well, you see, she—she just liked it, so she took it. Didn't you, Rosie?"

"Yes, I liked the name, so I decided to use it."

"Gif it back! Rosie's a beautiful name. You don't need the rest of it."

"All right, I'll do it, if you say so," murmured Rose-Mary, beginning to regain her composure somewhat.

"You heard dot, Abie?" Solomon turned. "If *I* say so. *Ach—Abele*, I nefer knew you had soch a good taste!"

He laughed and pinched Rose-Mary's cheek.

"Und Abie has known you efer since de var, eh?"

"Yes. But, you see, I live in California. I went home as soon as I came back from France."

"Und you are visiting somebody here now?"

"No, I'm staying at the Pennsylvania."

"In de *depot*?"

"Dad!" admonished Abie. "Of course not! The Pennsylvania Hotel!"

"Oi, soch an expense!" ejaculated Solomon.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Abie, right away quick you should get Rosie's trunk away from dot place!"

"But Mr. Levy ——" began Rose-Mary.

"Tut! Tut! Dis is your New York home! I like you, Rosie. I vouldn't hev you stopping in soch a hotel!"

"But, dad," insisted Abie, "maybe Miss Murpheski prefers to stay in a hotel."

"*Ach*, nonsense!" Solomon Levy dismissed the thought. Rosie stays here, where she can get some nize kosher food. You like dot, Rosie?"

"I love it!" Rose-Mary smiled in spite of herself.

"See, she lufs it! Vhy I vouldn't tink of letting her go away from here."

Solomon's smile grew even more affectionate.

"Some nize *gefilterfisch*, eh?" he asked.

"U-m-m-m!" Rose-Mary smacked her lips.

"Und some nize cheese *blintzes* ——"

"I should say!" But Rose-Mary was forced to look questioningly at Abie.

"Und your fadder—he likes kosher tings, eh?" pressed Solomon.

"Oh, how he likes them!" said Rose-Mary fervently, her double meaning causing both Abie and Solomon Levy to smile, each in his own way.

"How nize!" mused Solomon. "Ve vill get along vell togedder. . . . Abie, boy, give a run to de

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

Cohens', und esk Mrs. Cohen to tell Mr. Cohen to hurry back. I vant him to meet Rosie."

"But why do I have to ask Mrs. Cohen?" queried Abie with some irritation.

"Because a wife should tell a husband what to do and what not to do!" asserted Rose-Mary, in a stern tone.

"Dot's right—dot's right!" chuckled Solomon.

"Well, I can't see it that way," smiled Abie, "but I'll go."

"Vait until you are married, mine son!" warned Solomon. "Eh, Rosie.

"Yes—just wait!" laughed Rosie.

Abie threw a kiss, over his father's shoulder.

"Can't I ask Mrs. Cohen, too?" he said, as he prepared to go. "She's a peach, Miss Murpheski, and you'd like her."

"I've already esked her. She'll be here," said Solomon, without any great enthusiasm. And he added, in explanation, "She hasn't any appendix, but she's a nize woman."

"Oh, I see," said Rose-Mary. "She's just been operated on?"

"About three or four years ago. She'll tell you all about it."

"You might as well hear it through tonight, and get it over with," said Abie. "She tells everybody. You don't have to ask her."

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"I love to hear of operations," said Rose-Mary. "I suppose she has a wonderful memory, and ——"

"Oh, she remembers vell enough," said Solomon. "She has one of dose wadder-faucet minds—she can turn it on or off, vhen she plizzes!"

"Well, never mind," laughed Rose-Mary. "I'll enjoy it, I'm sure."

Solomon turned to his son.

"Vell, run along, Abie! Und Abie ——"

"Yes, dad?"

"Und don't hurry back!"

He chuckled heartily and nudged Rose-Mary.

"Joke, yea?"

Abie paused at the door.

"Shall I ask the Cohens to stay for dinner, dad?"
Solomon knit his brows, and looked at the young pair as if to try and read their minds. There was another pause. Then he answered:

"For vhat? Ve're not celebrating noddings, are ve?"

CHAPTER XXII

ABIE'S INVITATION to the Cohens was unnecessary. Mr. and Mrs. Cohen had been dressing frantically ever since they had left the Levy home. They had thought of nothing else but their return—on the slim invitation Solomon Levy had dropped when they had departed.

"So-o?" Isaac murmured as he tugged at his flowered silk tie. "Abie's got a goil!"

"Vell, for why are you so interested?" asked Mrs. Cohen, pausing to glare at him.

"Oh, noddings, noddings," Isaac hastened to say.

But Mrs. Cohen knew her husband and she launched at once into a lengthy and eloquent diatribe on the vagaries of the male sex. As she did so, she backed toward him, holding behind her her unhooked dress.

Isaac, to halt her peroration, pretended not to see, so that Mrs. Cohen was compelled to pause in her address.

"Isaac!"

"Yes, *mamale*."

Isaac sprang to attention, and his fingers began their tedious journey up the ample back of his wife.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

It was a task he hated and he was suffering doubly under the renewal of Mrs. Cohen's argument when to his great relief the doorbell rang.

His face cleared instantly and he hurried away with the briefest apology, leaving his stout wife panting as her uncased flesh hung in rolls over the portion he had fastened.

"Vhy, hello, Abie—vhat's up!" he exclaimed, when he saw who it was.

"Good evening, Mr. Cohen," was Abie's response. "Father wants you and Mrs. Cohen to come over to the house to meet my—to meet Miss Murpheski, a friend of mine."

"Hm—ve vas plannin' to go to de movies," prevaricated Isaac in his best manner. "However, I'll esk mama. Hev vunce a seat!"

He bounced out of the room, while Abie waited for him.

He was gone but a moment. He came back jubilant.

"Mama says she'll be delighted!" he told Abie. "She's all ready, she says. But I must dress."

"Well, here—if she's ready, give her the key. She can go right over. I'll wait for you." And Abie handed Isaac the door-key. Much as he loved the pair, he felt in too excitable a mood to walk with them and listen to their scoldings.

Mrs. Cohen entered the parlor.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Vhy, hello, Abie!" she cried. "Vhat's all dis about a young lady?"

"Mama!" warned Isaac sternly.

"Iss she a blonde or ——"

"Mama!"

"So long you take to find yourself a goil, Abie ——,"

"*Mamale!*"

"Oh, vell ——"

Mrs. Cohen accepted the latch-key and started blandly for the door.

"I see you later, yes? . . . Good-bye . . . I bet you she's a luf-ly goil!"

And she departed.

A genuine friend, if somewhat naïve and childlike in her mental processes, Mrs. Cohen. She was sincerely and deeply interested in Abie's future; the interest she felt was almost motherly, deepened quite naturally by the fact that she and Isaac had no children of their own. The thought that at last old Solomon's only son might have found a sweetheart thrilled her pleasantly, and she covered the short distance to her neighbor's house with such speed that she was panting as she climbed the steps.

She found Solomon and his young guest seated on the couch, still talking busily.

At her entrance Solomon arose and bowed.

"I vant you to meet Miss Murpheski," he said

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

with dignity and bowed again. "Miss Rosie Murpheski." His voice was proud.

"Miss *Murpheski*!"

Mrs. Cohen rushed forward. "I em gled to know anyone vhat iss a friend uf Abie's.

Solomon tried to relieve her of her furs. But she kept them on, explaining, much to Rose-Mary's amusement:

"Vhat's de use uf heving furs, if you dun't feel dem vhen you go out?"

She seated herself with a great deal of manner.

"I always vear someting around me in de house, efer since my oberation, dun't I, Solomon?"

Her host said hurriedly: "Yes, yes—just tink, Mrs. Cohen, Abie has known Rosie efer since de var."

Mrs. Cohen, straightening in her chair, surveyed Rose-Mary.

"Ve can blame a lot uf tings on de var, can't ve?"

Rose-Mary colored at this well-meant attempt at humor.

"I hope you won't blame the war for me?" she murmured, smiling.

Mrs. Cohen, noticing her expression, patted her hand. "Vhat a nize pleasant blame! Did you go ofer?"

Solomon hastened to explain that she had met Abie in the hospital, after he had been wounded in

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

the Argonne. But he saw by the pleased expression on Mrs. Cohen's face that he had said the wrong thing.

"I can sympathize vit anybody in a hospital," she suggested quickly.

"Yes—yes, ve know. Your appendix, it vas amputated."

Mrs. Cohen leaned forward happily.

"You see, Miss Murpheski," she explained, with fervor, "it started vid a little pain right here"—and she indicated the right side of her abdomen—"or vas it here?"

"Make up your mind. But it don't matter now—it's gone," said Solomon nervously.

"Now come to tink uf it, I believe it vas de odder side, and ——"

"Don't tink of it—pliz! Forget it!"

"I vish I could!"

The door-bell rang.

"I'll hev to answer dot," sighed Solomon, and rose.

Mrs. Cohen took advantage of his departure to ask Rose-Mary:

"Miss Murpheski, hev you efer had an ooperation?"

Rose-Mary shook her head.

"Denn you hev nefer taken ether. Oi—dey had

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to gif me twelve smells! I vas in de hospital tree weeks. Oi, vhat a time I had! Miss Murpheski, you should knowed vhat I suffered after dot appendix vas out!"

"I thought you suffered while it was in?" suggested Rose-Mary.

"And out, too!" asserted Mrs. Cohen, firmly.

"*Mamale!* Come out here—pliz!"

It was the voice of Isaac Cohen. Mrs. Cohen stood up automatically.

"Vhat a nuisance! Dot man! I come right beck."

Rose-Mary, rising with her, was relieved to see Abie enter.

Loverlike, Abie saw a chance to have a moment alone with his wife. So, "I'm sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Cohen," he declared, "but Isaac wants to see you in the hall a moment."

He chuckled as Mrs. Cohen, with a gesture of exasperation, hurried out. Then his own expression changed, as Rose-Mary flung herself into his arms.

"Oh, Abie, I'm nearly crazy! This is terrible. My father would kill me if he heard that Solomon Murpheski!"

She was about to burst into tears when Solomon Levy walked back into the room, accompanied by Mrs. Cohen.

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As if suddenly conscious of his duties as host, Abie's father said: "Mrs. Cohen, will you pliz take Rosie upstairs to de spare room."

"Oh, I'll take her, dad!" cried Abie, seizing Rose-Mary's arm.

"You'll do noddings of de kind," said Solomon Levy, sternly. "Mrs. Cohen knows dis house, and she vill take her."

"Come on, dearie," said Mrs. Cohen sweetly. "You probably feel as dirty as I do."

Rose-Mary fought back the nervous giggle which this gem of tactfulness stirred in her, and answered, smiling:

"I think perhaps I *would* like to wash my hands and powder my nose a bit."

She managed to squeeze Abie's hand unseen, as she passed him.

Abie, watching her go, was suddenly aware that his father was addressing him.

"*Abele, kim ahere tzim taten,*" Solomon Levy was saying. "Vell, mine son, you're getting some senses, at last!"

"You like her, dad?" Abie asked, enthusiastically.

"She's a nize goil," Solomon temporized. "Jewish und efryting."

"Yes."

"How much money has she got?"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Her father is comfortably fixed, that's all I know," said Abie, unoffended by this inquiry.

Solomon drew up a chair.

"Und your fadder's vell fixed, too!" he suggested, winking knowingly, as he seated himself and leaned back comfortably.

"What does that mean?"

"Vell, you like her, don't you?"

"Do I?" Abie's tone spoke volumes.

"Who could help it? She's a vunderful goil. And didn't I told you to wait before, ven you brought dose odder goils around—dose Christian goils? Didn't I say to you den, 'Abie, wait—you'll meet a nize little Jewish goil some day!' Didn't I say dot? *Noo—Bahama*, ain't you glad you waited?"

"I'm certainly glad I waited for Rose-Mary," said Abie, significantly.

"But pliz don't call her Rosemary!" cried Solomon. "She's Rosie!"

"All right, Rosie, then," conceded Abie. "But I don't care what she is—it's the girl I like. Not her religion."

"Sure—fine!" agreed Solomon Levy. "*You* don't care, but *I* care! Ve'll hev no *shicksies* in our family!"

He pounded the table to emphasize his words.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"You mean to say that if Rosie were a Christian girl you wouldn't like her?" asked Abie.

"But she isn't!" argued Solomon.

"Oh, piffle!"

"Don't you peeple me!"

"I didn't mean it for you ——"

"I von't be peepled! No, sir! Positibil! *Ein umglik mit dem zeim meinen zoog ick azoi zoogt er azoi*. Shut up! . . . Vhy don't you say someting?"

"There is nothing to say," declared Abie quietly.

"Don't you argue vid me. You got a nize little Jewish goil, and you don't hang on to her."

"I'm hanging on to her, all right."

"Vhy don't you marry her quick?"

"Dad! Have I your consent?"

"Did you vant *me* to esk her for you?"

His father all but shouted the words. And as Abie shook his head, he added:

"If she says yes, I'll start you in some kind of a pizziness. Tell me, Abele, vhat vould you like?"

"I hate business," muttered Abie, digging the toe of his shoe into the carpet.

"Ah—but you'll need a pizziness vhen you start raising a fambly!" Solomon nodded wisely. "Esk Rosie! She's got a common senses!"

"Say, dad," Abie sat up apprehensively, with a glance towards the hall door. "Don't you say anything to her about a family!"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Why? Don't she believe in a fambly?"

"I don't know. I've never asked her."

"But vunce you are married, you can make her change her mind—eh?"

Solomon nudged his blushing son in the ribs.

CHAPTER XXIII

IT HAD BEEN A GREAT day so far for Solomon Levy. It had been a full day for Abie and Rose-Mary. To the two lovers it seemed as if the day would never end. The strain of their pose was beginning to tell on them. Quite naturally, they yearned to be alone. But not so Solomon. Abie's father was experiencing a thrill at every revelation. And these disclosures came in pleasurable succession. He was pacing the floor excitedly when, somewhat later, Isaac Cohen walked into the room.

"Vell, Solomon!" chirped Isaac. "Vhat's all de excitement?"

"Esk me! Esk me!" joyfully exclaimed his host.

"Hm—somevun has died and left a lot uf mon-ee?"

Isaac Cohen winked as though the whole thing was perfectly clear to him.

"Bah—mon-ee!" Solomon Levy snorted. "All de time you tink of mon-ee. Dere iss greater tings in diss woild dan mon-ee!"

"Vell, dun't keep me in suspenses, den!" Isaac looked gleefully from son to father. "Vhat's up? Vhat's happened?"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Go on—you tell him, Abie!" commanded Solomon.

Abie had moved to the davenport.

"Well, for the moment—there's nothing to tell him," said Abie nervously. "I've . . ."

"Vot! Dere's nodding to tell!" exploded Solomon Levy. "Ain't you going to esk Rosie to marry you? Nodding to tell!"

He began to mimic his son, as the latter murmured a hesitating "Yes."

Isaac, grinning with delighted interest, asked, "Who iss diss Rosie?"

"Oi, you should know Abie's Rosie!" Solomon broke into raptures. "Soch a hair! Soch a teeth! Soch a figure——"

"Solomon!" Isaac reproved him waggishly. "Iss it you or Abie who iss going to esk——"

"Vell, I luf Rosie too!" The proud prospective father nodded vigorously. "And to tink dot *schlie-miehl*, he has known her since de var! Dey should hev been married vid children by diss time! She's a fine vife for Abie und dot loafer, he von't efen esk her——"

He gestured tragically.

"Sssh!" warned Abie, who now heard Rose-Mary and Mrs. Cohen returning.

"I von't be shushed!" retorted his father.

"Solomon—control yourself!" Isaac Cohen as-

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

sumed a comic dignity. "Abie hasn't esked her. Maybe she vun't hev him——"

"Von't hev him—my son?" Solomon halted. "Vot? Not marry my —— Vhere do you get dot stuff! Look who's talking! Who could refuse my Abie? Ain't he my son?"

Abie rose from the couch.

"Listen, dad. Do you really like Rose—want her for a daughter-in-law?" he asked.

"Do I vant a million dollars?"

"All right, then I'll ask her! But you're quite sure that you like her?"

Solomon turned to Isaac.

"Ain't dot a son to hev?"

"You hev been hard to pliz, my friend," smiled Isaac. "I'll say dot for you. Abie has brought odder girls——"

"But de odders—dey veren't Jewish!"

Abie's face flushed angrily.

"Look here," he began, emphatically, "I want you both to understand that I'm not asking Rose to marry me because she's Jewish. I wouldn't care if she were Turkish!"

"Vell, dot vouldn't be so bad," said Isaac Cohen, with another waggish wink.

Solomon paid no attention. He turned on Abie.

"But *I* vould care!" he said with dignity, and his tone conveyed a world of meaning.

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"Then you don't like Rosie for herself?" said Abie, accusingly.

"Vell, I tink I like her pretty vell—for vun day," Solomon answered, smiling.

"You'll like her better, the more you know her," Abie asserted confidently. And as he spoke, the two women entered the room.

Mrs. Cohen was still on the subject of her operation, but Rose-Mary wasn't listening. The moment she entered the room her eyes sought Abie and the two quickly drew together, as if drawn by an invisible magnet.

Isaac, introduced, murmured, "*Ach*—she is certainly efryingt you said she vas!" And Solomon explained:

"You know, Rosie, ve vere talking about you while you vas gone. Ve vas saying vhat a lucky man he vould be, who got you!"

Rose-Mary curtsied, and Solomon Levy went on: "If I vas young enough, I believe I vould try myself!"

"Oh, Mr. Levy, your blarney is wonderful!" laughed Rose-Mary.

The unconscious touch of Irish in this tribute produced an effect quite unexpected. Solomon seized his head in his hands.

"Oi! Pliz—don't say dot void to me!" He groaned. "I nefer allow it to be used in my house."

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And his voice was full of anguish. "I vunce had dealings vid a fellow named Moiphy, and vhat he didn't do to me! Efry time I hear dot void 'blarney' I think of dot Irish—oi!"

"Then you don't like the Irish?" asked Rose-Mary, nervously.

"Do I like carbolic acid?"

Solomon rolled his eyes heavenward, with an expression comic in its fervency.

"Dad!" protested Abie, moving towards him. "You don't have to get so excited about it."

"Eggcited!"

Solomon Levy exploded again. For a full minute he held forth on the subject of Irishmen and their hated ways. Then he turned to Rose-Mary. "Could you marry an Irishman?" he asked.

Rose-Mary looked at Abie and smiled in spite of herself.

"I certainly couldn't!" she declared.

"Dere! Vot did I told you?" Solomon grasped her hand and beamed on the room. When you marry, you get a nize little Jewish boy what keeps his Yom Kippur!"

"I intend to," said Rose-Mary, stealing a loving glance at Abie.

"You heard dot, Abie?" demanded Solomon, significantly.

All this the two Cohens heard with signs of satis-

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faction and approval. But Rose-Mary and Abie were nervous. And Mrs. Cohen, noting their manner, sought to relieve the tension by interjecting:

"Come, papa—ve hev to hev supper."

Solomon Levy wheeled and faced her.

"Vhat? Vhy, you are going to hev supper *here*. I should let you go home—now!"

"But, Solomon!" Isaac protested mildly.

"Isaac! Didn't you hear vhat Solomon said? He invited us!"

His wife darted another look at him; then, at a suggestion from Solomon, hurried towards the dining-room to speak to Sarah. But she paused on the threshold for a last word.

"Isaac—come here vunce, pliz! I vant you!"

Isaac responded by walking slowly towards the door. And Solomon, chuckling, called to Cohen, teasingly: "Maybe she's got anodder appendicitus!"

"I ain't so lucky," retorted Isaac, ruefully joining his wife.

Their voices could be heard in vociferous argument from the kitchen as, presently, the door-bell rang.

Solomon straightened with a start.

"*Nu*—who could dot be?" he muttered, half aloud.

"Don't bother, dad—let Sarah answer it!" said Abie.



Anne Nichols' Abie's Irish Rose.

"What's This, Your Second Childhood?"

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ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Sarah? She can't hear de bell," said Solomon, with some impatience.

"Why don't you get someone, then, who can?" said Abie.

"Don't talk soch foolishness! If I should discharge Sarah, she couldn't get anodder job."

He was still muttering to himself as he walked out into the hall.

Rose-Mary, sensing the kindness hidden under Solomon's crusty manner, began to like him better. Her heart was touched by this loyalty to the old servant. Many times in the hospital in France her lover had told her of his life at home, where Sarah played so sweet and prominent a part. The memory of Abie's tender tributes to the old maid came back to her now, and she murmured softly, "Abie, your father's an old dear at heart!"

"Of course he is," he agreed. "And so are you!"

For a moment conversation languished, as they endeavored to catch up on their love-making. Abie was holding his wife in his arms as his father reappeared, accompanied by Rabbi Samuels. The two older men halted on the threshold, both somewhat startled but sufficiently sympathetic not to interrupt. Solomon, indeed, laid his hand on the rabbi's arm and smiled a warning. Nothing could have pleased him better.

The kiss, however—and the embrace that accom-

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panied it—endured so long that Solomon finally drew out his watch, and, raising and lowering his hand five times, after the manner of a referee at a prize-fight, shouted:

“Time!”

Abie and Rose-Mary sprang away from each other, Rose-Mary hiding her flushed face in embarrassment.

“Don’d blush, Rosie!” cried Solomon delightedly. And in a reminiscent tone he continued kindly, “I kissed Abie’s mama dot vay vunce.”

He crossed and put his arm around her tenderly, and there was something in his tone and gesture that made Rose-Mary drop her head on his shoulder, gratefully.

Isaac Cohen, coming out of the dining-room, saw the pair standing thus, and halted on the threshold in surprise.

Solomon waved to him, triumphantly.

“Abie did it! Abie did it!” he almost shouted. And he turned in appeal towards Dr. Samuels. “Didn’t he did it? Didn’t he, Doctor?”

The good rabbi looked the bewilderment he felt.

“Did what, Solomon?” he queried. “I’m not quite certain I know what you’re talking about, my friend.”

“Didn’t you see vhat I saw when ve came in de room? Vid Abie and Rosie, eh?”

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Solomon teasingly held Rose-Mary away from him, while again she hid her face.

"Oh, you mean the kiss?" smiled Rabbi Samuels.

Solomon jumped for joy.

"See—he saw it!" he cried. "Oi—soch a happiness!"

Isaac couldn't fail to catch the spirit of the thing. He turned in the dining-room door and called:

"Oh, mama—come here qvick! Abie did it! Abie did it!"

Mrs. Cohen appeared at once, beaming, wiping her hands on her apron; and even Sarah poked her nose into the room for an instant to take in the scene at a glance and blushinglly hurry back into the kitchen.

Mrs. Cohen rushed up to Rose-Mary.

"Oh, you sveet, sveet child!" she cried, a tremor in her voice.

She took Rose-Mary from Solomon and kissed her warmly. "Vhen are you going to be married by the good rabbi here?"

Rose-Mary stepped back, nonplussed.

"By the rabbi?" she exclaimed.

"Next veek," said Solomon determinedly.

"But, Abie!" cried Rose-Mary, in desperation.

"Oh, you can be ready by next veek, Rosie," insisted Solomon Levy. "I'll get de trousseaus—de

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svellest in de city. I'll go to Greenberg's—he gifs me a discount."

"But, dad!" cried Abie, "Rose-Mary and I want to tell you ——"

Solomon held up a brisk, determined hand—as adamant as any traffic cop. By his tone and gesture he halted the confession trembling on Abie's lips.

"Young man, whose vedding is dis?" he asked firmly.

"It's mine!" said Abie weakly.

"Den, be quiet—I'll run it!" said Solomon Levy, and brushed him aside.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE NEXT WEEK was one of worry and anxiety for Rose-Mary. She found little time to be alone with Abie.

Solomon insisted that she move into the Levy home, but she wouldn't do that and she remained at the Pennsylvania. Yet try as they would, she and Abie found few precious minutes together. It was all but impossible to escape from Solomon and the Cohens.

The Cohens were the quintessence of helpfulness. At least, they thought so. They wanted to do everything. Mrs. Cohen wouldn't let Rose-Mary do her own shopping. She insisted on going with her, advising her continually on just what to buy. And Rose-Mary found this extremely trying at times.

Mrs. Cohen's determination to purchase nothing save at the lowest price, and her fondness for arguing with the Fifth Avenue modistes on the matter of reductions, nettled Rose-Mary. The situation became so ludicrous, however, and Mrs. Cohen's interest was so sincere, her disposition so maternal and kindly, that Rose-Mary forgave her everything. She became, in fact, very much attached to this family,

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and she was presently thinking of the two as Abie thought of them—classing them among her dearest friends.

Solomon Levy spent the week in entertaining at his home, and everyone who came into his store to do business with him knew that his son was going to be married—knew just what kind of a girl she was, and how much he, Solomon Levy, loved her.

Rose-Mary's most difficult task was that of informing her own father back in California of her "approaching" wedding.

Solomon Levy wouldn't hear of a wedding unless "Solomon Murpheski" could be present for the event, and after debating the matter at length, she and Abie finally decided that it might be best for her father to come on East, so that they could have "everything over at once."

Nevertheless, she couldn't restrain a shiver of guilt and apprehension whenever Solomon would exclaim:

"*Ach*—how much I vant to meet dis Solomon Murpheski!"

She finally wired her father a long telegram, a message distinguished chiefly by its ambiguity. She delayed it carefully so that he would have just time to arrive for the wedding. She gave the name of her intended husband as Michael Magee and contented herself with saying that she had met him in France

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and that they loved each other more than anything else in the world. He would understand that, she added, when he had met him.

Everything that Abie had hoped for from his father in regard to her, she hoped for from Patrick Murphy. Once he met Abie, she was convinced, Patrick couldn't help but like him. And the leverage of their mutual love, she told herself, would bring the two older men together.

"Besides, there's nothing else to do," she told Abie again and again. "We've got to risk it."

"Yes," he agreed, "and we've got to take it philosophically if they don't see it as we do, darling."

"Our love is certainly more important than the prejudices they cherish."

"It certainly is!"

And Abie's lips set firmly, as he determined for the thousandth time to see the thing through, no matter how hard he had to fight.

"Oh, Abie, you won't let your father influence you against me, once he does find out?" Rose-Mary asked him once. "I've read of so many cases where the families have interfered to wreck ideal marriages."

"Of course I won't!" asserted Abie, with conviction. "Nothing could ever come between us—fathers, religion, or anything else! I love you. And when two people love as we love, there is always

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a way out. We'll solve this problem yet, don't worry!"

Nevertheless, in spite of these assurances, both she and Abie carried about a secret dread as of some hovering calamity. They did their best not to show it, even to each other, trying to speak lightly and encouragingly, so that each might not lose spirit, but neither could shake off the apprehension, which, like a great black shadow, hovered always in the background.

Already wedded and aware that nothing could really part them, they felt far more nervous over the approaching ceremony than any unmarried couple could have possibly felt.

"Gee, I thought I was nervous when I stood before the minister," Abie said to himself. "I shook as if I was up against a battery of German guns. But I'll bet my knees shake worse when Dr. Samuels steps out!"

Rose-Mary was thinking much the same thing, but she kept it to herself. It was the one thing they didn't reveal to each other—just how much each was worrying about the wedding.

As they had it calculated, Rose-Mary's father would arrive about an hour before the ceremony. This would give him just about time to reach the house. It was Abie's opinion that he would be so astounded by what he found that he wouldn't be

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able to voice a protest. And afterward—well, he would be quickly reconciled.

"But goodness knows what he'll say and do!" murmured Rose-Mary, looking away with frightened eyes.

Then, almost before they were ready for it, Rose-Mary received a wire from her father.

"Will arrive on day of wedding. Don't do anything until I come. I have a big surprise for you. And tell your Irish mick of a sweetheart he should have asked me, not you. Love to you both, colleen, and God bless you.

"Daddy."

"Irish mick of a sweetheart!" repeated Abie.

"Yes, and you had better tell him your name is Mike Magee, begorra!" warned Rose-Mary.

The telegram increased her apprehension. Surprise! She wondered what that could mean.

The last few days before the wedding were, of course, days of great excitement. There were a hundred things to be done—all sorts of shopping, invitations to be discussed and issued, decorations to be seen to, musicians, caterers to be selected and engaged. The single question of the bridesmaids offered a problem, since, owing to the peculiar circumstances, they had to be friends of Abie and his father,

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rather than of Rose-Mary. The multiplicity of details tired both young people, and wore especially on Rose-Mary, who found it anything but easy to maintain the deception involved. At times she felt as if she couldn't go on with it; but for Abie's sake—and because she honestly felt that their future happiness depended on it—she played out the rôle as best she could.

On the last afternoon—the afternoon of the rehearsal and the final fitting on her wedding gown at Solomon's house—she fell on her knees and, drawing her rosary from her bosom, prayed for forgiveness. She was disturbed, even then—interrupted by Mrs. Cohen who, for the thousandth time, had come over “just to see how tings vas going.”

“*Ach, Rosele*, dear—did I inderrupt you?” panted her visitor, when the door was opened. “I'm so sorry—but de rabbi is waiting downstairs. Mm, dot gown!” And she went into raptures over the wedding-dress spread on the bed. “You're going to look just beautiful in it, darling! But dun't let de groom see you in it, before! It's bad luck, you know.”

Rose-Mary assured her that she would observe that superstition and, dressing quickly, accompanied Mrs. Cohen downstairs.

The living-room was all abustle with activity. It was already decorated for the wedding. There was a large orange-tree in one corner of the room, and a

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small orange-bush on the table behind the sofa and another on the center table. The chandeliers in both the living-room and the conservatory were decorated with orange leaves. Orange-colored ribbon ran in profusion from the fixtures to the corners of the rooms.

With these orange-trees of various sizes and more oranges festooned with orange ribbons hanging from the walls, the place looked like a bower of a highly original type.

Solomon Levy, attired in a suit of evening clothes much too large for him, was putting the finishing touches to these decorations. Abie was standing near him.

"Vell, vhat do you tink of de decorations, Rosie?" asked Solomon, turning and glancing at Rose-Mary. "I did it all for you."

"I think they're beautiful!" exclaimed Rose-Mary.

"Does dot bring California back to you?" he asked, standing off and cocking his eye at the large orange-tree.

"It certainly does!" sighed Rose-Mary. "And I love oranges."

"I'm glad now I couldn't get de blossoms," confided Solomon. "You know dis iss more an economical idea. Vhen de vedding iss ofer, ve can eat de fruit, eh?"

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"Dad!" reproved Abie.

"Vot do I care for expenses!" Solomon snapped his fingers carelessly. "It's all for my little Rosie. I told Cohen dis vedding vas going to be de svellest blow-up in de Bronx. Und I meant it!"

His attention roved to the suit he had on. He pirouetted in front of his audience.

"Abie—Rose—look vunce! A regular dandy, eh? Gif a look!"

"Father! I told you to have that suit made smaller," said Abie, critically.

Solomon faced him.

"Vhat—vhen I paid fifty-nine-ninety-eight for dis suit!" His voice was hurt. "And den you vant dot I hev some of it out? No, sir, I vant all I paid for!"

"But, dad, it doesn't fit!" protested Abie.

"I don't vant it should fit," asserted Solomon.

"It's lovely, Abie," said Rose-Mary consolingly, for she saw how hurt Solomon was by Abie's criticism.

"You hear?" cried Solomon Levy. "Dot boy has no idea of de mon-ee. I could hire a suit but he says no, so I buy dis vun to pliz him, und den he ain't plizzed yet!"

"Yes, I am, dad," Abie said hurriedly, hoping to settle the argument.

"Fifty-nine-ninety-eight, to vear a suit for vun

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night! Oi! I could hire a suit for tree dollars und save fifty-six-ninety-eight!"

"Never mind, you look very distinguished," said Rose-Mary, slipping her arm around him. "Just like Mr. Astor!"

Solomon Levy beamed.

Rabbi Samuels entered from the hall, and motioned to Rose-Mary and Abie. For the next few minutes they were busy with the rehearsal. Rose-Mary hardly heard the rabbi's instructions. She was thinking what her father would say if he could see her in this situation—standing before a rabbi, beside a Jewish boy, in a Jewish home, and ——

She felt dizzy and leaned heavily on Abie's arm.

"My, my, she's noivous!" said Solomon Levy, in soothing tones.

CHAPTER XXV

THE DAY of the wedding itself. Scent of orange blossoms, murmur of guests, excited chatter of young bridesmaids, sound of violin strings being tuned in the conservatory. All the traditional bustle and suspense and nervousness, all the spasmodic hurrys and agonizing waits that seem to be a necessary part of weddings. Rose-Mary, ready in her bridal dress and veil, glanced at the clock on the living-room mantel and thought with relief that the long strain was nearly over. Her prayers had been answered. The ceremony was due to begin in fifteen minutes, and her father's train was one hour late. There was almost no chance, now, of his arriving in time for the service.

With fingers that still trembled she put down the telephone she had used to call the railroad office. As she did so a voice behind her said: "Rose-Mary!"

She uttered a little shriek of fright.

"Why, what's the matter, dearest?" It was Abie, attired in full dress, a gardenia in his buttonhole.

"Oh, darling! You gave me such a start!" She laughed excitedly. "Abie—you shouldn't see me in

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my wedding-dress before we're married! It's bad luck."

"Pshaw!" Abie seized her hand as he saw she wouldn't let him take her in his arms. "Do you forget that I am seeing you after we've been married a week?"

"Of course—that's so!"

She laughed with him, but her voice was still tremulous as she went on, "If only dad doesn't get here in time! I think we're going to make it, all right."

"I know we are!" And Abie took out his watch and looked at it—for the thousandth time.

He understood what she was feeling. He was in the same state of mind, himself. To use his own phrase, they were "cutting it awfully fine." And to Abie, even more than to Rose-Mary, the uncertainty involved was unnerving, for he had never met Patrick Murphy and Rose-Mary's descriptions of her father had been anything but reassuring.

Holding his young wife's hands, however, and reading in her clear young eyes the intense devotion which had led her to go through all this for his sake, Abie felt a tremendous rush of tenderness sweep over him. What spirit she had shown—was showing! All his life he could never repay her for these days of sacrifice. And for a moment he forgot the elaborate bridal dress and veil, while he slipped his arm

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around her and drew her to him, held her an instant in one of those moments of unutterable gratitude which draw two people together as nothing else can.

As they stood so, Solomon entered the room, resplendent in his new dress suit if not entirely at ease in it.

"*Ach*, Rosie—how sweet you look! Oi! Soch a bride. Abie, look vunce at her! Look at her. Und den tank me!"

Abie smiled grimly.

"The rabbi hasn't married us yet."

"He vill hev soon. Vhat time is it? *Nu*—Rosie, where is your fadder? I hev'n't seen him yet."

"His train is late."

"Still late? Vell, ve'll hev to vait, dot's all."

Both Abie and Rose-Mary moved toward him impulsively.

"We can't! It's bad luck to wait, isn't it, Abie?"

"Positively!"

"Yes? But who vill gif de bride away?"

Rose-Mary felt for an instant as if she were going to faint.

"I—I will give myself away!" she suggested weakly.

"*You* vill?" Solomon lifted his hands toward heaven. "Nefer did I hear soch talk!"

"I know how to get around it!" said Abie quickly. "We can ——"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Yes—I know!" Solomon turned on him scornfully. "Ven de rabbi esks, 'Who gifs away de bride?' you spiiks out of turn und says, 'Nobody—I took her myselif!'"

"Oh, no, no, no!" insisted Abie. "We'll just tell the rabbi to omit that part of the ceremony."

"Oi!" cried Solomon in a shocked voice. "Leaf out someting—vhen it costs me so much mon-ee for de decorations? Oi!"

Abie and Rose-Mary looked at each other hopelessly.

"Oh, please don't make us wait!" begged Rose-Mary.

From the front hall the Cohens entered. As the hall door opened a wave of sound came in with them—a murmur of voices from the assembled guests; then it died again as the door was closed. The Cohens were in full regalia, Mrs. Cohen in all the splendor of an Oriental queen—a queen who has been turned loose in Tiffany's. It was characteristic of Mrs. Cohen that, though she had her clothes made by the most expensive dressmakers in the city, she could exercise no restraint in the matter of jewels or color. Her husband had presented her with many valuable gems; Christmas, birthdays, every sort of anniversary, brought her new presents—and everything she owned she had to wear. The effect was startling, to put it mildly. Tonight she fairly glit-

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tered with diamonds. She wore an immense tiara; her black eyes shone as brightly as her jewelry, and her cheeks were rosy with excitement.

In contrast to her confident and regal bearing was the tiny, mouselike figure of her husband, who crept in behind her in evening clothes and high silk hat.

The silk hat gave Isaac no more importance, no more air of dignity, than he was usually able to muster. He took one look at Rose-Mary, in her pure white dress, and exclaimed:

"*Ach—a regular scotske!*"

"Ain't she a bride!" cried Solomon enthusiastically.

"My dear, your gown it is beautiful," breathed Mrs. Cohen fervently.

"But, mama, looks vhat's *in de gown!*" cried Isaac gaily.

"Isa-ac!" admonished Mrs. Cohen.

Isaac took a seat at once, placing his hat beneath the chair.

From the front hall came the sound of a man's deep voice and Rose-Mary, listening, felt herself lose color. It couldn't be her father?

"Rose! Maybe dot's your fadder now? Your papa!" And Solomon turned to Abie—told him to see who it was.

"Und tell 'em to leaf dot door open, so dey can valk right in!"

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"Leaf it open? Solomon! Ain't you afraid to leaf it open?" asked Mrs. Cohen, seating herself with an air.

"Who—me? Vid a vedding going on?" responded Solomon. "Nefer! Always leaf de door open for veddings und funerals—it's stylish."

Both the Cohens gazed admiringly at their host, while Rose-Mary silently crossed herself, unseen by the others.

Abie, stepping out into the hall, returned at once with Rabbi Samuels.

"*Ach!* I tought dot vas Rosie's papa," said Solomon Levy, disappointedly, while Rose-Mary breathed a sigh of relief. "How are you, Dr. Samuels? Vell, I guess you are of some importance."

"I'm the one who does it," smiled the rabbi, nodding at the bride and her guests.

"Vell, Dr. Samuels, do it vell!" cried Solomon, beaming.

"Never fear, my friend, I will!" returned the rabbi. "Well, how are the Cohens tonight?" And he turned to the couple.

"Poifect, thanks. Ve couldn't be poifecter!" said Isaac.

"Spik for yourself!" said Mrs. Cohen. "I hev my own feeling, vhat you dun't know about."

Abie spoke up at this point, saying briskly:

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"Well, everything's ready. Hadn't we better start, Rose? Where are your bridesmaids?"

"De bridesmaids is upstairs," said Solomon.

"But where is your father?" asked the rabbi.

Solomon complained that Abie and Rose-Mary wanted to proceed with the wedding without him. But the rabbi took the position he had: "What's the hurry?"

"Rosie wants to get married right away quick!" grinned Solomon.

The rabbi shrugged and remarked that he thought they'd better wait. Then, as Abie explained that the train was so late the whole evening's program might be disarranged, he inquired:

"Well, who's going to give the bride away?"

Rose-Mary's heart sank again, till Mrs. Cohen turned to her husband and directed delightedly:

"Isaac, *you* gif de bride away!"

"I dun't care," said Isaac, without any show of great enthusiasm, for he still remembered his wife's admonition.

"You don't care!" mocked Solomon Levy. "It don't cost you noddings."

So the matter was finally settled. Rose-Mary gathered up her skirts and fairly flew out of the room. She called back over her shoulder:

"Good-bye, Abie! I'll meet you at the altar—if I'm lucky!"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"She's noivous—just like I vas when I vas a bride, eh, papa?" said Mrs. Cohen.

"Yes, but, mama, you soon got ofer your noivousness!" reminded Isaac.

The rabbi, amused, turned to examine the decorations of the room. One of the bridesmaids, a pretty girl with jet black hair, opened the library door and looked in; Sarah appeared at the other door, and beckoned excitedly to Mrs. Cohen, and that lady, turning to her husband, said, "Isaac! You vait outside de bride's door—not inside!"

Rabbi Samuels walked over to Abie and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Good luck, my boy."

"Thank you, Dr. Samuels," said Abie, touched. He gripped the old man's hand. Outside, the orchestra began "Oh Promise Me."

The rabbi stepped out into the hall with Isaac, and Solomon, who had been standing by the table, a look of profound emotion on his face, walked over to Abie and put his arm around him.

"Vell, Abie," he said, "a few minutes more, und you leave your old fadder for good, vhat?"

"Why, dad!" protested Abie, gently. "Of course I'm not leaving you! And you want me to be married—you've been the first to urge it."

Solomon nodded absently.

"Und instead of heving vun children—dere'll be

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two," he mused. "Today ve pass now anodder milestone—ve nefer see it vunce more again."

It came over Abie suddenly, how old and how lonely his father looked. A man grown old in unselfish toil, and that toil all inspired, all spurred by the thought of the comfort, the future happiness of one person—his son. A hundred pictures out of the older man's life rose before his eyes as outside, in the other room, the strains of De Koven's beautiful old song rose softly, nostalgic with memories, poignant in its piercing sweetness.

"Oh promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky. . . ."

Solomon's fingers tightened on his son's shoulders. He seemed to forget the waiting audience, the wedding-party gathered in the hall; he was alone with his boy, his only boy—the motherless child whom he had reared with all the tender, loving care he could command since that day so long ago when he had stood beside his young wife's coffin and sworn a vow to do his best.

"Vun ting I hope for you, Abie," he whispered now, and the quiver in his voice betrayed the intensity of his feeling. "I hope you can keep your Rosie by your side until your hair iss vHITE like mine! My Rebecca didn't stay so long vid me. Only a

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little while—but no vun couldn't take her place. I tink you luf Rosie the same vay."

"I do, dad!" whispered Abie, deeply stirred. "I love Rosie better than anything—better than I love my life."

"Dot's de vay, *Abele*." Solomon patted his son's arm. "Dot's de vay. Und I luf Rosie, too."

He turned his head, to hide his tears. The final strains of the old song died on the air.

" . . . No love less perfect than a life with thee,
Oh promise me! Oh promise me!"

Solomon's fingers tightened convulsively on Abie's shoulder.

"You've been a good boy, Abie ——"

Abie cleared his throat with an effort.

"I'm so glad you love Rose, dad," he murmured. "I hope you'll always feel so toward her."

His father nodded. There was a pause. Then, "I vill. Why not? Ain't she efryting I could vish, und Jewish, too?"

Abie winced.

He said nothing, but he withdrew himself guiltily from his father's grasp.

The rabbi reentered the room.

"Everything is ready, Abie," he said. "The best man is waiting."

"All right," said Abie.

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"Is it time for de vedding march?" asked Solomon.

The rabbi nodded.

From the conservatory came a hum of voices from the guests. Solomon stepped to the door and gave the orchestra leader a signal. The Lohengrin march began.

"Dad—I'm nervous as a cat!" whispered Abie, holding back and feeling for his father's arm.

"Now, now—it'll soon be ofer—don't be noivous!" said Solomon Levy, in a voice which belied his own attempt at calmness. He gave Abie a push in the direction of the door and stood with tears running down his cheeks as the bridesmaids entered, followed by a little flower-girl.

The child sprinkled flowers in front of Rose-Mary, who clung to the arm of Isaac Cohen. Isaac walked like a man in a dream—but a pleasant dream.

The procession entered the other room and the door closed—the music stopped.

As the sound faded and died, Patrick Murphy, accompanied by his old friend, Father Whalen, walked into the living-room.

CHAPTER XXVI

PATRICK MURPHY had maintained a poker face when Bridget handed him the telegram from Rose-Mary. It was the first word he had received from his daughter since her departure.

He had gazed for some time at the unopened envelope, finally leaning it against his tumbler and studying it grimly while he went on with his meal. As for Bridget, she had dug up a dozen excuses to reenter the dining-room, each time casting a furtive glance at the portentous envelope.

It was not till he'd finished his dinner that Patrick had finally picked up the telegram and opened it. His expression hadn't changed for a moment as he read it—then his leathern face had wrinkled into a sudden and delighted smile.

"Well, glory be to God!" he exclaimed. "Shure an' it was that, all the time—the little divil!"

Bridget stood by expectantly.

"And it's her that's agoin' to be married!" Patrick announced, with pride.

Bridget's hands and eyes went heavenward together.

Her employer rose and walked to the telephone.

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"Hello, Father Whalen!" he said, when he got his number. "I've a surprise for ye. How would ye like to marry Rose-Mary?"

"Why, I thought you told me she had gone East?" said the astonished priest.

"An' it's ye and me whose agoin' East to see her married," Patrick Murphy said quickly and joyfully.

"Well, I'll try and see what can be done," the priest assured him.

"Try and see?" repeated Patrick impatiently. "Don't talk such nonsense! Ye are agoin' to marry the child yourself. I wouldn't take any chances on anyone else."

"Well, well. And when do we leave, then?"

"We leave tonight!"

"Tonight?"

Patrick heard the priest whistle. But Father Whalen was accustomed to such sudden decisions on the part of his parishioners and he readily acquiesced. It would be somewhat difficult—he would have to make arrangements, but he could manage and would.

This settled, Patrick plunged at once into his own arrangements. He soon had Bridget hurrying about like mad, packing his bags for him, while over the phone he made his railroad reservations. Later in the morning he called in several of his foremen,

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including red-haired Mike, whom he took into the living-room.

"Mike, me boy," he began with a long and sympathetic face, "I must tell ye, frankly—Rose-Mary is agoin' to be married to another fellow."

"Fine!" beamed Mike.

"Pwhat! Fine?" choked Patrick Murphy in astonishment.

"Well, I—I mean I'm glad to hear that she's going to be happy, Mr. Murphy."

And Michael stammered a trifle, as a bright flush mounted to his cheeks. "Y'see, I nivir told ye, but I have a colleen of me own I'm sort of soft on. Ye nivir *let* me tell ye about it ——"

It was Patrick's turn to be taken aback, but his first momentary impulse, born of pride, gave way to a quick sensation of relief which promptly expressed itself in approval.

"Good for you, me boy! Shure an' that takes a load off me mind. I'll tell Rose-Mary, who'll be that happy at your happiness. I'll be telling her you're glad she's glad. 'Tis a great week for the Irish, what?"

He shook the astounded Michael's hand in a grip like iron, and a moment later, in dismissing the other foremen with their instructions, told them characteristically: "I'm goin' east to attend me darter's wed-

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

din'! She's marryin' one of the finest Irish lads ye kin imagine."

With the same naïve and childlike confidence, he entertained Father Whalen during the trip east by his guesses as to what the new son-in-law looked like.

His impatience knew no bounds and he talked to half the people on the train about his daughter's marriage. Only now and then would he pause to ponder, murmuring aloud:

"'Tis funny she nivr mentioned him to me, before!"

And always he ended by leaning back and announcing confidently:

"Oh, 'tis no wonder, I'm such a windbag. I nivr give her time to make up her own mind. I was arrangin' iv'rything for her, the darlin'."

He was greatly disturbed by the lateness of the train as it approached New York. But it never occurred to him that his daughter wouldn't wait for him.

"Ave course she'll wait!" he repeated a hundred times. "Don't I know me darter?"

"She'll wait—I'm sure she will," agreed Father Whalen. "The child wouldn't dream of going ahead without us, and the young man wouldn't want her to. If it's one thing an Irishman will wait for, it's another Irishman."

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He had no other idea than to tie the knot himself.

But they met with another delay when they got off the train at the Pennsylvania Station; for they made the mistake there of taking a taxicab. They did not know that wise New Yorkers, when they wish to cross the city in a hurry, no longer depend on taxis. They met the heavy Broadway traffic at its peak and were forced to sit fuming and fretting in a line of cars at almost every corner.

However, they finally drew up before Solomon Levy's house. Patrick Murphy leaped out and looked at the number.

"Not a bad-looking place?" he commented, as Father Whalen got out after him.

"No, 'tis a fine old comfortable house, I'd call it," answered the good priest, looking up at it.

In the small crowd congregated before the door, there were a number of children.

"Goin' to the wedding, mister?" one urchin cried.

"You bet I am!" grinned Patrick Murphy, swelling out his chest with pride.

He hurried up the steps and rang the bell. Father Whalen followed him, and, setting their bags down between them, the two men stood a moment waiting. Patrick, impatient, rang again, but there was no response, and suddenly he realized that the door was slightly ajar. That was enough for him.

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"Come on in, Father," he commanded and, picking up his bag, he pushed the door open, stepped inside.

"Here—Patrick!" protested Father Whalen. "You shouldn't be entering the house without an invitation!"

"Invitation!" scoffed Patrick Murphy. "Invitation to my own darter's weddin'?"

They were already inside. From somewhere in the rear of the house came a man's voice, as if the ceremony was in progress. Patrick knocked on the nearest door and then, receiving no response, softly opened it. They found themselves in the living-room.

In astonishment, the two of them stared at the decorations—at the orange-tree laden with golden fruit, its orange ribbons, the green and orange hangings.

"Father Whalen! Do you see phwhat I see?" asked Patrick, blinking his eyes.

The good priest, no whit less surprised, turned slowly in a circle, nodding.

"Phwhat do you see?"

Patrick spoke in the tone of a man who doesn't wish to believe his own eyes.

"Why, oranges."

"Dozens of 'em?"

"Yes."

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Glory be to God, Father! She's not marrying an A.P.A.?"

Patrick's voice was edged with indignation.

Father Whalen sought to soothe him.

"No, no—we probably don't understand the—the circumstances."

But Patrick's suspicions were aroused.

"I'm going to get to the bottom of this!" he stormed. And in a loud voice, he called: "Rose-Mary! Rose-Mary!"

"Now, now—take it easy! Take it easy," urged Father Whalen.

"Take it aisy, with all them oranges staring me in the face! . . . Rose-Mary——"

"Patrick!" begged the priest. "Remember love has never been a respecter of religion."

"Who said love?" roared Patrick Murphy. "I'm talkin' about oranges! Oh—that color! The A.P.A. divils! How I hate orange. 'Tis the color of them Orangemen."

He began again to call loudly for Rose-Mary, pacing back and forth across the room. Solomon, hearing the noise, slipped quietly away from the wedding party, and tiptoed into the living-room. He closed the door softly and held up his hand.

"Shhh! Shh! Shush—pliz to be quiet—you're interrupting the whole voiks!" he whispered.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

Patrick Murphy surveyed him, puzzled and instantly aware of his nationality.

"*He's* no A.P.A.!" he declared.

Solomon started slightly and came forward with a sudden warm smile on his face.

"Iss your name Murpheski?" he asked.

"Phwhat?" queried Patrick, his head on one side.

"Murpheski. I'm expectin' Solomon Murpheski."

Patrick glared at Father Whalen a second, and then back at Solomon Levy.

"Say," he began, his eyes half closed, his fists clenched. "Are ye trying to kid me?"

"Certainly not—I'm expecting a Mister Solomon Murpheski."

"Well, my name's Patrick Joseph Murphy!"

"*Gewalt!*" muttered Solomon Levy.

"Not *Gewalt*" (thinking Solomon had mistaken the name), "Murphy! My name's Murphy!" shouted Patrick. "An' I'm lookin' for me darter. Is she here?"

Solomon Levy made a wry face, and threw up his chin.

"Nobody by dot name lifs here," he declared in acid tones. "Vhat iss it you vant?"

"I'm lookin' for the home of Michael Magee," insisted Patrick.

"Michael Magee? Oi—listen to him!" moaned Solomon. "Efter I've been telling you ——"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Pwhat *is* your name?" asked Patrick Murphy suspiciously.

"Solomon Levy! Does dot sound like Michael Magee?"

"I'll tell the world it doesn't!" responded Patrick, with blunt sarcasm.

"Den pliz to go away. You've got de wrong house."

Father Whalen murmured that this must be true, and Patrick, likewise convinced, began to apologize. With well-meant if laborious repetitions he explained that his daughter was to be married to one Michael Magee. And with well-intentioned humor he endeavored to make light of the mistake. It was amusing, his finding himself in Solomon Levy's house instead of Michael's. And he laughed heartily. But Solomon was unable to share his mirth.

"Oh, pliz to go qvick! It vill soon be ofer, und I vant to see it! Ain't I told you—my son is marry-ing Rosie at dis very minute!"

Patrick turned to the door, but he couldn't help pausing to ask, "Would you mind tellin' me where yese got these A.P.A. decorations?"

"Oh, you like it?" asked Solomon, from the other threshold.

"I'm not saying that. But it seems kind of funny to have oranges for decorations."

"Vell, de bride's from California."

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"She is? Why, so's my darter," said Patrick Murphy.

"But my son iss marrying a Jewish goil!"

"And my darter's marrying an Irish boy."

"My son ain't Irish!"

"Well, my darter, she ain't Jewish!"

"Come, come!" protested Father Whalen, foreseeing trouble.

"But where *is* my darter, then?" asked Patrick, and turning to the priest in sudden alarm, he repeated, "Where can Rose-Mary be?"

Solomon straightened at that.

"Oi! Rose-Mary!" he cried. "Did you say *Rose-Mary*?"

CHAPTER XXVII

THERE WAS a complete and devastating silence as, to Solomon Levy, the thought came suddenly home that this, after all, might be Rosie's father, and that she was unmistakably Irish.

For his part, Patrick Murphy stood in amazement as he watched the other jumping up and down, holding his head in his hands and uttering a series of "oi's."

"Oi—*veh iss mir!* It couldn't—it couldn't be true?" cried Solomon.

"Phwat's the matter—havin' a fit?" asked the astonished Patrick Murphy.

But Solomon Levy heard him not. Blindly, instinctively, he made for the conservatory door. And he cried now:

"Vait a minute! Vait a minute! Stop it! Stop it!"

He was too late. Rabbi Samuels was just uttering the last words in front of Abie and Rose-Mary. "*Mes amesh, hoosen vein ha calo!*" He broke the glass on the floor. The guests rose to their feet, with a joyous cry of "Masseltof!" "Congratula-

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

tions!" and moved forward to kiss the bride, while the orchestra started a lively piece of music.

In the living-room Patrick Murphy cocked an ear towards the conservatory.

"Phwat's that?" he asked Father Whalen. "Shure an' it sounds like a riot."

Solomon Levy came staggering back across the threshold.

"It's too late! Oi! *Veh iss mir!*"

After him, unsuspecting, came Isaac Cohen, beaming with pleasure.

"Solomon, did you see how I gif de bride away—yhat?" he cried.

"Oi! Oi!" sobbed Solomon.

"*Ach*, you should see Abie kissing de bride! She's some bride, too! I hated to gif her away ——" And little Cohen did a caper to the tune of "Masseltof."

Over Patrick Murphy there now began to dawn a faint suspicion.

"Shure an' there's something wrong here, I believe," he muttered.

Isaac noticed him then, for the first time.

"Oh-ho—a detecative to protect de vedding presents, maybe?"

"No, I'm no detective!" roared Patrick, glaring at the tiny jeweler. "I'm a contractor, and ——"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"A contractor! Oi, oi, oi!" Solomon, rocking back and forth in his chair, redoubled his sobs.

"Vhat, you're de papa?" asked Isaac Cohen, advancing towards Patrick, beaming and ready to congratulate him.

"Phwat do you mean—the papa?" demanded Patrick.

"Dun't you know vhat iss it—a pa-pa?" said Isaac Cohen, now a bit confused.

Patrick clenched his fist.

"Say!" he shouted. "Don't you papa me—you ——"

"Control yourself, Patrick," admonished Father Whalen quietly.

"Oi—Patrick!"

Solomon Levy sobbed afresh.

In the confusion of voices that followed, Patrick heard the name of "Abie." He demanded instantly:

"Abie? And who the divil is this Abie?"

"He's your new son-on-law!" said Isaac Cohen.

Patrick bristled at once. He turned to Father Whalen, who stood looking on with a gravity which showed how serious the situation seemed to him.

"Did you hear that, Father? Abie! Me new son-in-law! Well, his last name better have an 'O' or a 'Mc' stuck in front of it, is all I can say!"

Isaac stared at him dumbfounded.

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"A 'Mc' or an 'O' in front of a beautiful name like Levy?" he repeated.

At the sound of the name "Levy," Patrick turned livid with rage.

He wheeled again on Father Whalen—demanded whether he had heard correctly. Abie! Abie Levy? His new son-in-law?

The priest besought him to sit down and control himself while they tried to get to the bottom of the affair. He did not want any pyrotechnics between these two tinder-boxes of hatred.

Isaac Cohen, still unable to grasp the situation, stood in front of him, extolling the virtues of the two young people. And suddenly Mrs. Cohen, radiating pride and satisfaction, walked joyously into the room.

She crossed straight to Solomon, and it was not until she was just about to congratulate him that, perceiving his expression of utter woe, she halted and demanded: "Vhat's de madder? Iss de expenses vorrying you already?"

Her husband, genuinely alarmed at last by the mysterious presence and behavior of the irate Patrick, informed his wife that Solomon had been "doing dot efer since de vedding."

At that, Mrs. Cohen, with a deep and instant sympathy for anyone who had gone through what she

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

had gone through, asked quickly and joyously, "Solomon, hev you got a pain?"

The bridegroom's father muttered that he had "a someting, all right!"

"It isn't de appendix, perhaps?"

"Oi—I vish it vas!"

Mrs. Cohen shook her head. He would wish it wasn't if it was. She knew, didn't she, papa? And papa nodded quickly. But Patrick Murphy, refusing longer to suffer the restraining hand of Father Whalen, advanced now belligerently, his fists clenched, anger written in every inch of him.

"Wait, Patrick!" besought Father Whalen. "If our Rose-Mary has married this boy, we'll have to make the best of it."

"*If* she has married him? Huh!" Isaac Cohen spread his hands. "Dey're crazy about each odder. Nefer did I see soch a luv!" And he was genuinely sincere in this, for in his own naïve way he realized that the love of Rose-Mary and Abie rose above all earthly things.

"They're both of 'em crazy!" wailed Solomon Levy.

But Isaac Cohen would not hear of this. As for Rosie, he himself would marry her "in a minute."

He just missed a blow from his wife's fan.

"Vouldn't ve take her in a minute?" Isaac demanded of Mrs. Cohen, trying to redeem himself.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

Solomon wailed above the uproar. "I would sell her for a nickel!"

Patrick Murphy assured him that he wouldn't have to.

"I'm taking her away fer nothing!"

"Oi! If you could do me soch a favor!"

Isaac, still mystified, rebuked him.

"But, Solomon! Ain't it vas you who esked de rabbi to marry Abie, und mek it good und tight?"

He burst into a flood of questions. Why this sudden change? He had a right to know—he had given the bride away.

Solomon answered him merely by waving towards Patrick.

"Esk him! Esk him!"

Isaac was not a coward, but he saw at a glance that he would have no chance against Patrick, who was over six feet tall and brawny in proportion, and who was now in a blind rage. So he moved as far away as the room would permit. From the conservatory there still came the sound of festivity—excited voices, music, laughter. And now Dr. Samuels entered. The rabbi saw the two strangers at once and, guessing who they were, bowed to Patrick and asked him if he was Rosie's father.

Patrick glanced at Father Whalen.

"Rosie's father!" he groaned.

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Solomon uttered another wail. The rabbi turned to him, startled.

"What's the matter, Solomon? Has something happened?"

"Has someting *happened*? Look at him! Look at him!" Solomon writhed in his chair. "I shall die from shame. His name is Murphy—Oi!"

This was too much for Patrick Murphy. He tried to tear himself away from Father Whalen's grasp, but the priest held on to him.

"Ye'll die for shame, will ye? Lookin' at me!" Patrick shouted the words. "Shure an' ye won't be able to see me! Ye won't be able to see anybody! Ye won't be able to open yer eyes! You poor little abbreviated excuse for an apostrophe!"

Solomon rose from his chair, and in a very haughty manner said: "I didn't hear a void you said." But his anger got the better of him and he added furiously, "But I'll get efen for it!"

Dr. Samuels and Father Whalen both tried to calm their respective patrons. The task, however, was not so simple as it might have been. Both men quivered with hatred, like two mastiffs eager to get at each other's throats.

"Dot little Irisher!" shouted Solomon, reminded suddenly of Rose-Mary. "Dot little Irisher! Marrying my Abie against his vill! No vonder she

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wouldn't wait! She was afraid he'd back out! De—de—little Irish A.P.A.!”

He turned and rushed into the library as Father Whalen, pinioning Patrick Murphy's arms behind him, held his enemy, who stormed and struggled like a raging bull.

“Let me loose!” roared Patrick. “Let me loose, Father! I'm going after that little runt and make him eat those words, along with every damned A.P.A. orange in this place!”

He tore away from the priest and rushed out after Solomon.

Isaac Cohen, now that Patrick had left the room, became a bit more brave. He started forward, shouting loyally.

“Come on, mama! Ve've got to help Solomon!”

With one jerk of her arm, Mrs. Cohen yanked him back.

“Isaac!” she thundered. “Dun't butt in! Let dose two fight it out amongst dem! If you come between dem, you'll get hit bot' vays.”

Then, her curiosity getting the better of her, she started, herself, into the library, with Isaac trailing behind her.

From the conservatory at the same time came Rose-Mary and Abie, Rose-Mary visibly wrought up. She stopped short at sight of Father Whalen,

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and then, with a little scream of joy, ran and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Father Whalen!" she cried.

"Rose! . . . There, there, my child."

Father Whalen held her close, patting her shoulders.

"Oh, Father! Can't you do something with dad—he's gone out of his head," she sobbed.

Father Whalen held her a little away from him.

"Is he so angry, then?"

"You should hear him fighting with Abie's father! Oh! Such language!" She put her hands over her ears.

Father Whalen smiled.

"Well, if they are only fighting with language, it isn't so bad."

"It's awful! It couldn't be worse!"

"Now, now, my child—it could be a great deal worse than this," said the good priest gently.

"Yes, and we'll solve the problem somehow," said Abie tenderly.

"We've got to solve it."

"Is this the young man?" asked Father Whalen.

Rose-Mary straightened. "I thought you'd met him," she apologized hastily. "This is Father Whalen, Abie. Dad brought him all the way from California to marry us."

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Abie hesitated a moment, as Father Whalen proffered his hand, then he grasped it cordially.

"I'm glad to know you, son," said Father Whalen warmly.

"I'm glad to know you, Father Whalen," answered Abie, in a tone which showed he meant it.

From the next room there came a loud shout.

"I tell you, don't push! I von't be ge-pushed!"

"I'll push yer face in, ye ——"

"Listen to our fond fathers!" said Abie ruefully.

"Listen to yours!" sighed Rose-Mary.

Abie dropped his arms from around Rose-Mary's waist.

"It's all your father's fault. If he hadn't come here, everything would have been all right."

Rose-Mary straightened.

"It's *not* my father's fault! It's *your* father's! I never saw such a man!"

"My father is wonderful," said Abie. "He's just a little bit stirred up just now. That's all."

"That's all?" Rose-Mary turned away. "If he's only stirred up now, what's he like when he's really mad?"

She crossed to the davenport, weeping again.

Father Whalen, who saw things were going too far in this, their first misunderstanding, interposed:

"There, there—don't you two start to fight, too!"

"That's just what your fathers would like better

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than anything else," added Dr. Samuels, and pushed Abie gently toward his wife.

Abie, who had held back undecided, moved quickly forward.

"Rose darling—don't cry, please!" he begged. "I'm sorry." And he dropped down beside her—put both arms around her.

But she only cried all the more at this.

"Your father said he'd sell me for a nickel!" she sobbed.

"But you don't belong to my father, dear!" he murmured tenderly. "You belong to me. And I wouldn't sell you for the whole world, even if it had a fence around it!"

The priest and the rabbi glanced at each other and smiled significantly.

"My father said he was going to take me away from you, and have the marriage annulled," continued Rose-Mary, mimicking her father's voice. "He said no rabbi cut any ice with him!"

The priest and the rabbi continued to smile at each other, taking the matter in the spirit which the war had taught. And as they stood so, Solomon Levy, utterly disheveled, hurried into the room.

"Abie—take your arm away from her!"

Patrick, his face fairly purple, came plunging after him.

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"Yis—lave go ave her! The marriage isn't legal!"

"Isn't *legal*?"

"No—ve've discovered dot you ain't been married at all."

"I beg your pardon." Rabbi Samuels stepped forward and held up one hand. "I have married a great many people and I think I know my business."

"No reflections, Dr. Samuels! No reflections!" Solomon hastened to apologize. "It ain't your fault dot dis vun didn't take!"

"Didn't take! What do you mean, it didn't take?" demanded Abie.

"I'll tell you phwat he means," said Patrick Murphy, pushing in front of Solomon. "He means that her name isn't Rosie Murpheski! It's Rose-Mary Murphy, isn't it? Murpheski! Bah!" And he made a wry face.

"Well—what about it?"

"Phwat about it?" Patrick's voice rose shrilly. "Phwat about it? Why, any license with the name Murpheski on it is worthless. You married Miss Rosie Murpheski! And there ain't no such Rosie Murpheski! Her name is Murphy. So there ain't no marriage—God be praised!"

Abie turned to the two clergymen in consternation. "Is that so—what he says?"

Both men looked serious. And Rabbi Samuels,

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obviously troubled, said slowly and soberly, "I'm afraid there's some truth in it, Abie. I'm afraid he's right."

"Oi! What a relief!"

Solomon sank into the nearest chair.

"Take off that dress and veil," Patrick Murphy ordered his daughter. "I'm going to take you home."

"I'll send you a letter of tanks for it!" said Solomon.

"I don't want a thing from yese but silence—and plenty of that!" stormed Patrick.

"All right—all right!" Solomon was only too glad to have it settled so.

Patrick turned to his daughter again.

"Rose-Mary child!" he besought her.

But Rose-Mary didn't move from Abie's side. She stood closer than ever to her husband, and now looked up to him as for protection. In response, Abie tightened his arms about her waist, and faced her father resolutely.

"You're mistaken," he said quietly but firmly, "she isn't going with you or anyone else!"

Solomon sprang from the chair he had taken.

"But, Abie! Don't be foolish! You ain't married!"

"Oh, yes, we are!" answered Abie. "We are married!"

"But it didn't took! Esk anybody!" Solomon

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Levy waved his arms. "You married Rosie Murpheski, and she—vell, she ain't!"

Rose-Mary now found her voice.

"We're married, whether you like it or not," she said indignantly. And Abie, drawing her closer, nodded.

"Yes, dear," he said. "And if this marriage didn't take ——"

"One minute!"

Solomon Levy rushed forward. "I von't let you be married to her!"

"You can't prevent it!" said Abie, quietly.

"*He* can't, perhaps, but I can!" cried Patrick Murphy.

"How?" said Abie slowly, looking him straight in the eye. "I married your daughter, under her real name—Rose-Mary Murphy—one week ago to-day, in Jersey City."



Anne Nichols' Abie's Irish Rose.

A Paramount Picture.

"Rebecca, Look For Noddings."

CHAPTER XXVIII

FOR THE second time in the last half-hour the room grew suddenly still. And the silence this time made the earlier pause seem insignificant.

Solomon sank back into the nearest chair, his head in his hands.

"Oi, oi!" he moaned, "I nefer *did* like dot town! Oi, *veh iss mir!*"

With a blankness of utter surprise and consternation, Patrick Murphy faced his daughter.

"Rose-Mary, is this true?" he demanded, sternly.

"Yes, dad," she said in a small but defiant tone.

"Oi, soch a headache!" wailed Solomon Levy.

Patrick opened his mouth and then closed it again, in stupefaction. Priest and rabbi glanced at each other, both startled, both a little amused by this new turn. Then Patrick Murphy, with one last hope struggling in him, said abruptly:

"Were yese married by a *priest?*"

Rose-Mary hesitated—glanced apprehensively at Abie.

"No, by a Methodist minister," said Abie after a short pause.

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"The divil!" said Patrick, and threw up his hands.

"It's getting voise!" wailed Solomon Levy.

"But you *can't* be married!" cried Patrick, rousing again, unable to accept the situation. "If yese thought yese were married so good and tight last week, why did yese try it over?"

"To make it voiser!" wailed Solomon.

At this there was a good deal of confusion.

Abie insisted that he submitted to the marriage by the rabbi to satisfy his father, and this started another argument. His father insisted that he wasn't satisfied, and so did Patrick Murphy. The priest and the rabbi tried to arbitrate matters, but Solomon finally bolted from the room, to phone his lawyer, and Patrick Murphy bolted after him.

Rose-Mary was once more reduced to tears.

"They don't believe we're married!" she sobbed.

"They don't believe it takes!"

"It doesn't matter what they believe," said Abie soothingly. "We're married, and that's all that matters. Let's get away from this, where we can be quiet until our fathers come to their senses."

So they started upstairs, leaving the two clergymen to hold the fort alone.

Father Whalen and Dr. Samuels stood a moment looking at each other, chagrined at their own helplessness and ashamed at the display of temper given by the two fathers in the case. The situation was

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comic, but it had its tragic side as well. The two clergymen were strangers; they had not been introduced and they could only guess at each other's identity, but as they stood there, confused and embarrassed, there slowly dawned in each man's face the light of recognition, and their minds traveled back to that night in France when hell had broken loose on the front and two chaplains stood by the bed of a dying boy in a dressing-station behind the Allied lines.

"Father Whalen!" cried Dr. Samuels.

"Rabbi Samuels!" said Father Whalen. "Why, I *thought* your face seemed familiar ——"

"I've been thinking the same about yours."

Their hands met in a fervent grip.

"Well, well—and I never believed in coincidence! Fact is stranger than fiction, isn't it? To think of our meeting here again!"

"And under circumstances almost as strange as the other occasion."

"Precisely. Almost more so. I wonder if Abie and Rose-Mary met at the front, too?"

"They did. They were both 'over there.' Both did their bits, and Abie was quite a hero."

"Wounded?"

"Twice. Very badly, the second time. He nearly died."

"I remember we talked that night in the hospital

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about the dying boys we had tried to help who were of other faiths."

"Yes. I've thought of it often, since. It did me a great deal of good, that talk. I had often tried to comfort boys of your faith when there wasn't a priest around, but ——"

"You were glad to hear that I'd done the same for boys of your faith, in the absence of a rabbi?"

"I was—very glad."

"Well, we were both of us the better for it. That was one thing about the battlefield—we didn't have much time to think of any one religion."

"I'll say not!"

"Shure an' we all had the same God above us. And what with the shells bursting and the shrapnel flying and no one knowing just what moment death would come, Catholics, Hebrews and Protestants alike forgot their prejudices and came to realize that all faiths and creeds have about the same destination, after all."

"They did, indeed."

"Faith, we're all of us trying to get to the same place when we pass on. Just going by different routes. We can't all go on the same train."

"And just because you aren't riding on my train, why should I say your train won't get there?"

"That's it."

"I'm glad you still feel as I do. It's like meet-

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ing an old friend again. We *are* old friends ——” Rabbi Samuels held out his hand again and Father Whalen clasped it warmly. “John Whalen and Jacob Samuels—priest and rabbi!”

“Shure an’ it’s almost as bad as Murphy and Levy!”

“Except that we’re not married!”

They both laughed heartily, and then, as they grew more serious again, Dr. Samuels observed, “How curious it is—here we are confronted on our very first meeting with one of those distressing situations we discussed that night in France. A case of religious prejudice.”

“And it’s a lamentable thing, for Abie is a wonderful boy,” said Father Whalen.

“And Rose-Mary is a wonderful girl,” said Rabbi Samuels.

“And they love each other dearly.”

“They simply aren’t troubled by the religious and racial differences which separate their parents.”

Father Whalen sighed.

“I’ve tried to argue with Patrick, but he won’t listen. It looks like a war to the end between the Levys and the Murphys.”

“I pity the young folks greatly.”

“So do I, but there’s no use locking the barn door after the mare is gone, that’s sure. You married them?”

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"I did." And Dr. Samuels smiled. Then in a new and different tone he added suddenly, "Father Whalen, I wouldn't suggest it, but so long as the young folks have made a business of getting married, it occurs to me that it wouldn't do any harm to marry them again in your faith. What do you think?"

"I don't think it would."

As the priest spoke the hall door opened and Abie and Rose-Mary walked in. They heard his words and Rose-Mary, coming forward swiftly, said eagerly, "Father! Would you?"

"I must get permission from the Board of Dispensation."

Abie approached him hopefully.

"What would have to be done, sir? Could we do it at once, or would we have to wait for a lot of red tape?"

"I think we might do it at once," said Father Whalen. "The Board of Dispensation usually meets regularly. I have a close friend on it. I could telephone him now."

"Oh, Father, do!" pleaded Rose-Mary.

The priest glanced at Rabbi Samuels, and at the other's quick nod went to the telephone and called.

He got his connection without great difficulty—reached his friend. Yes, the Board was meeting; they would consider a case. And Father Whalen

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lowered the instrument; was there a phone-extension in the next room, where he could talk uninterrupted?

There was, and Abie volunteered to lead the way at once.

"Oh, Father, hurry, please!" cried Rose-Mary.

Father Whalen smiled and hurried. "Well, but I'll want you with me, too. Come along!"

And he slipped his arm through hers.

From the threshold Rose-Mary called to Rabbi Samuels, "Say a prayer for us!"

"What shall I say?" asked the rabbi teasingly.

"Say, 'Please God, whisper in the Archbishop's ear and make him say yes!'"

The rabbi chuckled as she disappeared, and then, sighing at the curious complication which was causing her such anxiety, sat down, prepared to guard the other phone in case some one came in to use it and thus interrupt.

As a matter of fact, some one came in to use it at once. The door had hardly closed on Rose-Mary when Patrick Murphy entered, his face as purple as before.

"Say—where's my darter?" he demanded.

The rabbi thought fast.

"Didn't you tell her to change her dress?" he said, anxious to temporize without committing himself.

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"Oh, she has gone to do it, eh?" said Patrick, accepting the misleading explanation.

"You told her to, didn't you?" said Rabbi Samuels, still endeavoring to gain time.

"Where's the phone in this house?" asked Patrick, shortly. "I want to get reservations to California. I'm goin' to get out of this town on the first train, and I'm goin' to take me darter with me."

This was a complication, especially as Patrick's eyes fell on the telephone as he spoke. So the rabbi, desperate, volunteered to put the call in for him.

"I'll get your number for you, Mr. Murphy. What road do you want to go by? The Pennsylvania?"

"The fastest train out of New York, and the soonest!"

Dr. Samuels lifted the receiver and listened.

"Phwat's the matter?" asked Patrick, when he failed to speak. "Won't Central answer?"

"The line's busy."

"Here—let me try!" And Patrick started for the phone.

"No, no—I'll get it! I insist—I can get your number for you. Give me a chance. There is some one speaking now, and we mustn't disturb them." Dr. Samuels' tone changed as he said this, for over the phone he had heard Father Whalen secure his special dispensation, and he knew the Catholic wed-

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ding service would be starting at once in the other room. "You wouldn't have me interrupt, I know. It wouldn't be right—do you think?"

"Ah"—Patrick turned in disgust. "Whoever it is, he's takin' his time. He ought to be through talkin' long ago."

From the front hall Mrs. Cohen walked in.

"*Ach*—nefer did I see soch a night! I nefer vas so tired. Oh dear! If my appendix vasn't out, I'd know I had it again!"

Patrick Murphy turned his back on her.

"Phwat's the matter now?" he said to the rabbi. "Can't you get Central?"

"I can't seem to get a connection," said Dr. Samuels, playing for time. "The line still seems busy."

"Busy!" groaned Patrick. "I never will get out of this damn town! Here—give me the phone! I'll get that number——"

"I'm sorry—there's no chance while the line's still busy."

Solomon entered from the hall, with Isaac Cohen at his heels.

Solomon ignored the Irishman, but to the rabbi he spoke at once, and his tone was bitter.

"My lawyer says dot no matter vhat I say, dey are married so tight it vould make your hair curl!"

Isaac wagged his head, and for once Mrs. Cohen came to his support.

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"Vell, vhat you tink? Didn't you tell Dr. Samuels yourself to tie a good knot?"

"I should be so foolish! Oi, oi, oi!" moaned Solomon.

Patrick forgot the telephone at this. He could contain himself no longer; he bounded across the room and shook his fist at the Jew.

"If you don't stop saying that 'Oi, oi, oi!' you'll drive me to ——"

"I'd like to drive you to *some*ting, for vishing an Irish vife on Abie!"

"Wishin' her on him! Listen to the man!" cried Patrick Murphy. "If I ——"

"Remember what it says in the Scriptures about family arguments," reminded the rabbi, gently touching his shoulder.

"Family arguments!" shouted Patrick. "Do I look like a member of this family?"

He stared scornfully at the whole group—the Cohens, the rabbi and Solomon Levy.

"Thank Hiven she wasn't married by a priest!"

As if in direct contradiction to his words, there came from the dining-room the clear, strong voice of Father Whalen:

"I now pronounce you man and wife. 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' "

Patrick and Solomon rushed to the library door.

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The Irishman reached it first and threw it open. Father Whalen was just completing the Catholic ceremony. Abie took his wife in his arms and kissed her as they looked.

"My God, they've done it again!" cried Patrick Murphy.

Solomon, too dumbfounded to speak, reeled towards the nearest chair, and sank into it.

CHAPTER XXIX

HAVE YOU ever spent the month of July in a two-room-and-bath apartment on a city street made famous by the elevated railroad? One of those apartments which look out on the railroad tracks, so that every approaching local sounds as if it were about to come straight in the window? Abie and Rose-Mary spent their first six months together in such an apartment, and Abie, twisting and turning on fiery sheets toward seven o'clock of a hot July morning, thought to himself that it was his idea of the Purgatory mentioned in his wife's religion.

Abie was not one of those thrice-blessed beings who can sleep like a log and rise up rested, regardless of noise or discomfort. He was highly strung, and while he had never suffered from insomnia before, he found the combination of a New York hot spell and the elevated more than he could endure with comfort. For the last few nights he had scarcely slept; and when he had dropped off, worn out, the eternal roar and racket of the "L" had wrenched him awake again at intervals, as the old torture of the Inquisition used to wrench at victims on the rack.

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For six months Abie had been "on his own," no longer in his father's employ. He and his wife had left the Levy home the night of the wedding. Not without qualms, of course. For more than two hours Abie had been closeted with his father and Dr. Samuels, while the good rabbi plead his case. But all the striving had been vain. Nothing either could say had mollified the irate Solomon. And the same had been true of Patrick Murphy.

That night the two young people had stayed at the home of the Cohens, who had proved themselves real friends. They saw in the love of Rose-Mary and Abie the idyl of their own love, as they secretly wished it to be, and they tried to help in every way they could. But there was little they could do under the circumstances.

Fortunately, Abie had some money saved. He was determined to make use of his musical gifts, but this was the first year after the Armistice, and some three million other young men were competing for positions filled in their absence—often competently filled—by women. It was far from easy to find a position; twice he had taken temporary places, merely to pay expenses; and for five weeks now he had been out of work, with the inevitable drain on his slender bank account.

If the drain had been only on his bank account it would not have told on him so heavily. But the

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thought that he might not be able to support Rose-Mary mortified and frightened him—kept him awake at night and dogged his footsteps by day.

There is nothing more trying than the discouragement of frequent “turn downs,” and with every delay and disappointment, Abie found the struggle harder. He had hidden his depression from his wife—or tried to hide it; but for the last week he had scarcely eaten; a perpetual feeling as of a tight band pressing at the back of his neck had killed his appetite, and now he was experiencing all the sensations of light-headedness and weakness which such days can bring.

The heat in the apartment this morning was choking. He sat up in bed, and, looking at his watch, threw back the sheet. The blinds were down, but the early summer sun poured in around them, and as he sat there the first distant rumble of another train set the twin beds quivering. The train drew nearer; the window curtains swayed; the gathering roar seemed to add to the heat, and suddenly the tiny bedroom seemed to him suffocating, insupportable. He swung his legs to the floor and wearily—with limbs like lead—stood up. The pounding of his heart as he stood there frightened him, but he knew it was only nerves—fatigue and sleeplessness and worry, and he crossed to the open window and looked out—breathed the early morning air. Rose-

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Mary still slept on, and he hadn't the heart to waken her; he bathed and dressed and got his own breakfast; ate it alone and, washing the dishes afterward, scribbled a brief note, giving his plans for the day, and tiptoed softly out of the apartment.

The morning paper lying in the hall by the door announced "no let up" in the heat wave, and the blinding glare on the sidewalk outside confirmed this summary. He had an appointment with the manager of a music house at half past ten, but he was too restless to waste the interval, so drawing out the address-book in which he carried his slender list of "prospects," he consulted it. Benjamin Greenbaum, furrier . . . Louis Michaels, hatter . . . Harry Lieberman, cloaks . . . Jacob Rosen, corsets . . . All customers of his father's, but good friends of his, too, with connections in the music or theater game, and therefore people worth his seeing.

Ben Greenbaum's office was the nearest—in West Twelfth Street—so he tried Ben first. But Ben was out of the city—away on a buying trip. He wouldn't be back till Monday. Louis Michaels' place was farther north, on West Thirty-seventh Street. And Louis was out, too. Uptown somewhere, seeing a customer. He wouldn't be in till noon. Harry Lieberman's place was still farther north, in Thirty-ninth Street, and its owner, it seemed, hadn't been in all week. A young woman

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in tight black satin said she didn't know where Mr. Lieberman was, but he was expected in today. Mr. Levy could wait if he desired? But Mr. Levy said he would come back. . . . And Harry Rosen? The Rosen plant—a barn of a place—was over near the river, and proved to be closed. There had been a fire there the week before, and the plant was undergoing repairs. The firm was going to move, a policeman told him.

It was nearly ten by this time, so he started uptown—took a trolley to Times Square, and turned into that cross street popularly known as “Tin Pan Alley.” A strangely business-like and unæsthetic district, and the music publishing house he entered presently was even stranger. The offices were one flight up, at the top of narrow iron stairs, with a reception-room like that of any dry-goods dealer and the usual gum-chewing office-boys receiving callers. From a dozen unseen chambers opening off a large inner room came the deafening clatter of as many pianos, all tramping out jazz, and above the clatter of these pianos rose the sound of voices—vaudeville “artists” engaged in trying out new songs.

A pert youngster in a suit of purplish blue took Abie's card and looked at it as if it carried some dangerous germ. Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith was busy. But Mr. Levy had an appointment? Well—just

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a minute then; he'd "see." He departed, yawning, and was gone some fifteen minutes. He returned to report that Mr. Smith would be free "in a coupla secs." The couple of seconds lengthened to half an hour. Eventually a protest brought an apology, another visit to the noisy heart of the establishment; and finally the visitor was shown in to Mr. Smith—a brassy individual in shirt-sleeves, with a bald head and a dead cigar stump clamped in the corner of a hard mouth.

Mr. Smith looked up from a grimy desk and said with rapid-fire precision, "Mr. Levy? G'morning. Glad to meet ya. Sit down. Glad to hear from Mr. Greenbaum. Yep—I got his letter. Fact is, though—I'm sorry—trade is rotten, right now. I'd like to place you, Mr. Levy, but"—he shrugged, yawned, tilted his chair back—"this outfit's over-staffed this minute. Y' ain't got a sure-fire song hit tucked away on ya, have ya?"

Abie smiled and shook his head. He tried to put in a word about himself and his qualifications, his special gifts and what he hoped to do with them, but he might as well have saved his breath. Mr. Smith was polite but brisk.

He cut in quickly in the same hard, brassy voice: "Nope—sorry, Mr. Levy—downright sorry—but we're full up. Wish I could use ya—like to place ya—but there ain't a chance. Come in again next

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fall. Things may be diff'rent, then. Come then. Be glad to see ya. Glad to seen ya t'day. Well—give my regards to Mr. Greenbaum. Morning." . . .

Abie, confused and embarrassed, oppressed with a feeling of utter helplessness, of utter insignificance, walked heavily out.

A little trickle of hot drops ran down the small of his back, as, slowly and with a new weariness, he descended the stairs to the street. The brisk matter-of-factness of the interview left him curiously unnerved. It was foolish to take the thing so seriously, but he couldn't help it. All the authority, all the prestige—limited perhaps, but very definite—which he had built up in the dry-goods game deserted him in this new field. He felt what he was—a novice, an outsider, a mere amateur, helpless and floundering.

But he pulled himself together as best he could, put the thing behind him, and started out on a new quest—this time toward Lexington Avenue and a moving-picture theater there.

The theater, when he reached it, looked deserted, but a scrubwoman, busy with a mop and a pail of water, told him that the "boss" was in—upstairs and at work. He found the official she referred to, a stout little man in a silk shirt with "candy" stripes—but he was not the manager. The manager was

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away—gone down to the shore with his wife and family.

His assistant—Myers was the name the little man gave—explained that he was to be gone all month. He, Myers, was “doubling for him.” The organ? Who played the organ? Why, they had a new mechanical piano player. They’d let the organist go. They didn’t need one, now. This new contraption knocked ’em dead. . . .

So two minutes later Abie was downstairs again, with another name crossed off his fast-thinning list of “prospects,” and that sense of helplessness, of utter uselessness, deepened again.

He halted in the shade of the great iron canopy that overhung the walk outside, feeling suddenly faint, and earnestly regretting now that he had eaten so little for breakfast. The sight of a drugstore across the street with “ice-cream” signs increased this feeling, but he had deliberately skimped his breakfast; he deserved to feel empty, he told himself, and resolutely, if with an effort, he turned his face south toward the nearest subway entrance.

Marcus Schlossberg, manufacturer, had an office in West Twenty-eighth Street. Marcus had a cousin who led an orchestra, and Abie had meant to talk to him before this. So downtown he went again, to a dingy side-street where great trucks stood backed up to old brick lofts and towering

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piles of paper boxes clogged the sidewalks and every doorway emitted an odor of camphor mothballs, woolen cloth and disinfectants. Schlossberg's offices were on the seventh floor of an old building—a cramped and dingy floor cut up by high partitions and noisy with the roar of sewing-machines. Abie knew it of old, but the boy at the window didn't remember Abie; he was a new boy, and he looked up casually, glanced casually at the card presented to him, and in a casual tone said, "Mr. Levy? All right—have a seat! Mr. Schlossberg ain't been in yet, but he's due back. If y'wanta wait?"

He'd wait, said Abie. And he waited, glad of the chance to sit down.

He sat there, patiently, while a stream of people, office-boys and operators, passed in and out through the swinging doors in an endless procession. He waited gladly, too hot to care, too tired, too faint and headachy to be impatient.

A half-hour passed, an hour. The clock said eleven, eleven-thirty. A quarter to twelve. Toward noon he rose and spoke to the boy at the desk. But the boy merely shrugged. No—Mr. Schlossberg hadn't been in, or phoned. But he'd probably be in later, if Mr. Levy cared to wait.

So, Mr. Levy waited again.

He waited until half past twelve—till one. He waited until after one. The procession continued

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to pass in front of him, in and out—out and in; the swinging doors moved constantly; half the floor went out to lunch, and came in again—and still no word from Mr. Schlossberg. And finally, toward half past one, he rose. He would come back again, later. He was going out to lunch.

The boy nodded. "Yes, sir. Sure—I'll tell him: Mr. Levy. Mr. Abraham Levy. Yes, sir!" And Abie turned and stepped into the first "down" elevator.

As he did so, two men stepped in with him—two older officials of the company, whom he knew by sight. And as they stood beside him, riding down, one of them said to the other, "Schlossberg? No, you'd better try old Hopper. Marcus won't be back all week. He's gone down to Ocean Grove with the wife and kiddies. Been gone two days."

Been gone two days! . . . Gone to Ocean Grove with the wife and kiddies. . . .

Abie, straightening, felt a hot wave ride up over him. So that office-boy had lied! He had been made to sit there a solid hour—two hours—for nothing! And he lifted his hand to touch the operator's shoulder—ask him to stop the car.

But he changed his mind at once. He knew instantly that it was no use—he would accomplish nothing by going back. The boy would wriggle out of it—plead ignorance. He was one of those lazy,

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thoughtless, no-account, brash youngsters. . . .
And Marcus Schlossberg would be gone a week.

A week.

Well, that was the way things went. Bad luck. No use to think about it. Yet, riding on down in the car, the thought of the boy's cool insolence revived all the sharp self-doubt which had been troubling him. Downstairs the street was like an oven again, the open sidewalk with its glare of light, terrific. He paused on the walk, uncertain what to do next; and standing there, he saw a cheap lunch place across the street. The restaurant, with its cool white tiles, looked suddenly inviting, and he walked across to it. But he was no more than there before the heat and the scent of cooked food sickened him, made him regret his decision. He turned and walked out again.

He had no definite plan for the afternoon—he was too tired, his mind was too dulled by fatigue and the heat to function clearly; but he drew from his pocket the little leather address-book with its list of names, and consulted it. And as he did so he had a positive inspiration. Max Hirsch, of Hirsch & Blomberg, was rumored to have bought an interest in a picture house uptown. Abie had known Mr. Hirsch since boyhood, known him well; and thus far he hadn't thought of him. He would look up Max Hirsch. . . .

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He crossed to a cigar store where there was a public phone and telephoned to Hirsch & Blomberg. Luck was with him—Mr. Hirsch had done more than buy an interest in the theater; he was actually devoting his own time to the management of the new house. He could be reached there almost any hour—he was there all day.

So Abie called his office and found him in. Yes—he hadn't gone out to lunch; he wasn't eating lunch these days. He would gladly talk to Abie. Any time—right now. So two minutes later, Abie was riding north again, oblivious, almost, of the heat and dust, in the sudden excitement of this new and promising quest.

For the quest was promising. If Mr. Hirsch was really interested in this new theater—personally interested—the chance was good. The place itself was said to be a corker—just off Riverside Drive. A big, cool place with two or three thousand seats and a brand new organ and a wonderful cooling plant for summer weather. An ideal place to work. And presently, well uptown, he was on the street again and walking westward toward the Hudson.

The theater—a gorgeously impressive structure with an iron canopy and gigantic letter-frames for its announcements—opened a cool, yawning mouth to greet him. A pretty girl in the ticket booth directed him to the elevator, and in no time he was

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seated, hot and tired but very eager, in a cool blue-leather upholstered chair in a big, cool office, facing a great glass-topped mahogany desk; and Max Hirsch, a keen-eyed man in blue, was smiling at him, listening to his story.

A typically successful business man, Max Hirsch, as sharp as steel, but wonderfully likable and famous for his kindness to his friends. A keen and accurate judge of men and one to be counted on for good advice. He was very quiet and sympathetic as Abie talked, but as the story unfolded his shrewd, friendly eyes grew shrewder, if no less friendly; and when it was over he sat still a moment, looking out the window, and tapping with his fingers on the desk.

"I hardly know what to tell you, Abie," he said finally, and he turned his chair a little as he spoke. "We haven't any opening here of the sort you want, and we aren't very likely to have one; but that isn't what I'm thinking of. I'm thinking of the wisdom of your course, in view of the fact that you're married now.

"Conditions are changing, Abie, and the financial reward in music is small and uncertain. The regular theaters don't use orchestras the way they used to, and the moving-picture houses often use mechanical pianos. Frankly, I think you're making a

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mistake, old man. The dry-goods game is safer, and after all—you're married."

Married. . . . Abie, staring out the window, heard the word through a mist, far off, but none the less impressive. Married . . . Financial reward . . . Uncertain . . . Conditions changing. . . . And then he heard Mr. Hirsch going on: "You were good at the old game, Abie. Why don't you go back to it? Your father—why, your father'd be delighted! You know he would."

Delighted to have him back. . . .

Yes, dad would be delighted, all right. And Abie smiled, a little bitterly, but without any malice. Solomon would be only too glad to have him back. But he couldn't explain about that. The situation wasn't worth explaining anyway—not now. He merely shrugged and shook his head—got slowly and stiffly to his feet. "Well, I appreciate your advice, Mr. Hirsch," he said. "I'll think it over. Perhaps you're right, but—I'm afraid I'm not convinced. I wish you'd keep me in mind, anyway?"

"Why, certainly, Abie! Sure I will! Be glad to—glad to! Sorry I haven't an opening now. But you know how things go ——"

Mr. Hirsch rose with him—walked with him to the stairs—repeated his advice, his regrets, his friendly interest. "Come in again, old man! And bring your wife too. Well, good-bye! Good-bye,

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and think it over, Abie—what I said. I don't believe there's a chance of your landing now. The field's too crowded. And you've got your wife to think of. Is it fair to her?"

His wife. . . . The field too crowded. . . . Not a chance. . . .

The words burned in Abie's brain as, curiously numb, like a person who has been struck a vital blow, he rode down in the elevator.

Not a chance. . . . The field too crowded. . . .

He was in the hallway now—the outer lobby. The pretty girl in the ticket booth was nodding to him, smiling pleasantly, with cheerful interest. He mustn't let her see his depression. Buck up—keep cool—keep a stiff upper lip! And he did so, raising his straw hat as he passed her and walking firmly, lightly, as if he'd just accomplished a pleasant errand.

But his limbs were leaden and there was a curious, prickling, empty feeling in his stomach as, stepping out into the sunlight, hot as a blast from a furnace, he started back toward Broadway.

The pressure at the back of his head had returned, redoubled; his heart was pounding, and in his mouth was now a horrible furry taste, as if his whole physical system had gone suddenly awry. But he walked on, conscious only of Max Hirsch's words, as they rang in his ears. "Why not go back to the old

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game, Abie! There's your wife to think of—is it fair to her?"

Was it fair to her?

Well, was it? . . .

She hadn't been used to poverty or trouble, Rose-Mary. And—used to it or not—she didn't deserve it. *Had* he the right to ask her to bear it? Was his love of music, his hatred of business, justification for the hardship she might have to undergo?

He stopped on the corner of Broadway and leaned against a pillar under an awning. Perhaps the struggle *wasn't* worth the making. Perhaps he had better go back to the store. He was ready to quit—it wouldn't be hard.

And yet, deep down in him, he knew that Rose-Mary herself wouldn't favor his quitting. It was she who had urged him on—encouraged him. She had never once doubted his powers or feared the outcome. She was twice as confident as he. And suddenly he realized that she, more than he, would be hurt by his failure.

He must go on—if only to justify her faith in him. He must win out, for her sake!

Go on—win out—but how?

He was utterly exhausted by this time; his legs ached; that red hot band clamped tighter than ever about his skull; his mouth was ashes, but in his mind's eye was a picture of Rose-Mary, as he had

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seen her that first evening, months ago—cool and sweet and young and daring, risking her life at the front. Risking her life! And now she had risked her all in marrying him.

He couldn't fail her; He wouldn't fail her! He would go on—win out—no matter what the odds. After all, she was the only thing in life that mattered. And with fingers that trembled and were clammy against his coat he felt once more for that little leather address-book with its list of "prospects."

CHAPTER XXX

"Is Mr. Levy at home?"

Rabbi Samuels, perceiving that his hearer hadn't caught his question, raised his voice. "*Is Mr. Levy in?*"

Little Sarah, cupping one hand behind her ear and wrinkling her forehead in her effort to hear him, answered, "No, sir. He hasn't come home yet. I think he's still at the store, sir."

Dr. Samuels thanked her and half turned to go—then paused and faced her again, as if on impulse. "How *is* Mr. Levy?" he asked. And remembering the extent of her deafness, he moved closer—raised his voice once more. "Is he well—all right?"

Sarah nodded a vigorous "yes" to this. But she added immediately, with a little troubled frown. "At least, he says he's all right—but you know how he misses Abie."

The rabbi smiled, and at her gestured invitation, followed her into the hall and closed the door so as to shut out the noise from the street.

"You've seen them lately—the young couple?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, many times," said Sarah, coloring

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faintly, as if regretting the admission. "I see them every Thursday. They're both well, but"—she sighed and dropped her eyes—"you know—it isn't easy for them. It's too bad, for all of us. We are all unhappy."

Rabbi Samuels nodded sympathetically.

"It is too bad, for they've done the right thing, and they're being made to suffer unnecessarily. And Solomon himself is suffering, even more than they are. How are they making out? Is Abie busy?"

Little Sarah failed to catch this, and he had to repeat it twice, but she answered then, "He isn't working, sir. He hasn't had a job for weeks. It's the season, I think—and so many men just back from the war. But the Cohens have been very good to them—Mrs. Cohen has taken them things, and ——"

Rabbi Samuels smiled understandingly.

"I know. True friends. Fine people, the Cohens." And forgot her deafness—repeated the phrase half aloud to himself. "Fine people." Then he asked abruptly in his former tone: "You aren't going over tonight, perhaps? Today isn't Thursday but ——"

Sarah's color deepened.

"Well, as it happens, I was going over this evening. What with this heat and all"—she dropped

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her eyes again—"I thought I'd make them a little ice-cream and ——"

"Good for you! That's the spirit!"

Rabbi Samuels patted her arm approvingly. "You've got the right idea, Sarah. You're all right. Tell Abie for me that I want to see him, will you, please? I met a man yesterday who might be able to help him. Not a permanent position, or just what he wants, perhaps, but something that would tide him over for the moment."

He turned to go.

"Will you remember that? Tell him to call me up? And give my regards to his wife. A lovely girl, Rose-Mary." He swung the door back. "I'm glad you're keeping in touch with them. I hope you let Solomon know you're seeing them? He'd pretend to object, of course, but he'd feel better."

Sarah looked frightened by that, but with another shy little blush she admitted, faintly, "I haven't meant to, but he's asked me each time, and ——"

"I'm glad to hear it! It's just what he needs. And sooner or later you'll bring him around. You're doing your bit, Sarah—doing a lot. Well, I must be going. Good-bye! And don't forget to give Abie my message!"

"No, sir, I won't—and thank you for coming!"

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Sarah held the door back for him. "Good-bye! And come again, sir. . . ."

Five o'clock.

The beginning of the rush hour, with the train schedule doubled to carry the homing crowds and the little apartment trembling and echoing now to an almost unintermittent roar of cars. The thermometer in the living-room stood at 94° and Rose-Mary, sitting in the coolest corner by the window, felt as if she were in an oven being baked alive.

She had remained at home all day, sewing or resting, or trying to rest. As she sat and sewed now, she thought of the things she might be doing—and longed to do—to lessen her discomfort. If she could only get away to the country, or even invest in an electric fan, or send out for mint and ginger ale, or order a great freezer full of ice-cream from the caterer! But when you are trying to get along on little or nothing a week you don't buy electric fans or send for ginger ale and ice-cream—not if you are constructed mentally as Rose-Mary was, with a sense of values. You make every penny count. And that was what she was doing now, unquestioningly, uncomplainingly, though for ten days it had cost her the keenest discomfort. She hadn't thought of complaining, and she was the type who never would.

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Five-fifteen. . . .

The rush hour period at its height. An almost steady roar of trains! and, rising from her chair, Rose-Mary crossed to the hall door and opened it—propped it open—so that the draught created by the passing cars made a little breeze. She stood there a moment as a train went by; and then she walked back to the nearest of the two twin beds and, dropping down on it, closed her eyes, endeavoring to forget the eternal noise, the heat, the dust and the smell of the hot steel tracks outside.

Five-forty-five. . . .

A steady half-hour of it—but the rush was letting up a little now. It was long since time for Abie to be home, but he hadn't appeared. The thought of his tired young face as he had looked last night worried Rose-Mary. He hadn't been sleeping well of late. And the worst of it was that young Mrs. Chalmers, in the apartment next door, said the evening paper prophesied no relief for hours. The electric storm for which the whole city was praying showed no signs of appearing. It might hold off for another twelve hours—probably would—as if the weather man were playing with his victims.

Six o'clock. . . .

Rose-Mary sat up on the bed, her forehead damp, her fingers clammy on the spread. If only she could get really cool for a moment! She went into the

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bathroom, turned on the cold tap, tried a bath—but even the cold water didn't help. It only made her feel all the hotter when it was over. She lay down again for twenty minutes, and then, wondering why Abie didn't come, prepared to get his supper.

She couldn't face the thought of food, herself. The mere sight of the gas stove made her ill. But Abie would have to have something. He hadn't been eating enough to keep a bird alive, this week. He was taking his hard luck to heart. And he mustn't fall ill—the very thought of that possibility frightened her.

She tried not to think of it. She had determined a long time ago that she wouldn't worry, and she tried not to now; but it wasn't easy. She was almost glad to have the supper things to think of.

Abie, she knew, couldn't face the thought of a hot meal tonight; so she prepared a cold salad, iced drinks, cold *hors-d'œuvres*. Before her marriage she had never done any cooking, but she belonged to a generation of young women who, trained very differently from their grandmothers, have shown themselves no less efficient in the kitchen. Six months of practice had made her an expert at the commoner dishes, and now with practised hand she concocted her salad, chilled it skillfully, and made

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ready to serve it on her prettiest china—a wedding present from the Cohens.

Seven o'clock. And still Abie hadn't come. And for the first time in her married life, Rose-Mary began to be frightened.

Seven o'clock became seven-fifteen, and seven-fifteen drew out to seven-thirty. What could have happened? It wasn't like Abie to be late, and he had never kept her waiting without phoning her during the day. He usually phoned her anyway. And suddenly she was sure that something had happened—there had been an accident—he was killed, or hurt and lying in some hospital, unconscious!

She began to see all the frightening visions which assail young wives at such a moment: Abie, struck and run over by a car; Abie, knocked down by a taxi; Abie, fainting away in the subway and toppling beneath a passing train; Abie, collapsing from sunstroke and carted away in an ambulance. . . . And in a sudden rush of fear she went to the phone and called the Cohens—or tried to call them—thinking that they might have heard from him.

But she couldn't get the Cohens—she couldn't get Central—the phone was out of order. For a moment that reassured her, since it meant that Abie couldn't have reached her; but the reassurance didn't last. As the moments passed and still he didn't

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come, she grew more worried, and finally, desperate, she went into her neighbor's apartment, and called the Cohen house. But the Cohens were "out."

It was almost eight o'clock and, in a fever of apprehension, she called Solomon's house, in the hope of getting Sarah. If necessary, she told herself, she would talk to Solomon; but she didn't have to do that—Central couldn't get the house. Solomon, too, was evidently out; and Sarah, if Sarah was in, didn't hear the bell.

She tried to think of other friends who might have heard from Abie, and she telephoned two or three of them, only to be still more unnerved by their surprise, their inability to help her. And eventually, after hurrying back to her own apartment to make sure Abie hadn't arrived in the meantime, she phoned the police.

The official to whom she told her story was politely matter-of-fact; he took Abie's name and the description she gave without comment. The only advice he offered was that she phone the hospitals. She tried the hospitals, one by one, spurred on to do so by the ill-concealed forebodings of young Mrs. Chalmers, who quite obviously foresaw the worst. And she was still engaged in phoning them—completely unnerved—prepared for anything—when, shortly after eight, the buzzer in her own apart-

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ment rang, announcing a caller at the door, downstairs.

The sound sent a cold chill over her. Certain, now, that there had been an accident, she ran to the speaking-tube connecting with the hallway below. A strange voice answered her—a man's voice, hoarse and apologetic. Mrs. Levy? . . . Mrs. Abraham Levy? . . . Was this Mrs. Levy speaking? Well, somebody wanted to come up. Would she press the button, opening the front door?

Someone wanted to come up! She saw a vision of a policeman—a hospital interne, in white—a reporter with bad news. And with pounding heart she pressed the button, raised her hand to her breast to quiet the beating of her heart, and turned gropingly toward the hall door.

She was halfway across the room when everything went black before her. But she caught the back of a straight chair, and clung to it—held herself erect, by a desperate effort of sheer will, until the dizziness, the blackness, passed. And then, slowly, pale as death and with the room turning circles around her, stumbled to the door.

There were steps and voices in the hall as she reached it. Whoever was there was just outside, and with a final effort and a dreadful sense of apprehension she turned the knob, swung the door

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back and saw—Sarah, Solomon's housekeeper, with Isaac and Mrs. Cohen . . .

This time, the blackness came and stayed. She knew nothing more until she found herself on her own bed, with a wet towel laid over her forehead, Sarah fanning her on one side and Mrs. Cohen, a jet-trimmed bonnet perched tipsily over one ear, bathing her wrists on the other.

Little Isaac Cohen stood beside his wife, a pitcher of ice-water held up dutifully for her convenience.

"Dun't stop now!" he was urging. "Keep agoin' mama! She's comin' to, vunce—look! Hey—Rosie!"

Sarah was murmuring, in her soft, harsh voice, "Poor lamb! Poor *lamb*! Why, she's white as a sheet ——"

With a vague effort Rose-Mary tried to sit up, but they wouldn't let her.

"Abie—has Abie come yet?" she heard herself ask tremulously, and the memory of the last half-hour was flooding over her when she heard Isaac answer cheerily, "Abie? Why he's all right! He'll be here right away. He tried to phoned you, but your telephone isn't voiking. He vas kept uptown by a pizziness deal." And Isaac's voice took on a note of satisfaction. "I seen him myself, dis afternoon. Dot boy, he has some good news for you."

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Good news! . . .

"Fine news—he has found vhat he vanted," went on Isaac. "A fine new job, from a friend uf mine who owns a t'eater. Dot's vhy ve dropped in, mama und I. To help you celebrade. Only"—he chuckled—"only Sarah, she bead us to it, vid a lot uf ice-cream uf her own—vhat, Sarah?"

Old Sarah, unable to hear him, unaware that he was speaking, continued to bathe her patient's wrists.

Rose-Mary, lying with eyes closed and two hot tears welling suddenly in her eyes, felt a strange new peace steal over her.

"Fine news! . . . A job! . . . Just what he wanted!" . . . He wasn't hurt, then—there had been no accident—he was safe, and he would be here in a moment! And all the terror and discomfort of the last hour faded out, like a fog blown away by the sun, and the world looked suddenly bright again, peopled with kind and thoughtful friends—true friends—like these beside her.

The worst was over. The top of the hill was passed. And the weakness and dizziness that had overtaken her began to leave her; she began to feel almost herself again, and presently, disregarding the others' protests, she was sitting up on the bed, with Sarah, tender as a mother, helping her,

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while Mrs. Cohen stuffed pillows behind her, and Isaac, directed as usual by his wife, rattled ice and china in the kitchen. And soon they were gathered in a cosy circle, eating Sarah's ice-cream, and Isaac was opening a mysterious package which—a miracle, as if he had read her mind, to guess her wish!—contained a fine electric fan. ("An old vun, dot ve dun't need any more.") And then, far away across the city roofs, a mutter of approaching thunder announced that the worst of the heat-wave was over, and presently a cool breeze with the feel of rain in it was driving through the apartment, and big drops began to spatter on the pane, and at last—just as Isaac was rising to open another mysterious package—Abie came beaming in, and she was in his arms and all her troubles were over. . . .

"Darling!"

"Abie! What a day! I thought you'd been killed!"

"Killed? Foolish! Everything's simply fine—hasn't Isaac told you?"

"He said you'd found a job ——"

"A corking job! Just what I've dreamed of. We're out of the woods at last—thanks to Isaac. I'm to begin at once and the pay is good and I'm to be raised in the fall, and ——"

Isaac, radiating satisfaction, interrupted.

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"*Himmel!* If your boss dun't vatch out you'll be ownning de place next veek! I didn't know he vas so careless ——"

"He's a prince!" said Abie, enthusiastically. "And you were a brick to recommend me to him. I'm the luckiest person alive to land that job, and to have such a friend—such friends ——" Abie's eyes filled suddenly as, with a swift glance over the room, he saw what his callers had been doing. "You're just the finest, the kindest, the most generous people in this whole darn city!"

Rose-Mary, squeezing his hand, said quickly, and with a touch of her old Irish brogue, "Sure an' that's what they are, an' don't we know it? I only wish we could ——"

Little Isaac, pleased but blushing furiously, cut her short. "Dun't vish! Get busy on dot nize ice-cream of Sarah's. Oddervise it melts on you, and I hev to run out for more."

"*Isaac!*" . . .

Mrs. Cohen straightened, prepared to deliver an elaborate apology—and saw, instead, a great drop of ice-cream slipping from her husband's spoon upon his waistcoat. "Oh, my goodness! Vill I nefer teach dot man to vatch his cloes? Here, Rosie—lend me dot napkin vunce! Dun't let your Abie get soch habits! *Ach*, vhat a life! The troubles I hev to bear up under!" . . .

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And amid general laughter, with instant retort and argument by the irrepressible Isaac, the little party settled happily to the pleasant task of "celebrating."

CHAPTER XXXI

ABIE paced up and down outside a white door in a long white hall.

White-garbed nurses, passing him at intervals, smiled sympathetically at him.

Rose-Mary had gone to the hospital that afternoon. Abie had spoken to the manager of the theater and asked to remain off that night. The manager had grinned at him and said:

"Well, son, you'll be buying the cigars for the bunch tomorrow night—I hope it's a boy!"

Abie had blushed. Being a prospective father for the first time is always disconcerting, and the manager's joke had special meaning. His employer had five children. Perhaps he thought he could afford to joke about the matter. But to Abie it was all very serious. He had considered it such since the evening months before when, after supper, Rose-Mary had sat in his lap and hugged and kissed him and then whispered in his ear.

Like most young men of his age, Abie found that love and marriage—even happiness itself—had its serious side.

As he paced anxiously up and down outside the

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hospital door he couldn't help wondering what his father would say when he heard he had a grandchild. Abie knew that this had always been the hope of old Solomon's life. But his father was a stubborn man. Not once since the night he and Rose-Mary had come away to start the battle of life together, had either of them heard directly from their parents.

The only news they had came through Sarah and Dr. Samuels, who were frequent visitors at their home. The rabbi corresponded with Father Whalen, and thus got word about Patrick Murphy, who according to the letters was a changed man and seldom smiled or indulged in his old jokes. As for Solomon Levy, Dr. Samuels' report was always the same.

"He has gotten much thinner, and when he talks it's as if his mind were far away. Every time I have tried to bring him around, I have failed. The hurt is there, and I am sure that no one more than himself wants to cure it. But he simply won't give in."

All this was in Abie's mind now, as he saw the white door open and the doctor, still clothed entirely in white, came out.

"Well, my boy, you've got some Christmas present!" he said and smiled. It was just three weeks before Christmas.

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"How are you—how is Rose-Mary?" asked Abie faintly.

"They're fine—they couldn't be better!" the doctor replied. "Let me congratulate you."

"When can I see her?" said Abie.

"In just a few minutes; be patient—everything is lovely."

And lovely it proved to be. In a week they brought Abie's little family home. The Cohens were there to receive them, and Mrs. Cohen proved a godsend, putting on an apron and pitching right in to help.

"And how does it feel to be a proud fadder vunce?" asked Isaac Cohen, grinning broadly.

"It feels great!" cried Abie enthusiastically.

Rose-Mary, who was lying on the couch, signaled to him. She whispered something in his ear, and a few minutes later he said to Mr. and Mrs. Cohen:

"It may not be much, but we want you over for dinner Christmas eve. Rose-Mary says she will be able to cook by then."

"*Vill* ve come?" cried Isaac Cohen, doing one of his old capers.

"Be a little more reserved, papa!" admonished Mrs. Cohen.

"Come over early and help me dress the Christmas tree!" laughed Abie. "I don't even know what one looks like."

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"Vell, all I know is dot dere's a star uf Bethlehem on de top," declared Mrs. Cohen.

"But there won't be any wise men here to see it," said Abie, smiling.

"Didn't you ever have a Christmas tree, dear?" Rose-Mary asked him seriously.

"Me? A Christmas tree—with my father!" shouted Abie.

Everyone laughed, except Rose-Mary, who said soberly, "Why, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas to me, without a tree."

Abie smiled ruefully. "My father doesn't believe there is such a day in the year."

"Didn't you ever get presents?"

"Not directly from dad. But he used to give Sarah money to get things for me, so I would have toys like the other boys in school."

Rose-Mary turned to Mrs. Cohen. "You know, that's one thing I never can understand. Both our fathers seem to love us, yet they won't forgive us for this marriage."

Abie dropped down by the couch and put his arms around her.

"Now don't start to worry again about that, dear. You aren't strong enough yet. We're happy, aren't we?"

"Abie!"

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

Rose-Mary drew his cheek down to hers. "But you worry, too!"

"Yes, I know I do—sometimes. But every time I do, I say to myself, 'Well, old boy, at least you've got the dearest'—he kissed her—"the sweetest"—kiss—"the nicest wife in all the world, so why worry?" "

"Dot's right," said Mrs. Cohen, approvingly. "You got each odder—und dot's a lot!"

On Christmas eve the Cohens arrived as usual, early. Rose-Mary was busy in the kitchen. So she missed the surprise they had to offer.

"Vell, ve saw your papa!" announced Isaac Cohen, as he helped his wife take off her wraps.

"You did?" cried Abie, with sudden interest.

"Ve didn't mention a void about you being a fadder."

"No—not a void!" echoed Mrs. Cohen. "But he keeps talking about children all de time. It's his way of trying to mek us talk about you. But ve dun't talk beck. Ve punish him by saying nod-ding."

"Do you, really?" said Abie eagerly.

"Yes, he's going to leaf all his money to poor children," went on Mrs. Cohen.

"I esked him if de mon-ee vas going to be left to Jewish children only, und he said he vas going

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

to leaf his mon-ee to all kinds uf children," Isaac explained.

"Dot's true," affirmed Mrs. Cohen. "He said 'Ken de children help it vhen de parents are foolish?'"

"Und I said 'Vell denn, gif Rose and Abie a chance! Dey might hev a lot—dey haven't vasted any time yet!'"

Abie laughed.

"Poor dad," he mused. "I think he's just dying to see what a son of his son looks like."

"Sure—vhy not? I'd like to see one, too," said Isaac Cohen.

This touched Mrs. Cohen on a tender spot.

"You hev'n't got a son," she retorted tartly. "So how can you see vhat your son looks like?"

"I said *if* I had vun, I vould like to see it," corrected Isaac Cohen.

"But you hev'n't!" insisted Mrs. Cohen.

Further argument was stopped by the entrance of Rose-Mary, attired in a simple gingham house-dress. Mrs. Cohen rushed to kiss her, and as they talked Abie showed his guests the Christmas tree which glittered in the corner.

"I trimmed it all myself," he asserted proudly.

"I've something awfully good to eat," Rose-Mary was telling Mrs. Cohen. "Do you know I've learned how to prepare all kinds of kosher dishes?"

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She sniffed the air, and, exclaiming, hurried toward the kitchen.

"Gee, I must see about my ham—it's in the oven!"

"Abie, did she say hem?" asked Isaac Cohen. The little jeweler's tone was eager.

"Isaac!" admonished Mrs. Cohen, horrified. "You dun't eat hem?"

"I tasted it vunce, mama. You vould like it." Mrs. Cohen turned to Abie.

"Hem ain't kosher food, Abie," she said in a mildly accusing way.

"I know it isn't," said Abie. "The ham is for Rose-Mary and her friends. The kosher food is for me and my friends."

"I hope Rosie ain't got too many friends!" said Isaac, teasing his wife.

"Isaac! *Zits!*" scolded Mrs. Cohen.

Just then the door-bell rang. Abie answered it. He had another surprise when he opened the door, for there on the threshold stood none other than Father Whalen, the priest's cheerful, ruddy face wreathed in its perennial smile.

"Father *Whalen!*" cried Abie, "I never was so glad to see anyone in my life! How have you been?"

"Splendid, thank you," said Father Whalen, taking off his coat and hat. "And how is the good wife?"

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"Splendid, too."

"And the family Dr. Samuels wrote me about?"

"Wonderful!" And then, suddenly remembering his friends: "You know the Cohens?"

"Of coise he does!" Isaac Cohen advanced, holding out a friendly hand. "Merry Christmas, Father!"

"Merry Christmas!"

Abie rushed to the kitchen to get Rose-Mary, while the two men shook hands.

Abie didn't tell Rose who her visitor was, and she was as surprised as he had been.

"Oh, Father Whalen!" she exclaimed, as she entered the living-room. "I can hardly believe my eyes! Is it really you?"

"It sure is, Rose-Mary," he answered, catching her in his arms.

"How's father—have you seen him lately?" Rose-Mary's tone was suddenly anxious.

"Oh, he's fit as a fiddle."

"Didn't he send me word—his love?" she asked, a bit wistfully.

"Not by me—but I imagine he would have liked to," answered Father Whalen, and he patted Rose-Mary's arm as he saw the look of disappointment on her face.

"Don't you care, dear," encouraged Abie. "We should worry about your old father!"

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"But I do care," she said stoutly. "He's my father."

"Vell, dot ain't your fault," said Mrs. Cohen, furious at Patrick for causing Rose-Mary her heart ache.

At Rose-Mary's invitation Father Whalen went into the bedroom to look at the "family." Rose-Mary accompanied the priest, admonishing him with raised forefinger:

"Don't make any noise—young babies sleep almost all the time!"

"I won't," he promised, stepping gingerly across the threshold.

Rose-Mary paused to look back.

"Mrs. Cohen!" she called. "Would you mind looking at my ham, to see that it doesn't burn?"

Then very softly she closed the door behind her.

Mrs. Cohen turned to her husband, in amazement.

"Look at a hem?" she repeated, thunderstruck. "I nefer looked at a hem in my life!"

Both Abie and Isaac tried not to laugh.

"Vhy not begin now, mama—it vun't bite you!" said Isaac gleefully.

Mrs. Cohen shook her head. Then as Abie and Isaac both volunteered to tend to it, she rose.

"I'll do it. I suppose I might as vell ——"

But Isaac wouldn't allow her to go alone.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

"I'll go along vid her," he said, "I'll feel better, watching her. I dun't trust mama vid pork."

And they went out together.

Rose-Mary, opening the bedroom door, reappeared with Father Whalen.

"You'll excuse me while I step into the kitchen?" she said to the priest.

Father Whalen nodded.

"I will. But I've a little Christmas present for you, when you get back, too."

"You have? Where is it?" smiled his hostess.

"I'll show you, later," chuckled Father Whalen.

Rose-Mary caught Abie's hand and with another gay apology dragged him into the kitchen, to see what the Cohens were doing.

The pair had hardly left the room before the hall door opened slowly and Patrick Murphy, his arms full of packages, tiptoed in.

CHAPTER XXXII

PATRICK MURPHY walked directly to the table and laid his packages upon it. He explained that he had stopped at a little store at the corner to "get some things fer me granddarter."

"But suppose it isn't that kind of a baby?" suggested Father Whalen, as his old friend laid aside his coat.

"Phwat—ye mean it's a boy, and he'll have to have the name of Levy tacked on him foriver?" cried Patrick Murphy.

"I said, suppose!" chuckled Father Whalen. "And anyway, Levy isn't such a terrible name. If it's good enough for Rose-Mary, it should be good enough for her children."

"That's the trouble!" argued Patrick Murphy. "It *isn't* good enough fer Rose-Mary! Why, she's descended from the kings of Ireland!"

"And for all you know, Abie her husband may be descended from the kings of Jerusalem!" countered Father Whalen.

"No, just plain Jew," came a quiet voice behind them.

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It was Abie, who had entered without either of them seeing him.

"But I love Rose-Mary, Mr. Murphy, and I wouldn't do a thing to cause her any unhappiness. Can you say as much?"

Patrick Murphy shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"The lad is right, Patrick," said Father Whalen. And crossing to Abie, he asked him in an undertone to keep the others in the kitchen for a moment.

Abie nodded at once and went out again. But he had barely gone when the door-bell rang a second time. Father Whalen went to answer it. It was Dr. Samuels, this time. The two clergymen shook hands while Patrick Murphy grunted.

"Huh! The Jewish parson."

Dr. Samuels disregarded this breach of good manners and said pleasantly,

"So you came all the way from California to spend Christmas with Rose-Mary?"

"I did not!" shouted Patrick Murphy. "I came to see me granddarter!" And he turned to Father Whalen. "I couldn't carry everything upstairs at once. I'm going back to get the rest of the toys."

He went out, glancing belligerently over his shoulder as he did so at Dr. Samuels.

Father Whalen glanced at Dr. Samuels and both

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laughed, amused by Patrick's show of childishness as he departed.

"His bark is worse than his bite," said the priest. "As a matter of fact, he is dying to see his daughter as well as the granddaughter he takes for granted."

Both laughed at this "granddaughter."

"And Solomon is just as anxious to see his son and the grandson *he* takes for granted!" said Dr. Samuels.

"The young folks have certainly stuck it out," reflected Father Whalen. "They should be forgiven."

"In my opinion it's the young folks who have the real forgiving to do," said Dr. Samuels soberly.

"Abie's a fine boy, certainly."

"And Rosie's a fine girl."

"Have you been in the bedroom yet?"

"I have."

"You didn't take Patrick in?"

"Not me. I knew he was anxious, so I thought a little punishment would be good for him. He's sure it's a girl."

"And Solomon is just as certain it's a boy. I must take a peek."

So the two men crossed to the bedroom door and opened it. All was quiet within, and, moving carefully on tiptoe, they stepped inside.

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As the door closed after them, the hall door opened, and instead of the burly figure of Patrick Murphy, there appeared another and a very different figure—Solomon Levy.

Solomon put his head in cautiously and looked about him. Then, as no one appeared to have heard him, he came on in. Across his shoulder was slung a bag, and he looked for all the world like Santa Claus, except that he lacked old Santa's beard and he wore earmuffs. Assured that there was no one in the living-room, he took off his coat and hat and earmuffs and opened his pack. His presents proved to be a Teddy bear, a horse and engine, drum and sticks.

He began to arrange these things about the foot of the Christmas tree, and he was so absorbed in what he was doing that he failed to notice the equally stealthy return of Patrick Murphy, now carrying a toy phonograph.

Neither man saw the other for an instant. Patrick set the phonograph down beside the Christmas tree, just beyond which Solomon Levy was busy placing the tail of the toy horse. But as he turned to the table where he had placed the other toys, Solomon put down the drum. The Irishman wheeled and straightened, and the two men spied each other. Over their faces flared instantly a long-cherished hatred.

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In a stillness broken only by the light-hearted laughter from the kitchen, they moved slowly toward each other, both of them rigid with anger.

And then as they drew near, like two stealthy panthers quivering before the spring, a curious thing occurred. From the kitchen, close by, came the clear, infectious, innocent laughter of Rose-Mary—and following close upon it, the boyish chuckle of Abie, at her side. At the sound, both men halted as if at the touch of a hand. A look of guilt, confusion and embarrassment struggled with the red rage burning in them—struggled and triumphed. Slowly but surely an amusing transformation took place in each of them.

Separated by only a pace or two, they shrugged and colored, like two small boys caught in some form of mischief, and finally, sniffing the contempt which was the only emotion either felt free to express, they turned their backs on each other.

Then began a comical scene between the two. Solomon Levy took up the Teddy bear and placed it directly in front of the Christmas tree. Patrick Murphy, not to be outdone, unwrapped a doll elaborate enough to outshine the bear. Immediately, Solomon brought forward the toy horse and set the Teddy bear astride it. Patrick Murphy then unwrapped a go-cart, placed the doll inside that and stood it beside the horse and Teddy bear. His rival

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started up the engine, so he turned on the phonograph, with a lively Irish jig on it, and began dancing to its rollicking tune.

Thereupon, Solomon picked up the drum and began to pound it, as if he were trying to break the thing. The drum killed the sound of the phonograph, so Patrick caught up a horn, which he began to blow vociferously. The noise was naturally startling, and the group in the kitchen heard it; but Abie, peeking in from the kitchen, saw what it was—and at the same time saw Father Whalen motioning to him from the bedroom. Remembering his promise to hold the others in the kitchen, he turned and explained the situation to them—stationed the Cohens at the crack of the door to watch proceedings, and tried to reassure his wife who, inevitably, was torn with conflicting emotions.

Rabbi Samuels had followed Father Whalen back into the room, but the two contestants never noticed. Father Whalen had to speak before they saw him.

"Glory be to God!" he said. "What's this? Your second childhood?"

Both fathers looked suitably foolish for an instant, and Patrick tried a feeble explanation.

"I wanted to see that everything worked right for my granddarter."

The word "granddaughter" struck Solomon as offering a way out. So he said quickly and sar-

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castically, "Listen to him! He tinks de child's a goil!"

"What is it? Do you know what it is?"

"I know it isn't a goil!"

The two clergymen undertook to placate their charges.

"Come, come, now, Patrick—be reasonable!" said Father Whalen.

"Patrick! Oi—soch a name!" cried Solomon, glacing heavenward. "Patrick! Patrick Moiphy!"

"Murphy?" said Patrick at once. "Why, Murphy's a grand old name. It speaks for itself!"

"It does, eh? Vell, ven you call Solomon Levy, you don't hev to use your imagination!"

"Solomon, Solomon!" said the good rabbi. "If you two are going to fight like this, you should have stayed away!"

At that Patrick Murphy burst out:

"Phwat—me stay away from me granddarter on Christmas!"

"And me away from my grandson on—diss day?" chorused Solomon Levy.

There was more argument—a heated discussion between the four. But finally Father Whalen's voice rose above the rest.

"Look here, Patrick, old friend—you'll admit one thing, I know. You'll admit the Irish are a wonderful people?"

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"Don't I know it!" cried Patrick, throwing out his chest.

Solomon grunted scornfully, "Huh! Say some more funny tings!"

"And Solomon, here, will admit that the Jews are a wonderful people?" continued Father Whalen, shrewdly.

It was Patrick Murphy's turn to scoff then; but the priest continued. "Very well, why not get together, then? If the Jews and the Irish could only stop fighting and get together, they could corner the world!"

Rabbi Samuels nodded quickly.

"You're right there, Father," he said. "And I think they should get together right now."

Patrick Murphy doubled up his fists.

"Sure and that suits me, by golly!" he said. "That suits me perfectly!" And he bristled once more—started toward Solomon Levy, who, equally ready, started toward him.

But Father Whalen paid no attention. He continued his argument, insisting that Abie was one of the finest lads he had ever met, while Dr. Samuels paid an equally enthusiastic tribute to Rose-Mary—only he made the mistake of calling her "Rosie," which brought an expression of dissatisfaction from Patrick.

The discussion flared up again, running the gamut

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of religious antagonism and racial hatred. But eventually Patrick announced:

"If you'll let me see my granddarter, I'm going home."

"Vell—I vant to see Abie's first-born, too," cried Solomon Levy.

Dr. Samuels nodded eagerly.

"I'll bring the baby in," he said and stepped into the bedroom.

During the brief moment while he was gone, Patrick announced that if it was a girl it would inherit all his money, while Solomon announced that if it was a boy it would receive all his.

The rabbi returned with a little bundle, but it was to Father Whalen that he addressed himself.

"Would you mind carrying little Patrick Joseph for me?" he said.

At the sound of that name both men were startled. Patrick had wanted a girl, for—as he argued to himself—some day she could marry an Irishman and change her name. "Patrick Joseph!" he echoed, taken aback. "They have a boy?"

"They have—and it's named for you," said Father Whalen.

"Patrick Joseph Murphy! . . . Levy . . . Oh! I can't say the rist!"

He seized a chair and banged the floor in exasperation.

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For a moment Solomon was triumphant. He had wanted it to be a boy, and a boy it was. Then the name began to rankle. "Patrick Joseph!" He couldn't endure it. He declared that he would call the child nothing but "Mr. Levy."

And once more the two grandfathers, slamming their chairs down back to back, began an argument.

"That's the trouble with your race, they won't give in—they won't acknowledge when they're beaten!" growled Patrick Murphy.

"Give in?" retorted Solomon. "Dot's de trouble wid de Irish—dot's vhy it took you so long to get free!"

"Well, at least we have a country and that's more than the Jews can say!"

"Ve got a country, too! Jerusalem is free. Ve got it back!"

"An' now that you got it, phwat are ye going to do with it?"

"Ve really don't need it. Ve own all de odder peoples."

"Well, you don't own Ireland, thank God!"

"Maybe dot's vhat's de matter wid it!"

Both leaped from their chairs, and Patrick Murphy picked up his.

Then Father Whalen, stepping forward, handed the baby to Patrick Murphy.

Patrick received the child with quick and instinc-

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tive tenderness, murmuring, "Pat!" Poor Solomon uttered a groan of anguish. Abie's father stood a moment looking hungrily at the small bundle; and he was still standing so, pathetically envious, when Rabbi Samuels returned with—miracle of miracles!—another bundle.

This he took straight to Solomon, who stared at it, stupefied. Then a great light dawned on the new grandfather's face.

"*Ach*—twinses!" he cried.

"Yes."

"Glory be to God!" shouted Patrick Murphy, hugging the child in his arms.

Solomon Levy beamed. "My Abie's a smart boy. You see—he wouldn't forget his papa. Dr. Samuels, is dis vun named after his papa?"

"No, Solomon, it couldn't be. This one's a girl."

"Take it back!" Poor Solomon's face fell—till he heard her name: "Rebecca Rachel." Then he softened again.

"Gif me a look—Rebecca, dot's a fine name!"

He took the baby in his arms.

The two grandfathers stood elbow to elbow at last, each cooing at the child in his arms. Solomon took a rattle from his pocket and began to shake it. Patrick, close beside him, took a chicken balloon from his pocket and blew it up—held it in front of the two blinking infants.

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"Look, Pat!" pleaded Patrick Murphy.

"Rebecca, look! Look for noddings!" cried Solomon Levy.

Patrick paused to examine the mite in his arms.

"Shure an' I'll have to give that boy Abie credit," he said. "This baby looks exactly like him."

Solomon Levy showed interest at once.

"He does?"

He was allowed to see for himself, and was delighted.

"Vell, de goil, she looks like Rosie, too. Gif a look!" he said in acknowledgment. "She's beautiful."

Immediately Patrick had to look. They compared the two babies, betraying as they did so their own preferences for boy and girl. Soon little Patrick was in Solomon's arms, and little Rebecca was in Patrick's. Solomon began to croon, "Oyitzki Gengangen" and Patrick sang "Too-ra-loo, too-ra-lie."

"This little colleen, she ought to be called Rose-Mary!" said Patrick softly, gazing tenderly at the little pink face.

"Yes, maybe some day she could marry a good Irisher like yourself and keep it all alike—yes?"

Solomon Levy's voice had a strong tremor in it.

Patrick Murphy looked up quickly. When all else had failed, these two tiny babies had melted the hearts of both grandfathers. Prejudice was for-

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gotten. Unconsciously they warmed to each other. "And a little child shall lead them" proved true again, as it has in countless other cases.

"Listen, Sol," said Patrick. "That boy should be named for you, too—Solomon Levy."

Solomon, tears springing to his eyes, agreed that it "vould sound bedder, but Abie and Rosie might object."

As the words left his mouth, Abie and Rose-Mary, opening the kitchen door, stepped out into the room and saw them.

"Father!"

"Dad!"

"Rose-Mary, darlin'!"

From the kitchen door came Mrs. Cohen—carrying the ham, with Isaac at her heels.

"Merry Christmas!" cried Mrs. Cohen, holding up the ham.

Solomon, seeing the ham, symbolic of every antagonistic feeling in him, bristled instinctively.

"Mrs. Cohen!" he cried. "Vhat is dot you are carrying?"

"A baked hem," she replied, and she prepared to set it on the table.

Solomon turned towards his son, and the smile that had wreathed his features disappeared.

"Abie!" he thundered. "Hem? In diss house?"

"Why, yes, dad," said Abie cheerfully. "The

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ham is for Rose-Mary, her father and her friends—but there's all the kosher food you want in the house. It's a free country—every man to his taste."

Slowly but unmistakably the smile spread again over Solomon's face. There was a pause, and then, somewhere outside, the Christmas bells began to ring.

"Vhat's dot—a fire?" cried Solomon, one arm around Abie's shoulder.

"A fire!" answered Patrick Murphy. "'Tis Christmas! . . . Merry Christmas, Sol!"

"*Goot Yonteff*, Pat!" smiled Solomon Levy.

THE END

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